



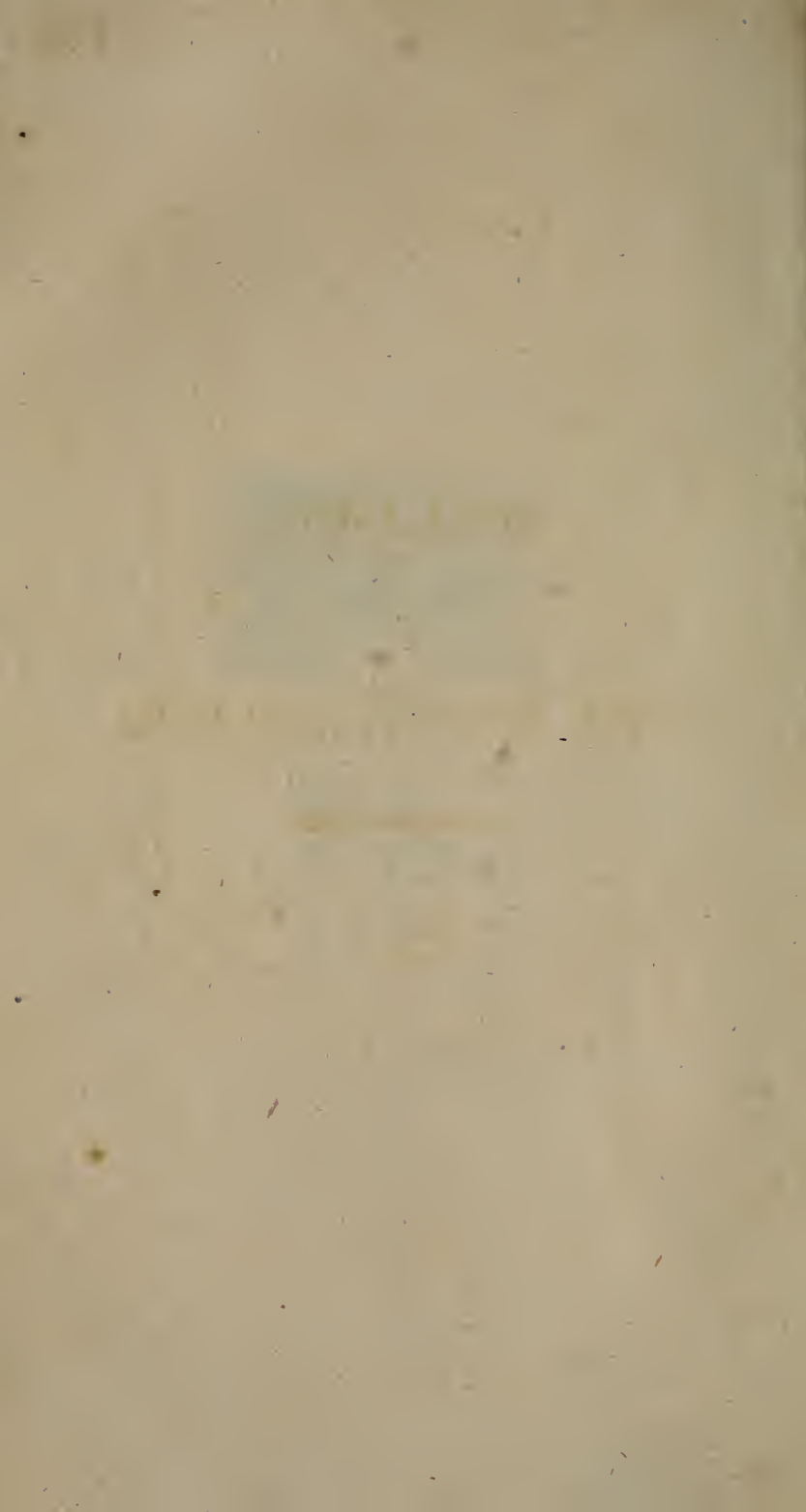
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ADELAIDE :

OR,

THE COUNTERCHARM.

VOL. V.

PRINTED BY J. MOYES,
Greville Street, Hatton Garden, London.

ADELAIDE :

OR,

THE COUNTERCHARM.

A NOVEL.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF

“SANTO SEBASTIANO ; OR, THE YOUNG PROTECTOR :”

“ROMANCE OF THE PYRENEES :” AND

“THE FOREST OF MONTALBANO.”

VOL. V.

LONDON:

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ADELAIDE:

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CHAPTER I.

ALTHOUGH Adelaide retired to rest so late, she suffered not the sun to arise to its meridian until she was busily employed in commencing preparations for her fondly expected summons to town; and with extreme reluctance she at length desisted, to make her toilet for dining at Sir Charles Longuiville's.

At Sir Charles's she met the stewards of the preceding evening's *fete*, and the day passed as pleasantly to Adelaide, as her now almost love-sick heart could consider

any day in the absence of the lord of her earthly affections.

But far the evening had not advanced, when the whole party were thrown into much amazement, on beholding Major Gayville, in sober senses, enter.

“How is this, major?” exclaimed several voices together; “is the general ill, that you broke up soon?”

“No; but Lady Marian is,” returned the sententious major.

“Her ladyship got cold at our ball, I fear, last night,” said the stewards, politely grieved.

“Possibly she caught her present ailment there,” returned the major with a sneer; “but so alarmed is the general at the possibility of being deprived of his estimable wife, that he has not suffered her to quit her room to join our dinner party this day, and has sent off express for Lord and Lady Ixworth; whilst he himself is in such a state of distraction, that he has commissioned me to put off to-morrow’s field day.”

There was more expressed by Major Gayville’s manner than met the ear; by

which various conjectures were awakened in the minds of many of his auditors ; but, in pity to the peace of Adelaide, they forbore to make a comment that might arouse suspicion in her gentle bosom of what they surmised ; yet she returned to her home full of apprehensions, aroused by Major Gayville's sneers, of the long wilfully blind general's jealousy being at length excited, which might lead him to hostilities against the life of Bouverie ; and in all the agony inspired by this possible horror, she passed a night of waking misery, which ill enabled her to sustain the shock which awaited her on the morrow, which was rudely given by the almost maniac General Harley, who rushed into her presence just as she had arisen from her breakfast table, wildly exclaiming—

“ Where, where is the villain, your accursed husband ? ”

Adelaide recoiled with terror as she answered, “ she could not reply to such unwarrantable language.”

“ Such only shall you hear from an injured husband,” he responded, stamping his feet with vehemence at her ; “ and you

shall listen to it, girl, since you became a partner in your diabolical husband's enormous guilt, a pander to his crimes, by your weak, your infatuated forbearance! You could not but know his vile seductive views were accomplished."

"It is false, sir!" exclaimed Adelaide, for the first time in her life agitated by anger amounting almost to fury—"Bouverie is no seducer—no committer of crimes.—Horrid man! vile traducer! my life shall answer for the truth, the honour of my calumniated husband."

"Calumniated d—l!" vehemently cried the general—"Girl! girl! I have witnesses to prove the d—ning connexion!—a whole phalanx of spies, planted by my friends the Gayvilles, to ascertain their accursed crime, and my dishonour: and beside, too, has she not eloped to him?"

At this moment Sir Charles and Lady Longuiville, violently agitated, rushed in.

"Oh! heaven!" exclaimed Sir Charles, "he is here before us!"

Adelaide flew to Lady Longuiville, threw her arms around her neck, and bursting into tears, sobbed out—

“ Oh ! save me, save me from this cruel man, who wants me to believe most terrible things of my dear husband !—Montagu never, no never committed crimes, Lady Longuiville ! and yet this dreadful man accuses him of terrible things !”

“ I will accuse him before the whole world, as an unprincipled villain !” exclaimed the general, with the fury-inspired look of raging madness.

“ My dear general,” said Sir Charles, kindly taking his hand, “ consider where you are ; and that if rumour speaks true, this amiable young creature is equally a sufferer with yourself ; and that it is cruelty to augment her affliction.”

This was the first voice that spoke in soothing kindness to this distracted husband, since the knowledge of his wife’s elopement had been conveyed to him, as he had only seen the Gayvilles and poor Adelaide : the two former had considered it their interest to irritate his feelings, and he had irritated the latter to speak ungently to him ; therefore, by the power of kindness, he was now subdued from his phrensy ; and bursting into an agony of

bitter tears, sunk on a sofa, and hid his face with both his hands, sobbing out repeatedly—

“The wife I adored, the friend whom I trusted, to blast my happiness thus cruelly!”

Lady Longuiville now persuaded our weeping heroine to leave the poor general to Sir Charles, to lure back to his own home, and to retreat with her to the more secure sanctuary of her dressing-room; where, the moment they arrived, Adelaide's tears suddenly ceased to flow; and in a tone of reproach she said—

“Ah! Lady Longuiville, I perceive you and Sir Charles credit these sad stories of my husband:—but do not—do not, I implore you; for he is all goodness.—From a very boy I have known him; and a more beautifully perfect heart never adorned the breast of mortal.—That he long loved this fascinating Lady Marian, was his misfortune; that he at length conquered that unfortunate attachment, is surely his glory:—but that any thing so criminal as the general talks of, ever formed even a wish of his, believe me, is not true: and

oh! if you knew all the misery the poor fellow suffered through this erring attachment, you would pity him from your heart, as I have done."

"I hope, my dear Mrs. Bouverie," said Lady Longuiville, weeping in sympathy, "that your pity is not misapplied, and that the rumour is unfounded."

"I'll answer with my life it is unfounded," responded Adelaide with enthusiasm—"I have reason to know it is, since my poor calumniated Montagu went from hence to prepare for my accompanying him to De Moreland Castle; and should Lady Marian be indeed gone after him, it is without his knowledge; and as to the direful crime alleged against him, and these witnesses talked of, they are all the machinery of a wicked conspiracy, to obtain large damages upon this pretended plea, to rescue the fortunes of the general; whom, I have reason to believe, is a ruined man."

"I fear, my dear friend," said Lady Longuiville mournfully, "that Lady Marian would scarcely enter into a conspi-

racy to save the general's fortune, at the total ruin of her own fame."

"I know not then what to think, except the certainty of Montagu being as innocent of all knowledge of her following him to town as I am," sobbed out Adelaide, who was now subdued to tears by the horror-inspiring recollection of Bouverie's having owned to her that he had a terrible confession to make, which would require all the mercy of her nature to forgive. "But dear, dear Lady Longuiville," she added, "do pray tell me all,—all you know of this direful cause of Montagu's being suspected."

"I only know," returned her ladyship, "that the general's butler, Fitzpatrick, rushed into our house about an hour since, and requesting to see Sir Charles, informed him, for the purpose of our breaking it to you, that his lady had eloped with Colonel Bouverie: and upon Sir Charles's questioning him upon the certainty of what he asserted, we learned, that Lady Marian had herself yesterday, by accusing Mrs. Gayville of misconduct, irritated her to reta-

liate; and which caused the general's ordering her ladyship to remain in her room until the arrival of her father and mother, whom he sent express for; and that this morning it was discovered, her ladyship, with her own maid and man, had quitted Marino in the night; and that a most kind, forgiving letter to Mrs. Gayville, found on Lady Marian's dressing-table, stated she was gone to her adored Bouverie, who had long provided a secret asylum for them, should a discovery of their connexion lead them to the necessity of eloping.

“ The moment after Fitzpatrick's departure, Charles ordered a carriage to be got ready; and as we were stepping into it, to come hither, Fitzpatrick again appeared with information, ‘ that the poor distracted general had broke from the gentlemen, who had been endeavouring to hold him in his little less than raging phrensy, and had flown off to Castle Cottage, to discover there where Colonel Bouverie was to be found.’ ”

Adelaide now wept in augmenting an-

guish; for as she thought of Bouverie's extraordinary abandonment of his home, and of the confession he had announced, the direful apprehension acquired strength, of the possibility of his having been seduced, by the allurements of Lady Marian, into direful transgressions: but even while she shudderingly admitted of this possibility, she still so clung to the dismaying belief of Lady Marian having entered into some conspiracy to effect the pecuniary ruin of Bouverie, through vengeance for his repentance of his crime, and dereliction of her, that Lady Longuiville, the moment Sir Charles returned from conveying General Harley to his home, informed him of Adelaide's belief of some vindictive plot against the peace and interest of Bouverie having induced Lady Marian's flight to town; and painted so pathetically the distress of our poor heroine, in her direful state of incertitude, that Sir Charles, in the philanthropy of his nature, volunteered to set out for London immediately, to make every discovery essential for Adelaide to know; and if her surmises were

just, to aid Bouverie, by his advice and exertions, in counteracting the menaced mischief.

Sir Charles made not one moment of unnecessary delay, ere he commenced his pity-inspired expedition to London; obtaining every instruction first, from the grateful Adelaide, of Bouverie's usual haunts in town: and although this kind friend left it as his request to his wife, to use her most winning persuasions to influence our poor heroine to remove to their house, her ladyship could not prevail; since its vicinity to Marino made her recoil in horror from the thought.

“Beside too, my dear, kind, sympathizing friend,” continued Adelaide, “I cannot quit my home, since in it I must await, with heart-inspired readiness, the return of my husband, should he fly to me now from the snares of Lady Marian; or even, alas! entailed in them, he should not come to his faithful wife for weeks or months:—neither can I agree to your other even more kind proposition, for remaining with me. I cannot allow of your absenting yourself from the sisters of your husband,

while they are under your protection; and my being left sometimes to myself, will be essential for the preservation of my firmness, since only by supplicating frequently for the gift of fortitude, can I hope to find my stock of it sufficient for my trial; and in my hours of coveted solitude, the task may be mine to pray our offended, yet merciful Creator, to forgive my hapless husband; should he, alas! alas! have been seduced into the commission of this direful crime, which, with agony of heart, I perceive neither you nor Sir Charles cherish a doubt of."

Lady Longuiville was silent, having no consolation to yield her; and after waiting a few moments for that comfort she panted to receive, poor Adelaide burst into an agony of tears, and precipitately fled to her dressing-room, where on her knees she fervently implored the mercy of offended Heaven for her husband, and its gift of Christian fortitude for herself.

Under the salutary conviction of having performed a duty, by seeking from Heaven her consolations, Adelaide returned to Lady Longuiville with a touching compo-

sure in her manner and aspect, that bore the sterling stamp from whence it came; and as our heroine would not consent to her ladyship's deserting her home, she returned to dine with the Misses Longuiville, promising to call for Adelaide, to take her out to brace her nerves by a beneficial airing.

Lady Longuiville, true to her promise, arrived in the evening, to take poor Adelaide a salutary excursion; and brought her the intelligence, that Mr. Longuiville had volunteered in being her Mercury to Hastings, to await the arrival of the coach; and should there be a packet for her, to gallop back in the full speed of his brother's fleetest charger, with it to her.

Their excursion was long, and through a beautiful country; yet poor Adelaide felt no symptom of benefit from it, since Lady Longuiville offered no plumage for the ready pinions of hope to expand and rise upon; though still she forbore the utterance of any thing to augment her distress; although, since she had been home, she had learned many things that would pain the sensibility of her afflicted com-

panion, as evils arising from the transgressions of her husband; for the poor general was now raging in his bed, in a direful brain fever, brought on by agony of mind through too much affection for a worthless woman, who had hitherto successfully veiled her enormities from his view; and his three children were in the measles, of which they had sickened the preceding Sunday; and neither the nature of their malady, nor their being thought dangerously ill, was their unnatural mother unacquainted with, when she forsook them.

It would prove a vain attempt for the feeble pen, that forms this narrative, to make an effort to describe the agitation of poor Adelaide, as the hour approached in which she could reasonably commence her expectation of the return of her kind Mercury from Hastings: but, ere her expectations had long tortured her with its palpitating hopes and fears, Mr. Longuiville arrived; and delivering a packet to the ready hand of Dennis, galloped home.

And now, in all the exulting rapture of one assured they were not deceived in their belief of those they loved, Adelaide opened

her letter; in which, though ardent love breathed in every line, yet with it was mingled so much self-condemnation for errors past, and bitterly repented;—so much supplication for mercy, when his transgressions against Heaven and her should be revealed to her; that she could no longer shelter a doubt of Lady Marian's having completely succeeded in her vile project of his seduction; and now, with tears of agony's keenest anguish, she confessed, as she gave this tender and most affecting epistle to Lady Longuiville to peruse,—“that she feared her poor Montagu had been tempted by the infatuating Lady Marian beyond what human frailty could resist.”

“As the accusations against my husband have been made so public,” she continued, “I give you his letter to read, since it would be vain for me to affect concealment of what, alas! he implies as a fatal, fatal fact!—But now, dear and kind friend, judge for yourself; and let not prejudice, or partiality, mislead you:—read this letter, and tell me candidly if you think the affection in it expressed for me can be feigned; or if you can believe Mon-

tagu could have given any recent encouragement for Lady Marian's elopement."

Lady Longuiville attentively perused the letter, which she could not do without a tear of sympathy for the writer's mental sufferings, which he so affectingly portrayed; and when she had read it, she felt as convinced as Adelaide herself, the love of Montagu for his wife was genuine; and that Lady Marian no longer held him by a link of that chain, which had led him into error: and now her ladyship no longer hesitated to speak the comfort she panted to yield to the poor afflicted wife.

Adelaide would have been more effectually comforted, more evidently cheered, had not the direful pang rankled too painfully in her pious heart, of her husband having transgressed against a sacred command in the decalogue; but that bowed her down with sorrow, which could feel no alleviation until she should know his repentance was steadfast, by proof incontrovertible, in his breaking from his seducer for ever.

After a sleepless night of sympathetic misery, awakened by her husband's transgres-

sion; and of trembling apprehension, lest pity, honour, and perhaps not quite extinguished passion, might prove successful advocates in Lady Marian's cause, poor Adelaide arose the following morning, fondly cherishing a hope, that the post would bring her another sad, though soothing letter from her husband: but when this hope had met its disappointment, she endeavoured to console herself with believing business might have intervened, or that he considered it unnecessary to write so soon again.

"But surely, surely to-morrow," she said, "this longed for cordial will arrive to cheer me."

But the morrow came, without one line from Bouverie; and Adelaide, in terrorized dismay, almost anticipated the direful tidings, Lady Longuiville, in heart-rived sympathy, too soon arrived to stab her tender bosom with; since Sir Charles, faithful to his promise of not keeping the suffering wife one unnecessary moment in suspense, wrote the preceding evening by post, to tell Lady Longuiville, "all was too true; that the arts of the diabolical

Marian had prevailed, and the infatuated Bouverie had accompanied her to some secret retreat.

“ That he had seen Lee, Bouverie’s old servant, who had voluntarily withdrawn from his master’s service, on finding his humble expostulations fail, in persuading his beloved master to fly from the siren, who had most unexpectedly followed him to the hotel he put up at, where she worked upon his pity, and his honour, by information of having been turned out of doors, a disgraced—a discarded wife, by her too justly incensed husband: and although these honour’s bonds, she conjured up to bind him to her, led him to take her under his protection, and accompany her whither Lee had not been able to discover, yet it was with evident grief of heart he did so; since never was the aspect of internal wretchedness more affectingly portrayed, than in the trembling, pallid, dejected Bouverie, in the moment he led his Machiavelian seducer to the hackney coach, which conveyed him from the sight of his sorrowful servant.”

To the above intelligence Sir Charles

added, " he had the concern to perceive, in the papers of that day, this unfortunate affair detailed, and so unfairly, there could exist no doubt of the general's emissaries having been set vindictively and insidiously to work, to prejudice the public mind against the infatuated Bouverie."

CHAPTER II.

THE wings were heavy, for they were laden with reluctance to wound a tender bosom, which Lady Longuiville expanded, to bear her with her dire intelligence to Castle Cottage, to stab poor Adelaide's heart by the certain intelligence of her husband having forsaken her: and though, while the hand of necessity inflicted the wound, the hand of gentle pity poured in along with it every assuasive balm; yet all availed not; and like a mortal blow it operated, since the shock was too mighty for the senses of the tenderly attached wife to sustain; every faculty seemed at once suspended, by the certainty of Montagu's having accompanied Lady Marian; and with eyes fixed in alarming vacuity, with hands clasped, silent and motionless she sat, heaving not even one struggling sigh to betray the action of her susceptibilities, until long after the terrors of Lady Longuiville and Obearn had summoned Mr. Monro; whose every effort to restore per-

ception to her, seemed for hours to prove inutile: but when, at length, her captive senses were unchained, and permitted to flow to their channels in impetuous floods of anguished tears, Monro's worst fears were in alarm for her bodily health, and his fears proved too prophetic.

The morning dawned upon Adelaide, in the rapidly augmenting inroads of an alarming nervous fever, brought on by a shock as direful as a wife could be assailed by; and for an entire week she was confined by it to her bed; and for the first three days her life in such imminent peril, that it was necessary to summon two physicians of eminence, who were visiting Hastings, to attend her; and during this anxious period, in which Lady and the Misses Longuiville nursed her as affectionate sisters, and Obearn as an adoring mother, no intelligence could be obtained of Bouverie by Sir Charles Longuiville; who returned, at length, in despair to his home; while not one line from Montagu to his heart-rived wife arrived; nothing from any other hand to explain, or attempt excuses for his conduct.

But at length, on the eighth day after the confirmation of her misery, a letter arrived for Adelaide, directed in Bouverie's hand; yet so disjointed, and so evidently unsteady in its characters, that it could scarcely be recognised as his writing; and when Lady Longuiville, commissioned by the dreadfully-agitated invalid to inspect its contents ere they were imparted to her, lest any thing it contained might yet prove too much for her to sustain; her ladyship, on severing the seal, found only a blank cover, envelopping bank bills for three hundred pounds.

"Alas! alas!" sighed Adelaide mentally, "and would you not, my husband, vouchsafe even one line—one short line, to cheer me in that bed of sickness, your unexpected dereliction has subdued me to?—But no, no, no, my poor Montagu could not write to me; since, alas! what could he say to me?"

And now, with tears fast straying from beneath her deeply fringed downcast eyelids, she pressed the direction which the hand of Bouverie had traced to her lips, to her heart; and then carefully laid it under

her pillow; when soon after closing her eyes in the semblance of sleep, to evade the interruption of her attentive nurses, poor Adelaide's thoughts all soared to heaven in prayers and meditation.

At length she unclosed her eyes, and in a voice of piety's composure, addressed Lady Longuiville:

“ My kind, my tender, my beloved friend!” she said; “ since the energy-subduing pang of incertitude is past, I trust I shall now better bear this mighty affliction that has assailed me.—I have now no longer a hope to shelter of even hearing from my unfortunate Montagu; and as by this blank cover has been conveyed to me the conviction of my being absolutely forsaken at present; and knowing what is my duty as a Christian sufferer, I will not delay my endeavours to perform it.”

“ But while present hope I relinquish,” she added, with a touching smile of melancholy sweetness, “ I will not resign the consolation of its distant view; for although now bound in pity, and mistaken honour's magic spells, Montagu will at

length be liberated by his piety—and that nothing in fear or shame may deter him from then flying to me, I will now write to my poor Montagu; and will have my letter sent wherever Sir Charles thinks the most secure place of finding its way to him.”

And Adelaide did so; for even that day, supported by pillows in her bed of sickness, she commenced the touching address of piety, affection, pity, and forgiving mercy, to her husband: and when, at length, this now arduous task to the fever-weakened invalid was accomplished, Sir Charles Longuiville sent it to the agent's of the regiment, with his request, to have it carefully delivered to Colonel Bouverie the moment his address should be known to them.

In ten days from the one on which poor Adelaide's hopes were terminated of hearing from her husband, the blessing she invoked from Heaven of fortitude, so evinced its influence, that she recovered from her severe indisposition so much, as to be enabled to receive her attentive, and attached friends, the Lon-

guivilles, in her drawing-room, and to encounter the fatigue of going out in a carriage; a fatigue she was particularly anxious to accustom herself to, as she felt impatient to enclose herself in one of her uncle's mansions, as an asylum, in her present insulated state, of more propriety than the vicinity of a barrack.

Beside the above reason for Adelaide's determination of quitting Sussex the moment she could undertake the journey, she felt a powerful wish to be where Montagu would feel no impeding obstacle, in vicinity to any one, to his returning to her: while the dedication of the whole time of the Longuivilles to her, she considered as too great a sacrifice for one they knew so little of; and therefore she was anxious to emancipate their kindness and compassion from this voluntary infliction.

The Longuivilles, unbiassed by any feeling of weariness in their friendship, made no objection to her intention; as they considered, with her, a house of her uncle's her most appropriate residence; and even submitted to her hurry for departure, without an effort to detain her for acquiring more

strength for her undertaking; as some unfortunate consequences had already sprung from Bouverie's fatal attachment, which they wished poor Adelaide should yet remain in ignorance of, which they feared could not be effected if she remained much longer at Castle Cottage.

General Harley still continued in imminent danger in his fever, being a bad subject for such a malady; and his phrensy now raged so high, that it required the aid of chains to confine him to his bed: while the youngest of Lady Marian's children, he whom his mother affected to adore, and whom the Gayvilles now insinuated, was the offspring of Bouverie, had fallen a victim, in sickness, to that neglect his mother had set the barbarous example of, and was now no more.

Adelaide determined to fix her present residence in her uncle's house in town; as there, in the back rooms, she could, at that season of the year, remain more secluded, than could be the case at De Moreland Castle, or Roscoville Abbey; and where too she would be more in the way of obtaining intelligence of her husband.

As Sir Charles had, at Adelaide's request, written to announce to Lord Beechbrook the direful wound her wedded happiness had sustained, the Longuivilles made no objection to this heart-rived wife going, with only the protection of her servants, to reside in town, as they concluded Mrs. Falkland, at least, would make no unnecessary delay in flying to console the adored ward of her husband.

Adelaide had few arrangements to make for quitting Sussex. The Harpers found her not only just, but generous in her remuneration for all their extreme civility, and for their compliance with her fancy in her metamorphosis of their cottage; which prudence now forbade her retaining, in the moment of such existing, and still further menaced, embarrassment of Bouverie's finances; although it was a direful pang to seem, by giving thus up their mutual residence, to affix a signet to their final separation: but a more direful pang she found in dividing her husband's baggage from her own; as if, indeed, they were no longer united, and sending it to the regi-

mental stores, to await his orders for its future destination.

At length the day arrived for the sorrowing Adelaide to quit Sussex, which she had entered in apprehensive misery, and departed from in certain affliction; and after taking a most affectionate leave of her kind and valued friends, the Longuilles, she set out for London, attended by her faithful Obearn and Dennis: and scarcely were they established in Berkeley Square, when poor Dennis became, as the ghost of the *darling's* murdered happiness, flitting through every spot in London likely to allay her griefs, by finding out some clew to discover Bouverie by; but, as if Lady Marian had embowelled herself and him in the mines, no trace of Montagu could be found.

It was on the fourth morning of Adelaide's residence in Berkeley Square, that the post brought her a letter, forwarded from Sussex, which wrung her heart with new sorrow.

It was from Theodore Bouverie, most feelingly to deplore "the extraordinary

and direful event the papers had informed him of; and to implore her forgiveness for not instantly flying to afford her all the consolation a friend and brother could bestow; and to offer his house, as a better present residence than the home his infatuated, and as he, alas! must suppose, mentally deranged brother, had forsaken: but that, to save himself from a prison, he was then concealed in the house of a friend at Southampton, whilst his own was occupied by sheriffs' officers, through an execution; and that his wife was gone, taking, with every other comfort, from him his darling babe, to join her mother at Brighton; there, in dissipated scenes, to forget the ruin she had involved him in."

Theodore next apologized for his apparent cruelty in augmenting her distress, by adding sympathy to it for his, by pleading, he felt compelled to it, to save himself from being thought by her an unnatural monster, for not flying to her in the moment of so dire a trial.

As Lady Clyde had written to our heroine, ere she quitted Sussex, in the most affectionate manner, entreating her to

come immediately into Wiltshire, to her's and her lord's parentally protecting arms ; and though Adelaide's desire for remaining where Montagu could feel no impeding obstacle from the apprehended grave looks and lectures of others, in returning to her whenever it became his wish, had prevented her acceptance of this kind asylum, she continued a regular correspondence with this respected aunt of her husband's ; and therefore now, in the tender commiseration of her benevolent heart, she lost not a moment in addressing Lady Clyde, to plead the cause of Theodore ; and so effectually she did so, that in about two hours after her letter reached her ladyship's hand, Lord and Lady Clyde were on the wing for Southampton, to seek and comfort their long tenderly adored *protegé*.

At length the fifth week of Bouverie's disappearance was accomplished : and from his making no effort to break from Lady Marian in this long period, and from his having devised no pity-impelled method of mitigating the affliction he had so unexpectedly plunged his wife into, poor Adelaide was overwhelmed with every ago-

nizing foreboding which could sanction despair; and, with her heart writhing in the anguished belief of dereliction, she was lost in sorrow's sad musing, when Mr. Mellifont was announced.

Adelaide flew to meet this highly regarded friend of her husband's with extended hands; but ere she could reach him, in the spacious extent of the apartment she had to pace, feeling overpowered her, and in an agony of grief she sunk into an intervening chair.

Mellifont had hastened to accelerate his meeting with the sorrow-stricken Adelaide; he therefore was now so near, that darting to her, he took the hand he had seen extended to greet him; when pressing it to his lips with energy and reverence, Adelaide perceived that tears were falling from his eyes upon it.

"Oh! Mr. Mellifont," she now exclaimed, in an agony of alarm, "what is it your agitation thus anticipates, that you know of our mutually dear Montagu?"

"Do I not know," Mellifont replied, almost inarticulately from emotion, "that he forsook the paradise which Heaven

had placed him in, and is a miserable man?"

"But do you know that he is a miserable man?" demanded Adelaide, with a look and in a tone so exquisitely expressive of her feelings,—her hope, as a firm Christian, that he was miserable in guilt;—her hope, as a tender adoring wife, that he felt no pang of anguished wretchedness, that she quite subdued the firmness of her husband's friend.

"I do know it, dearest Mrs. Bouverie!—I do know, my friend! my benefactor! my life's preserver! my soul's succour from perdition! is a miserable man!" said Mellifont, weeping unrestrainedly, in concert with the sobbing Adelaide.—I know it by a letter from his own hand, which drew me with promptitude to town, that he is wretched through remorse."

"Oh, Mellifont!" falteringly Adelaide articulated, trembling like the aspen foliage, as she grasped his arm with the energy of supplicating entreaty, not to deceive her—"Oh, Mellifont! did he—on your honour tell me—did he write as if contrition was seated in his heart?"

“ Judge for yourself,” he said ; and gave her a letter written with so unsteady a hand, that, between her tear-impaired vision and its illegibility, she with difficulty read—

“ If the most poignant sufferings of mortal misery can penetrate the heart of friendship, and teach it clemency to an ungrateful aggressor against Heaven and one of its own angels, you will not refuse instantly to come to me, Mellifont, until I repose all my transgressions, and my well-earned anguish, in your bosom.

“ Oh, Mellifont ! if balm can be found to lull the agony of a remorse and love torn heart, hasten, I conjure you, to pour it into the rankling wounds of

“ Yours eternally,

“ MONTAGU BOUVERIE.”

“ Inquire for Mr. Coleman, at the Piazza Coffee House ; where, under that name, I shall remain each day, until I see you, from twelve to two.”

Adelaide, when she had finished this letter, hid her face with her handkerchief, and sobbed as if the overwhelming tide of her sympathetic feelings would burst her

heart; and Mellifont had no comfort for her.

“You have seen him then,” she at length sobbed out.

“Not yet,” Mellifont replied, striving for a steady voice; “something unforeseen has happened to prevent it.—He did not,—could not fulfil his appointment.”

“He is ill, then!” exclaimed Adelaide in an agony of terror. “Oh! I conjure you, deceive me not!—Tell me, tell me all the direful facts your agitation so evidently anticipates!”

“He is not well: but not ill enough to alarm you thus,” responded Mellifont, with a more successful effort at a steadier voice. “He failed in his appointment, as I told you; for I came off to him on the wings of the wind; but too soon I learned from my mother’s brother, who is a medical man, the cause of my disappointment, by information of his having been called in to attend my friend Colonel Bouverie.”

“Ah, Mellifont! and have you not visited this friend?” demanded the heart-wrung Adelaide—“this friend in his sickness?”

“ Five times have I been turned from his door by Lady Marian’s orders ; and, neither my supplicating letters to her, for permission to see my friend, nor my offered bribes to the servants to effect it, have availed ; and having found out at Bouverie’s banker’s that you were here, I ventured to intrude, to consult with you how in possibility I can outwit this inexorable fiend.”

“ Cannot your uncle obtain admission for you ?” asked the weeping Adelaide.

“ Oh ! no ; as for worlds I would not have her know he is connected with any friend of Bouverie’s, lest she should dismiss him, and call in a less skilful surgeon to him.”

Adelaide shrieked ; and in the panting accents of wild despair, exclaimed—

“ He is wounded then !—wounded in a duel by General Harley !—Oh, Montagu ! Montagu ! my wounded husband ! Ten thousand Marians guarding the pass should not keep me from you !”

It was but too true that Bouverie was wounded in a duel, and dangerously too ; not by General Harley, but by Lord Dartmoore, Lady Marian’s brother ; and being

actually in the commencement of a fever, brought on by the misery of his mental conflicts ere the encounter took place, alarm was soon awakened for his safety in the minds of the attending physicians and surgeons.

Mellifont was in too much agony of mind himself, relative to the danger of his friend, to prove equal to the task of deluding the penetrating Adelaide; who too quickly developing the menaced danger of her husband, her determination was instantly made, with all the wild precipitance of one driven almost to the verge of insanity, to demand from Lady Marian her right to nurse him.

“Oh, Mr. Mellifont!” she wildly cried, “I will, I must, make the attempt to take the station of my duty; and should force prevail against my efforts, my heart can but break there, as here I know it would, through the direful agonies inflicted by being aware of my husband’s sufferings, while no one was near him to nurse him as the vital of her own existence.

“For can we think the spoiler bee, that came to suck out the sweets of our blos-

soming love, will act like me, whom the sacred rite that binds us makes to cleave unto him as the essence of my life?—like me, who would hang over him in his ailments, as refreshing dew to the parched-up flower;—finding the strength, which sickness decreased in him, transplanted to my love, and to my powers for sustaining every toil, in my tender care of him;—like me, who would scoff at contagion, that would lead all but a faithful wife from the pillow of her suffering husband;—and would she, could she, pray for the mitigation of his ills, like me who planted no compunction's rankling thorns in his bosom?—Could her soul breathe its incessant supplications for the mercy of Heaven, like sublimated incense from the pure altar of hallowed love?—No, Mellifont, no, she dare not pray for the man she seduced to err, and chains in the path of transgression by her direful magic: and if you, or I, are not admitted, my husband, alas! alas! will die without comfort, or one supplication by his bed to pitying Heaven for its mercy to him.”

Mellifont, overcome by his affection and

fears for Bouverie, and by sympathy for Adelaide's agonizing sorrow, found no power to adduce any sound argument against the practicability of her project; while full of faith in the efficacy of such a nurse as she would prove, he almost wished she could be safely conducted to the chamber of her suffering husband; and her entreaties to him, to lead her to the house that Montagu was ill in, becoming each passing minute more affectingly importunate, he at length determined to hasten to his uncle Mr. Probey, and consult with him upon the possibility of her supplication to become the nurse of her husband being gratified.

CHAPTER III.

MR. PROBEY at length arrived to negative the heart-inspired wish of this tender wife, by the irrefragable reason of impossibility to have it realized, both from the ill-fame of the house (belonging to Mrs. Coleman's mother), Colonel Bouverie was ill in, presenting an interdict, and from the impracticability of disguising her effectually from the penetrating eye of Lady Marian ; while in her own appearance he could not permit her to take her station as her husband's nurse, (was it even probable her wily ladyship would allow her to enter the house on any pretence), lest the agitation her presence would inevitably awaken, might lead to some very fatal consequence to his patient.

But, as some alleviation to the pain inflicted by this necessity-impelled negative, Mr. Probey assured poor Adelaide, " that the nurse he had placed in attendance upon Colonel Bouverie was the most perfectly qualified, both in skill and humanity,

he had ever known; and that her husband, although seriously ill, was not in a state to extinguish hope, almost amounting to confidence, of his recovery:" while Mellifont, on his part, presented balm in the promise of bringing her frequent bulletins: but, notwithstanding these consolations, this disappointment to her anxious heart, of aiding in the care of her beloved Montagu, to her being present to see that all was done in human tenderness for him, almost subdued her with anguished grief; and nothing but the balm of piety could yield a palliative to her wounded spirit, or save her frame from subjugation, through her terrors and her misery.

When Mellifont arrived in the evening with intelligence, "that Bouverie was not worse," Adelaide, with the resistless pleadings of her tender affection, prevailed upon him to walk out with her, and show her the house which Montagu inhabited: but when he had complied, he found cause most sensibly to repent it, as the agitation of his susceptible companion nearly subdued herself and him.

Adelaide thus led to the dwelling of

Montagu, perceived it was a corner house, and that the street which formed the angle having houses for some way up it only on the side opposite to that of Mrs. Coleman's premises, there existed no impediment to her view of the windows of Bouverie's chamber; when instantly she determined, ere the bustle of the metropolis commenced each morning, to pace this adjoining street with her faithful Norah, to listen for the groans of her suffering husband, or their cessation; and further to catch her despair or hope inspiring influence, from the position of the window shutters, or the movements of those she might chance to obtain a view of within.

Day after day passed without efficient consolation for the heart-rived Adelaide; since Bouverie's amendment was so nearly imperceptible, that it almost annihilated the soother hope in her mind: but during this time of misery's tardy measure, she received, forwarded from Sussex to her, a letter from Mrs. Falkland, dated Ireland; and by the accounts this epistle contained of the progress of their tour, it was evident to poor Adelaide that Sir Charles Longui-

ville's communication had not reached the tourists: but as Rosalind mentioned their immediate return to Scotland, she found comfort in the belief, they would then not delay the expansion of friendship's wings, and come with balm of consolation to her.

A letter from Lady Clyde also our heart-rived heroine received in this time of painful anxiety: but her ladyship's was a letter by no means calculated to raise the spirits of the drooping mourner; since it told, "that on the arrival of Lord Clyde and herself at Southampton, they had the grief of finding poor Theodore had been arrested that very morning by his wife's milliner; and the friend at whose house he was hiding from his creditors in being gone to Portsmouth upon business, he could not procure bail; and, in consequence, was carried off to Winchester jail; whither, as rapidly as expedition could wing them, they flew to liberate him: in which city, she feared, they were doomed to remain sometime, since Theodore, subdued by his varied feelings, was confined to his bed, seriously, although not dangerously ill:—that she had remained with

the deservedly punished sufferer to nurse him, while Lord Clyde was gone to New Forest, to redeem their ill-mated nephew's little patrimony there, from the fangs of Mr. Blackthorn; who, in Theodore's necessities—brought on by the unparalleled extravagance of Lady Ambrosia—had lent him money on bond, as it now seemed, on purpose to effect his total ruin.”

The tenderly attached Adelaide had daily continued her walks in the street her husband's chamber looked into; and although closely veiled, the constant morning promenade of two females in one limited space, attracted attention in Coleman's mother's house, which led the confident of the vile Marian to discover who they were; when her diabolical lady, in all the rage of jealous apprehension of Adelaide's daily walk being pursued to forward some plan of effecting an interview with her husband, promptly called a council of diabolicals equal to herself; and as Bouverie's senses had now recovered from the subjugation of his illness, they pronounced no time must be lost in the com-

pletion of their plot, lest hers should be effected.

Accordingly, when Adelaide next appeared on her anxious parade, two men, who were in ambush awaiting her arrival, instantly tapped her on the shoulder, declaring, "they had a writ against her, and that she was their prisoner."

"That," exclaimed the terrorized Obearn, "is an impossibility; since this lady is both a minor and a married woman."

Early as it was, the streets were not totally destitute of passengers; one of whom, attracted by his knowledge of the pretended bailiffs, had paused at a little distance, to learn the cause of their impeding the way of these two females; and who now, on hearing Obearn's declaration, stepped forward; when the demons of villany, starting in dismay at this unexpected interference, both together cried out—

"It is only a stray lamb from our fold, Mr. Ferret, whom we are endeavouring to entice back; therefore we know you are

too much of a gentleman to interrupt us in the pursuit of our business."

"Rascals!" exclaimed Ferret, who providentially happened to be a well-known officer of police; "think you I will be a pander to your infernal business? If the girl has escaped from your house, it is evident she wished to do so; and therefore you shall not regain power over her: but I rather suspect this being a trick of your vile employer, to insnare some young beauty into her house of infamy."

The senses of Adelaide, in terror at this impending, or but narrowly escaped direful snare, fled in dismay, and she fell into the arms of Obearn in a death-resembling swoon; when instantly she was borne by Ferret into an adjacent shop, where a few questions to Obearn sufficed to satisfy this determined agent of justice, who ordered one of the villains who had been employed to convey our innocent heroine to destruction, to call a coach; who, not daring to disobey, promptly brought the demanded vehicle, in which her intrepid champion conveyed poor Adelaïde and Obearn to Berkeley Square.

Even after her recovery from her swoon, Adelaide was still so subdued by horror at the diabolical plot she had only through the interposition of a merciful Providence escaped from, that Obearn in terrible alarm summoned Mr. Probey.

Mellifont, who accompanied his uncle, was overpowered with dismay by the narrative of Obearn, and promptly proceeded to Bow Street, to employ Mr. Ferret in developing the founders of this demoniacal plot.

Mr. Probey brought with him, to our heroine, a composing anodyne, more efficacious than any the materia medica could boast, in intelligence of Montagu's having had so favourable a night, that every apprehension for his safety was now happily terminated; and ere the evening was far in its wane, poor Adelaide had new consolations to compose her agitated spirits, by the arrival of her friends from Scotland.

The impetuous Rosalind, by the violence of her emotion when she clasped to her bosom her now more than ever tenderly beloved Adelaide, as a deserted wife, nearly subdued the firmness of our poor hero-

ine, who had repeatedly to implore her ardent friend not so cruelly to wound her heart, by such terrible censures against poor Montagu, ere she could stem the torrent of her bitter revilings.

Mrs. Aspenfield, with Rosalind and her babes, were to remain in Berkeley Square : but Lord and Lady Beechbrook were to fix their abode in their own town residence ; where they promised to continue until all poor Adelaide's misery, relative to the health of her husband, should have subsided.

On the following morning Lord and Lady Beechbrook were early visitors in Berkeley Square ; and soon after them, Mr. Probey and Mellifont arrived with further intelligence of Bouverie's amendment ; when a general consultation ensued, upon what step could be pursued, to rescue this infatuated man from the infamous plotting hands he had fallen into, and to restore him to his happiness with his tender wife : however, in this consultation Mrs. Falkland would not join, since she felt indignant at every tone that sounded

like a wish for the reunion of Bouverie and Adelaide.

Mellifont was firmly of opinion, "that if he could obtain an interview with him, to combat with his falsely formed ideas of honour, that Lady Marian's spells would be dissolved;"—and this opinion was Lord Beechbrook's also: for although his lordship thought the idea of honour binding him to Lady Marian, was but the sophistry of wilful error, yet the proofs which Adelaide evinced of unsubdued affection and forgiving mercy, he thought it not in the nature of man to remain unvanquished by.

But how was Mellifont to obtain that interview, was the question; He had already been foiled in every attempt he had made to gain one. Bouverie was of age, therefore none could demand him from Lady Marian; nor could any one force their way to his presence upon the plea of authority.

Lord Beechbrook felt it would be a degradation to the dignity of the forsaken wife, for him, as her substituted guardian, to demand an interview with Bouverie, to

expostulate upon his conduct, and to solicit a reconciliation; since the overtures for such an event ought to come from him, with every appearance of unfeigned contrition, ere her friends could in possibility consent to their reunion."

Rosalind was ready to worship his lordship for an opinion so consonant to her own.

"You, Mrs. Falkland and Lord Beechbrook, will change your sentiments, when you find Mrs. Bouverie's happiness depends on a reunion with her husband," said Mellifont: "and so convinced am I, that my friend and benefactor's life will be one of misery, until he is restored to his conjugal happiness, that I am now come to a determination of taking lodgings, which are to be let in the house exactly opposite to Bouverie; there to reconnoitre and take my opportunity of presenting myself to him, the first time he goes out to take an airing.

Lady Beechbrook and Mrs. Aspenfield both expressed their approbation of this measure, as one of probable success; but Rosalind pouting, and ready almost to

beat Mellifont for degrading Adelaide, by even a wish for her reunion with her "depraved husband," as she termed him, refused her hand to him at parting, although she volunteered in promising him a kiss of gratitude, "if he brought her intelligence of Lady Marian and Colonel Bouverie being gone to finish their career in Pandemonium, or some such appropriate place, where the heaven-formed Adelaide could never behold them more."

This project of Mellifont's proved a balm of consolation to poor Adelaide, whose chief comfort now seemed derived from her husband's faithful friend; since he only would talk to her of the manifold virtues of her straying Montagu's heart, and strengthen her hopes of that heart being purified, ere long, from that fatal error which had so direfully obscured his excellence.

At length, when Mr. Probey gave intimation to Mellifont of Bouverie's being equal to quit his chamber, this anxious friend took possession of his lodgings, there to remain an ambushed spy, from nine o'clock in the morning until the shutters were closed in the fall of day

in Coleman's house; but nothing could he see of Bouverie for two whole days; but at length, on the third, he beheld him enter the drawing-room leaning on Lady Marian and her woman, who placed him in an elbow-chair near the fire, where he remained stationary as long as Mellifont could see him.

The succeeding day, Bouverie resumed the same stationary post; but on the third day of his appearance, Mellifont with joy beheld him take several turns, at different times, up and down the room; although his being tenderly supported in this exertion by the entwining arms of Lady Marian, made his heart to tremble in apprehension for the peace of Adelaide.

From this slow progress in the convalescence of his friend, Mellifont could form no hope yet to derive advantage from; but, at the expiration of three days more, he had the satisfaction of seeing him pace the drawing-room without support, and even take a momentary station at a window.

It now became the aim of Mellifont to attract Bouverie's attention; and after a day or two of teasing, unsuccessful attempts,

Montagu looked fully at him, started, and immediately retreated from the window.

The sanguine hopes of Mellifont now sustained a stunning blow, and a deadly chill pervaded his frame in the now established belief of all his cherished expectations of withdrawing his friend from the thralldom of this siren, were, at least for the present, annihilated; or else, why should Bouverie fly from the sight of him he had but a short period since so anxiously wished to see?

A few moments, however, of reflexion, remanded back the soother hope to the breast of Mellifont, since the belief arose in his mind of the presence of Lady Marian having actuated the conduct of his friend.

The succeeding day, Bouverie appeared not at the windows; and on that day all the friends of Adelaide were overwhelmed with consternation; since, unexpected by all, as a measure of such possible expedition, appeared in full detail in the diurnal prints, the trial in the Court of King's Bench, *Harley versus Bouverie*, for crim. con. with the plaintiff's wife; when, by the skilful management in the opening of

the cause by the subtile oratory of the pleader, in operating on the feelings of the jury, through a judiciously painted picture of ingratitude, and breach of the rites of hospitality in the defendant, (who, however feeling himself the seduced, through delicacy to her ladyship, attempted no defence,) the damages were awarded at twenty thousand pounds.

But scarcely was this distressing intelligence gently conveyed by Lord Beechbrook to poor Adelaide, when Lord De Moreland's banker arrived, with information to her, "that accounts had just reached the Admiralty, by telegraph, of His Majesty's ship the — being safely arrived at Plymouth; in which Lord De Moreland had written home to announce he was to return to England."

This intelligence proved another dire pang to the already painfully surcharged heart of Adelaide; who, the moment after the departure of her uncle's banker, with wringing hands and streaming eyes, exclaimed—

"Oh! how does the noxious influence of Lady Marian blight every blossom of

my hopes!—The return of my beloved uncle how have I looked forward to as a season of joy to me! but now, in what a moment does he arrive! to learn from the trump of prejudice, the very misrepresentations in the papers, inserted by those satellite Gayvilles, such evil tidings of poor Montagu.”

“ Oh! Lord Beechbrook, teach me, instruct me, I implore you, how to avert the mischief such a first impression of a case may awaken in the heart of my uncle, against his long parentally regarded favourite!—My dear, dear lord! may I not go myself?—Advise me, permit me to go myself, this very instant, to meet my uncle, to have the first tale myself to him; when from my representations, my knowledge of how Montagu was seduced, and how he suffered, he will not, no, he cannot be much lowered in the estimation of my uncle; for although honour will make me adhere to truth, yet affection possesses soft colours and magic touches, to mellow down the glowing errors of those it pleads for.”

“ Oh! Adelaide, sweet pleader!” ex-

claimed Lord Beechbrook, subdued almost to tears, "how you can twine round every heart but that infatuated from you! I would permit you, I would advise you to go on this mission of your forgiving mercy, because it would afford your generous heart pleasure, could it answer the desired purpose; but the papers, if they reach his lordship's hands, must do so ere you in possibility could see your uncle: beside, we know not his route; he may come on to the Downs, or he may proceed from Devonshire by land; and even so, how could you be secure of meeting him on the road, when he must travel in hired chaises, which you know not; and when in each town so many inns are to be found to perplex your inquiries?"

Alas! all this was but too true; and Adelaide, the heart-rived Adelaide, was compelled to give up her affection-inspired project, without a power of substituting any alternative for conveying a palliating detail of Montagu's transgression to the ear of Lord De Moreland.

Mellifont received the two pieces of intelligence of this day, which wrung the

heart of Adelaide, with almost as much dismay as she did: and now conceiving an interview with Bouverie more than ever necessary, he determined, let what would arise from it, to rush into the house on the morrow, the first moment it should be opened, after he could suppose his invalid friend had arisen.

But the morrow came with bitter disappointment to the ardent Mellifont; for, as usual, considering it unnecessary to commence his watch until after the early breakfast of his uncle, he just entered the street in time to behold a chaise and four whirl from Bouverie's door, but at too great a distance for distinguishing who was in it; and in this moment of dismayed apprehension of the annihilation of his projects, he rushed forward, as if the exterior of the house could announce to him who had departed from it; and as a further confirmation to his worst fears, he arrived just in time to behold a woman placing in a window a printed intimation of that house being to let, genteelly furnished.

Instantly Mellifont knocked at the

door; when, on pretence of being in search of lodgings, he obtained entrance into the house so lately inhabited by his friend; when he contrived to draw from the servant, who ushered him to view the house, “that their late tenants had been obliged to go off in a hurry, on account of a law-suit going against them; that from what had dropped from their own domestics, they were going abroad to prevent the gentleman’s being thrown into prison; and that Mr. Leech, their lawyer, was to be sent all letters that came for them, for him to forward to Lady Marian.”

The mention of a sea-voyage filled Mellifont with the greatest consternation; “for was it, could it be possible Montagu was gone abroad with the vile Marian, effectually to seal his ruin, by annihilating every prospect of his restoration to real happiness? And now determined to leave no channel for intelligence unexplored, he hastened to the chambers of Mr. Leech, whom he found at home, but in no disposition to make any communications to relieve the anxiety of this attached friend,

further than to confirm his fears, of Bouverie's being too surely gone abroad.

Mellifont next proceeded to his friend's banker; but the only intelligence he obtained there was, "that the infatuated fugitive had drawn for cash the preceding day;" and from thence he hastened to the army agent's, where nothing had been heard of Colonel Bouverie since he sent for his letters some time before, when they forwarded to him the leave of absence he had applied for immediately on his arrival in town, ere Lady Marian had joined him.

CHAPTER IV.

MELLIFONT having now no further 'clew to hope to discover the retreat of Bouverie by, in all the agony of despair proceeded to Berkeley Square, to impart to the friends of Adelaide this unexpected flight of Bouverie: but as she was in the room at breakfast with them, and read his countenance as the harbinger of evil tidings, the agony she was assailed by, through her apprehension of Montagu's death in another duel, that Mellifont, to remove her anguished terrors, was compelled to disclose the blow given that morning to her fondly-cherished hope of a reunion with her husband; and from the numerous questions asked him by this heart-rived sufferer, and through her affecting importunities to conceal nothing from her, he was led to confess every thing, even to Bouverie's start and retreat on beholding him, that by having it in his power to solemnly aver he had told her all he knew, relieve her mind from the torturing fear it enter-

tained, of something still more direful, which he would not disclose, in apprehension of subduing her.

But although his communications fell short of the horrors she expected to hear, yet still they proved fell wounds to the peace of Adelaide, for now hope was torn from her heart; now on earth there was left no consolation for her disappointed affection; and with grief-blanchèd countenance, and sorrow's chilled frame, she arose from her seat; and, without one tear to relieve her mental anguish, she hastened to the solitude of her own apartments to implore the mercy of Heaven to sustain her, with un murmuring firmness, through her thorny path of life's calamities; while her heart's dire agonies, she well knew, the influence of piety could alone subdue; and promptly she found balms from that distillation were gifted with efficacy; for faith, with skilful hand, poured them into her bosom with sovereign ascendancy; yet deeply seated sorrow marked the aspect of Adelaide; and although at dinner she took her place at the head of her table, and entertained her kind friends with the most

unremitting attention, the plaintive tones of her voice, the touching sadness of her manner, spoke conviction to all around her, that hers were heart-imprisoned griefs, which fortitude guarded from flowing out, to weary others with their useless complaints.

But in this un murmuring suffering there was magic effect; and sympathy, the most deep and tender, flowed spontaneously from the hearts of all; and all were eager in the performance of every attention to her, all anxious to evince affection to her; and even Rosalind's angry irritation at her wrongs were hushed in reverence to her sublimated calmness; and she no longer reviled the conduct of the infatuated Bouverie, because she feared to pain her.

But none of her surrounding friends succeeded so frequently in throwing a momentary veil over the poignancy of Adelaide's sorrows, as the children of Falkland, whose tender and playful endearments found respondent tenderness in her heart; and in regarding and fondling them, she retraced her beloved guardian's caresses in her own infant state; and gratitude to him gifted with powerful interest every look,

and tone, and movement of his lovely boys; and the idea of the parental rapture Falkland would feel, on beholding and folding to his breast once more these precious and lovely creatures, often illumined the dreary midnight of her desolated happiness by an innovating sunbeam.

In the course of this sorrow-stamped day of Bouverie's flight, Mellifont intimated to our heroine, that, since unfortunately there existed no immediate prospect of his proving either of use or consolation to her, with her leave he would set out the following morning into Kent, to perform his twofold duty there, that he might be the better able to return when a more auspicious moment might make it expedient: but even before that happy period arrived, if she wished to see him, not to hesitate in summoning him to her.

Adelaide had now no motive for detaining Mellifont from his church and school; and with many effusions of her grateful feelings for all the kindness she had experienced from him in this her sad hour of trial, she perfectly coincided in the propriety of his immediate return to Kent; and when

he arose to depart, he took his leave, charged with various messages from all parties, to the children at Beechbrook.

The very first moment after the departure of Mellifont, in which Adelaide could rally her fortitude sufficiently for the attempt, since his return to his home proved another confirmation of her blasted hope, she entreated Lord and Lady Beechbrook to steer their course also into Kent; since now every present hope was wrested from her, of his lordship's being of that service to her which, through the goodness of his and Lady Beechbrook's hearts, they would have remained unmurmuringly in town to perform; and so successfully she at length wound about their parental feelings, that they were led by her to agree to run down into Kent to snatch a view and an embrace of their treasures there, as soon as Lord De Moreland should arrive, and they could ascertain whether Lord Beechbrook could be of any use or comfort to him.

The following morning the dejected Adelaide received letters from Ladies Clyde, Ambrosia Bouverie, and Ellen Melcombe.

Lady Clyde's epistle informed her, " that Theodore was at length beginning to recover rapidly from his alarming indisposition ; and that, as soon as he was equal to undertake such a journey, she projected to fly off with him to Scotland ; since she now found, from pained observation, that it would be quite as well not to allow him to see her in her present affecting distress ; since the force of contrast between his own wife and his brother's had opened a delusively healed wound in his heart, menacing his peace ; nor could she wonder at this unfortunate effect of contrast, since Lady Ambrosia's conduct, she now found, had not only been culpable in the highest degree by the most reprehensible prodigality in all things, but had been faulty, almost to criminality, by flirting with the Marquis of Orton, solely for the gratification of her vanity, to make the influence of her beauty conspicuous, and to excite the jealousy of her husband ; which she did so effectually, that had not the object of it been more subtle than valiant, she might have had the high triumph to enjoy, of causing her husband's death in a

duel; for he had been mad enough to send a challenge to the most noble marquis, who was wise enough to give the sheriff intimation of it in due time to prevent the encounter."

The perusal of Lady Clyde's letter had awakened so much indignation in the pure mind of Adelaide against her cousin, that it was with no very favourable disposition towards her she opened an epistle from the transgressing Lady Ambrosia: but soon every sensation was lost in amazement; for never was a more feeling or affectionate letter penned by friendship sympathizing in another's sorrows.

Adelaide was now no longer an object of Lady Ambrosia's envy; her triumphant career of transcendent beauty was cruelly humbled, by the public dereliction of her husband so early after her marriage; all her ladyship's jealousy-inspired enmity was now at once extinguished, and the long stifled embers of affection rekindled into an animated blaze. Adelaide's perfections were now remembered with glowing tints; Adelaide's kindness, with the most lively gratitude; and her own reprehensible

returns with deeply felt remorse; and she had bitterly wept when she first heard of Montagu's dereliction of his inestimable wife; although she had never shed one tear at her own dereliction of her husband, in the moment her extravagance and dissipated folly had overwhelmed him in ruin; and the instant the certain intelligence reached her of Adelaide's being in Berkeley Square, she wrote to offer to yield up all the delights of Brighton, and fly to give her any consolation her presence could in possibility afford her.

Lady Ellen Melcombe announced "the perfect recovery of Lord Woodley from his fever, although his aspect still wore the effect of its ravages; and his having at length, in compliance with his father's wishes, offered himself to Miss Stella Price, and had been accepted; and that they were all to remain in Yorkshire until after these nuptials were celebrated." Her ladyship further added, "that her brother Lysander had at length written to inform his father of his address; and of his having concealed himself and bride until the day he came of age, (which occurred in three months af-

ter his Gretna Green marriage,) when he instantly remarried his wife with every form, to prevent the possibility of its being annulled ; so that now, in consequence of this continued plan of acting without the concurrence of his long-indulgent parents, her father had announced to them all his determination, never either himself, or to permit his family, to hold intercourse with her unfortunate brother more ; particularly as reasons existed for their never receiving his wife ; but that he would allow them a competence."

Adelaide answered these three kind correspondents by return of post ; so anxious she was to seek every employment that could detach her thoughts, even for one moment, from her poignant sorrows.

With every expression of gratitude, she declined the kind offer of Lady Ambrosia to come and comfort her ; and taking advantage of the auspicious humour for advice to operate, her ladyship appeared to be in when she wrote to her, Adelaide gently touched upon her late unhappy disunion with Theodore ; and, in the resistless language of kindness and affection,

ventured some sentiments upon the subject, such as might convey effect, without offending.

When Adelaide was dressing for dinner this day, she remarked to Obearn, " the singularity of her never having been honoured by any mark of attention from Mr. Bellenden, in the hour of her distress, which the papers must have announced to him."

Adelaide now perceiving Obearn changed colour as she spoke of Mr. Bellenden, and in that subdued state of spirits so susceptible of alarms, she instantly imbibed apprehensions of Mr. Bellenden being dead, or at least dangerously ill.

" My darling child !" said Obearn, " I trust your amiable cousin is alive, and well this moment; and to a certainty he has not neglected you in your affliction. No, far from it; he would not have been a true Bellenden, had he not possessed a feeling heart.

" He came to visit you in Sussex; but he arrived at that sad period, when, subdued by your misery into illness, you lay in your bed, unconscious of all things pas-

sing around you ; and it was my hard task to tell him what had befallen the idol of my earthly affections :—and most sensibly was he affected by my intelligence ; and, ill as you were, he entreated to see you ; when he kissed your pallid cheek, and wept over you, as if you were his sister.”

“ After that, he had a great deal of conversation with Lady Longuiville, upon what could be done to withdraw my master from his infatuation ; and said, that being an utter stranger to Colonel Bouverie, his interference could carry no effect, and might only terminate in hostilities, that might give a fatal blow to your peace.

“ I then presumed to put in my word, and said, I feared there was no person in existence, not even my Lord De Moreland, who could succeed in withdrawing my deluded master from the witchcraft that held dominion over him, but Mr. Falkland ; who, though all anxiety to return to his family, was detained abroad, because government could find no successor competent to the mission he had in hand.

“ Mr. Bellenden some time pondered upon this intelligence, and then said, ‘ As

the most essential service he could render you, he would immediately set off to London, and offer himself as a successor to Mr. Falkland, that his consolations might be the sooner afforded to you; and that from his having lived a good deal at —, he knew the subtile politics of the government there full well; and therefore our ministers might gladly appoint him Mr. Falkland's substitute, notwithstanding the inferiority of his abilities.'

"Lady Longuiville approving this project, Mr. Bellenden lost no time in setting out for London: and ere the week expired, her ladyship received a letter from him, saying, 'he was that instant taking flight, to send Mr. Falkland home, to reunite the infatuated Bouverie with his angelic wife; to whom he entreated her ladyship and me not to reveal the prospect of her guardian's speedy return; since, as seas divided them, he thought in her present distress no anxiety for the safety of one so dear to her ought to be added to the trouble of her mind;' and I should still have obeyed him, only I could not endure that you should believe he had slighted you."

The amazement and gratitude of Adelaide were powerfully awakened by this recital; and when the former subsided, she wept on the bosom of Obearn her tender susceptibility of the latter.

As it was possible for Lord De Moreland to arrive in London this evening, if town should be his place of destination, Lord and Lady Beechbrook would not dine in Berkeley Square, as most probably he would feel annoyed by the presence of any stranger, in his meeting with his afflicted niece.

With tender kindness, Mrs. Falkland, aided by her mother, strove, by recounting their adventures in the two countries they had lately travelled through, to divert the sad thoughts of the heart-stricken Adelaide from their anguished themes; and to compose her often fluttered spirits, as awakened belief, in expectation's suspense, taught her to listen for the approaching carriage as Lord De Moreland's, or give up the idea, by its retreating sound.

CHAPTER V.

THE evening had passed on to ten o'clock, without the expectation of his lordship's arrival being realized; and Adelaide was just venturing to give articulation to a wish her heart had formed, "that her uncle might stop at Roscoville, and there take up his abode until the effervescence of his indignation against Bouverie had evaporated;" when a sound through the doors of the suite communicating with the front apartments, left open for the purpose, conveyed the certainty of a rapidly driven carriage stopping at the door, when a gentle ring and knock ensued.

Conviction was now awakened in the bosom of the susceptible Adelaide, that her beloved, her indulgent uncle was arrived, after an absence of many months: yet she could not fly to bid him welcome; for terror of his resentment against her transgressing husband chained her to her seat, blanched her before pallid lips and cheeks to a more death-like hue; and,

with every faculty suspended, her head sunk upon the bosom of Mrs. Falkland, who promptly gave up the idea of following her rapidly retreating mother, when she beheld how the feelings of Adelaide had subdued her.

A servant at length glided in, to announce the arrival of his lord; and immediately after Rosalind heard his lordship's advancing footsteps; but they seemed slowly to fall, either from inability, or unwillingness to reach the presence of his niece.

“ Adelaide! my beloved Adelaide!” Mrs. Falkland at length exclaimed, “ look up! revive! your kind, your welcome uncle enters; and let him not be grieved by seeing how very much his arrival has subdued you.”

But Adelaide neither revived nor looked up; and Lord De Moreland promptly perceiving the state she was reduced to, found the wings of speed expand, which despondence and remorse had closed in dejection; and flying to this interesting object of his bitter grief and fond affection, he snatched her from Mrs. Falkland's

arms, and encircled her in his own; when gazing mournfully upon her face, sorrow seemed to take possession of every faculty, and he burst into an agony of tears.

The heart-penetrating tone of a man's deep sob, first struck to the seat of Adelaide's perception; when her eyes unclosed with so piteous a look of sympathy, that, more than ever unmanned, his lordship with difficulty articulated—

“ My child! my Adelaide! will you not speak to me? Will you not forgive your heart-rived, penitent uncle, for the culpable part he has borne in your terrible affliction?”

Instantly the arms of Adelaide encircled his neck in tender pressure; and as mingled sorrow's and affection's tears strayed down her cheeks, she kissed with forgiving kindness her self-upbraiding uncle.

Rosalind's fears for Adelaide were now removed, on beholding her tears, and instantly she withdrew; when a long pause of oppressed feeling ensued, which at length was broken by Adelaide, who gently asked his lordship, “ How his health now was? and if he had had a pleasant voyage?”

“ Pleasant !” he mournfully exclaimed :
 “ Oh ! no, my love ! I came on racks, on
 tortures not to be endured ! since my
 agonized heart bled with every anticipat-
 ing fear, which your worthless husband’s
 failure in writing to inform me he was
 happy, had awakened ; for oh ! my child !
 I had but too just cause for anticipation
 from that omen ; since I knew his fatal
 predilection ; and yet, infatuated maniac !
 from his representation of his own heart
 and wishes, from my reliance upon the
 effect of your fascinations, I confided your
 peace to his care : and now, while I have
 to blush for my own erring judgment, I
 have to weep for the sorrows of the lovely
 victim, without the power to redress her
 wrongs.”

“ My beloved uncle, we were all de-
 ceived,” replied Adelaide meekly ; “ since
 we all delusively believed our union would
 have proved an auspicious one ; and so it
 would, had Lady Marian remained but even
 a few months longer abroad.—Oh ! I have a
 long and a sad tale to tell my uncle, when
 recovered from the fatigue of his voyage
 and journey, of how poor Montagu was

assailed, how inthralled, and how subdued; and then you will learn to pity and forgive him."

"Never, Adelaide! never will I pity or forgive him! never will I listen to one softening word in vindication of his enormity!—No, my child, it was a sacred trust I confided to his honour, and he has deceived me.—He has planted the poisoned arrows of self-accusation in my bosom; and while their unceasing tortures rack my soul, who can expect me to forgive him?"

"And what was the treasure I confided to his care?—A creature calculated to make him the envy of mankind. And what effort did he attempt against the hackneyed seducer?—None; for had he paused to contemplate the charms, the perfections of the wife of his bosom; the gentle, the young, the innocent creature whose happiness rested upon him, could he have forsaken her for even the Cyprian Queen?—And so vile, so dishonourable, so inhuman has his conduct been, that I should consider myself with abhorrence as the patron of such enormities, could I ever pity or forgive the perpetrator of them."

“ Alas !” said Adelaide piteously, “ the veriest culprit at the bar of justice is allowed a pleader in his cause ; and will not my dear uncle hear any one in Montagu’s defence ? Montagu, whom you once so much regarded !—But I ask not to be his advocate, my lord ; I only implore to be the organ of simple truth, to state such facts as I can vouch for.”

“ Adelaide,” said his lordship, in a tone that electrified her, it sounded so sternly ; “ my former fond affection for Bouverie but now awakens more formidable indignation in my breast against him ; since that affection was won by hypocrisy ; by the base counterfeit of every virtue man could be esteemed for.”

Adelaide’s anguished sobs now were audible ; but Lord De Moreland, unmindful of them, continued—

“ Even the very mortification of having been so deceived, militates against him ; and unless you too wish to forfeit my favour for ever, you will no more attempt to mitigate my just, my everlasting displeasure against this man, whom your own piety should teach you to condemn ; your

own purity to recoil from: and fondly as I love you, Adelaide; much as I pity you; and deeply as my heart mourns for having proved a weak, a culpable party, in consigning you to the chance of your present distress; yet for the first and last time I tell you, that you will at once convert me into a stern, implacable foe, even to you, if you ever again presume to utter one sentence in vindication of this monster of perfidy in my hearing!—a monster whom I scorn! whom I renounce! and whom, had I not found you degrading thus your principles by such reprehensible pity, I should have strained every nerve to divorce you from.

“I see, and I am grieved to see, that I have so deeply wounded your mistaken feelings, child; but it is for the last time; since this conversation can never be renewed between us: and, that you may reflect in seriousness upon what I have said; that you may feel full conviction I am not to be melted from my inflexible resentment, even by my love and pity for you, I now will leave you; and in that very distress it wounds my heart to see you in.—I shall

retire immediately to my chamber for the night; and to-morrow, I trust, I shall discover in you a corrected judgment; a spirit more genial to my wishes."

And even without one parting look of that relenting tenderness that wrung his soul, his lordship summoned Baronello, and retired, more fully to impress upon his niece's mind the firmness of his resolutions; which, formed on the frailty of human nature, imbibed their obduracy from consciousness, that the wreck of poor Adelaide's happiness might be ascribed to him as much as Montagu; and where he could find a corresponding base for censure, he attempted to press down the burden there, conceiving it might lighten that his own conscience writhed with.

The dismayed grief of Adelaide seemed now to have reached its climax; and with the convulsive tears of anguish, she sobbed for the inexorable resentment of Lord De Moreland, far exceeding even what her fears had anticipated; until finding grief was overpowering fast her firmness, she sunk on her knees, and sought a restorative for her fortitude, by a fervent suppli-

cation for it. But although her firmness found renovation from the sovereign aid she sought, yet still she felt most keenly the affliction she sustained; for she now seemed of every earthly hope bereft, until remembrance came of Mr. Bellenden's goodness in accelerating the return of her dear guardian to give her comfort.

"And he who was the prop, the support of my infant helplessness," said her grateful heart, "will now be my aid and consolation in the heavy griefs of my maturer years."

The sleepless night of the sorrowing Adelaide was legibly marked upon her aspect the following morning, when with the mournful smile of difficultly acquired fortitude she appeared before her uncle, and held out her grief-chilled, trembling hands again to welcome him to his native land; when, as he folded her with paternal affection to his bosom, the shock his heart received on beholding this meek, submissive child of mighty woes, taught his resentment against the author of them to acquire new bitterness: and while pity beamed from his eyes upon this victim to a

siren's wiles, sternness gathered on his brow, portentous to the future fate of Bouverie.

Adelaide was presiding at the breakfast table, and in plaintive tones conversing with all the firmness she could command, when the post arrived with a letter to her from Bexhill, franked by Sir Charles Longuiville; and upon breaking the seal she beheld enclosed a letter from her husband, directed to her in Sussex.

The not to be repressed shriek of emotion with which she recognised his writing, with the accompanying agitation that convulsed her whole frame, betrayed to her observant uncle the correspondent who now addressed her; and in a tone of indignation he exclaimed—

“From that abandoned miscreant, Colonel Bouverie, I perceive!”

Adelaide, although she had made an effort to fly from the room with her letter, and had been compelled, by subduing emotion, to sink back into her chair, unable to effect her purpose, now found the power to rise; and flying to his lordship, threw

herself upon his bosom, and in an agony of distress implored him "not to call her unfortunate husband by such terrible names, or her heart must break to hear them."

"Well, well, my love!" said Lord De Moreland, almost subdued by her thrilling tones, her sympathy-awakening actions, "let us hear how the worthy gentleman contrives to inform you of his ruined fortunes; and that a trip to a foreign country, with a woman he prefers to you, he finds expedient."

"Read, Mrs. Falkland, audibly read it," exclaimed Adelaide in a tone of wild desperation, at the heart-torturing ideas her uncle had suggested.

Rosalind with trembling hand opened the letter, and found it merely the blank envelope of bank bills for three hundred pounds.

Adelaide groaned in mental anguish, as she sunk from her uncle's bosom upon a chair beside him, covering her face with her hands, to conceal her agonizing emotion; since this she looked upon as an

incontestable confirmation of his having flown his country, or why send her a further supply so soon?

Lord De Moreland demanded—"What money so conveyed could mean?"

"Oh, my uncle!" faltered out the trembling Adelaide, "he fears I may require money for my expenses, but cannot summon courage to write to me."

"And so he thus insults you by a conviction, that although you sometimes cross his thoughts, he cannot devote his time to the composition of even one line proper to be addressed to you!" exclaimed Lord De Moreland, with eyes flashing flames of indignant fury: "and dares he presume to think my noble brother's child shall accept supplies from the wretch who has abandoned her? No! these notes shall be instantly replaced in his banker's hands, enclosed in a blank cover, directed by me."

"Oh, my lord!" said Adelaide, scarcely finding power to articulate; "although your resentment is unfettered by duty, mine is not: and I implore you make me not transgress its precepts.—Montagu is my husband, and I must not offend him."

“Adelaide! Adelaide! whilst I protect you, you shall not be further degraded,” replied his lordship, with stern emphasis; “and force me not, by this contumacy, to tell you what your weak, your faulty clemency may make you start to hear—that my heart can never know peace or rest, until I break those bonds which bind you to a miscreant.”

“That, I feel, my lord, will now be soon effected,” she softly said; and in a moment more she sunk down, with every faculty suspended, on the couch beside him.

The terrorized Rosalind flew to her; whom, by her frantic exclamations, it appeared she thought was gone for ever.

“It is but a swoon. It is but the effect of the first shock of hearing my invincible determination,” said his lordship, in agonized tenderness, now encircling in his trembling arms the lifeless form of Adelaide; “since she shall not, no, she shall not, in the morn of her youth and transcendent beauty, remain shackled to a miscreant, to return to when his roving fancy so disposes him, to request forgiveness for all this anguish, this heart-rending

sorrow his unfeeling barbarity left her to endure. Law, though not usage, is on our side; and her peculiar case will give us partizans innumerable to bear me through my purpose.—But hist! she revives!—Sweet Adelaide, my love! cheer up, cheer up, my child! we all most tenderly regard you: and be assured, my own happiness, my own honour, are not more dear, more sacred to me, than yours are; and all that I say, and wish, and meditate, is but for the sure promotion of your future happiness.”

Mrs. Aspenfield, pitying from her heart the conflict she beheld in this poor sufferer's bosom, proposed her retiring to her own apartments to lie on her bed awhile after her deep swoon; when Lord De Moreland perceiving her attempt to rise, to comply with this kind advice, impeded by her yet subduing agitation, snatched her up in his arms, carried her to her chamber, and tenderly placing her on her bed, kissed her affectionately as he gave her an affecting benediction; and then requesting Mrs. Falkland to come to him, as he had something to say to her and Mrs. Aspenfield as

soon as his child was sufficiently recovered to be left wholly to the care of Obearn, he retired.

“ Ah ! Mrs. Falkland,” said Adelaide, looking mournfully at her, “ I very well conjecture what his lordship is going to talk of with you and Mrs. Aspenfield ; and that in you he will find too firm a partizan : but only, I entreat you, implore him to grant me time ; for then his wish for our eternal separation will be accomplished without the aid of lawyers.”

At length Mrs. Falkland quitted her beloved friend to attend his lordship ; when Adelaide commenced her lamentation to her faithful nurse upon the subject of Lord De Moreland’s irritation against Bouverie.

“ Alas ! alas !” she added, “ who can thus have prejudiced the mind of my uncle so dreadfully against poor Montagu ?”

“ That I have learned, my child,” said Obearn ; “ it was Lady Dinwood ; who unfortunately was on a tour through the western counties with that Captain Crosby, and some other wild geese like themselves ; and meeting my lord on his landing at Plymouth, she gave him a full detail of the

miseries of your wedded life;—how you
 were neglected in Sussex; and how every
 step was taken by my master and Lady
 Marian, to irritate and mortify you, to
 lead you into transgression with the Duke
 of St. Kilda: and all this her ladyship's
 woman told to Baronello, who being her
 countryman, she was very communicative
 to; for she told him she was sure her lady-
 ship's plan was, by irritating Lord De
 Moreland against Colonel Bouverie, to
 keep him in the shade of comparative
 poverty, to prevent Lady Marian's ever
 soaring, through my master's wealth or
 interest, into any tolerating circle where
 her dramatic fame should clash with Lady
 Dinwood's; who was so stung with envy
 by the superior applause Lady Marian
 received during their theatricals at Marino,
 that often her ladyship declared to her
 woman, in the moments of her mortifica-
 tion, that she would leave nothing unat-
 tempted to drive Lady Marian from so-
 ciety, that she might remain unrivalled as
 the first private theatrical performer in the
 united kingdom."

“Alas!” said Adelaïde, “it is too—too hard, that from malicious information such as this is, poor Montagu is to lose all his friends, but one faithful one, whose attachment strengthens as that of others decrease to him. Oh! my Norah! Montagu in health and prosperity, admired and courted by all, was never so dear, so affectingly dear to my heart, as Montagu in ill health, in ruined fortune, the dupe of art, the censured, the contemned of all around me: and now I think every privation I could endure, every toil encounter, even the contempt of the world sustain, every thing but the reproaches of my own conscience submit to, to be of use or comfort to him.”

“Alas!” exclaimed Obearn, in tremulous accents, “what a stock of genuine affection is here misapplied!”

“Oh! my long kind nurse! do not you too add to my sorrows,” said Adelaïde, in a tone of plaintive reproach—“Oh! I conjure you, humour me yet a little; deceive me, if even you think it not, into a belief, that Montagu’s genuine love is

mine; for long I shall not trouble you, or any one, to dissemble, to make me less unhappy."

Obearn now burst into tears, and bitterly wept, in full conviction this sad foreboding would too soon be verified; and in mental agony she reviled the defect in law, that made it not a crime for condign punishment, the planting daggers in human happiness, to break with torturing pangs the heart of affection and guileless innocence.

Lord Beechbrook early paid his respects to Lord De Moreland this morning; and as his indignant feelings already ran very high against the offending Bouverie, the black catalogue of transgressions exhibited against him by Lady Dinwood's report, and now repeated by Lord De Moreland, soon incensed him, as well as Adelaide's female friends, into her uncle's wish of dissolving this unfortunate marriage, if, upon consulting the most eminent men at the bar, and the most exemplary amongst the peers, they found it could be effected without prejudice to the immaculate forsaken wife in the estimation of the world; and to promote this project, Lord Beechbrook

consented to remain in town, while Lady Beechbrook, accompanied by Mrs. Aspenfield, should go down into Kent for a short time, to see her children.

Lord and Lady Beechbrook dined in Berkeley Square this day, and the poor heart-anguished Adelaide did the honours of the table with touching, melancholy sweetness; and, through the powerful efforts of her fortitude, she joined in the general conversation, until the singularity struck her, of all the party, even Mrs. Aspenfield, who never before had used that familiar appellation to her, calling her "Adelaide," as if the name of "Mrs. Bouverie" was, by general consent, to be excluded from the nomenclature; and with a shuddering anguish of heart, she set down this alteration in addressing her as a sad earnest of persecution preparing for her by the vindictive feelings of her friends.

Nor was the conversation calculated to remove this alarmed conviction of impending persecution, since it turned upon the Duke of St. Kilda; and judiciously was it managed, for the purpose of awakening

the pity and flattering the vanity of our heroine; who was led to know by it, "that his grace had purchased Castle Cottage immediately after her departure from Sussex; and not suffering any thing to be removed from the way she had arranged all things, he had gone to reside there, where, by nurturing his romantically enthusiastic passion, he had fallen into such ill health, as to call his anxious and adoring mother out of Scotland, to come and nurse him; and that her ladyship, Viscountess Aberavon, was then in London, on her way to Sussex."

Adelaide, heart-tortured, and sustained neither by sustenance nor friendship's consolations, was sincerely rejoiced, when the relief arrived for her quitting the dining-room; when she soon found an opportunity of escaping from her female guests; and summoning Dennis to a private conference, she said:

"Dennis, my good Dennis! I know how you regard me; and therefore feel convinced you will not refuse to oblige me."

"In the days of your happiness, dar-

lingt! myself never refused to do that same; and sure 'tis not now I would begin; *whin* if my life's blood would comfort you, a *urneen*, you should be having it."

Tears now gushed from Adelaide's eyes; and Dennis brushing away large drops, that would flow down his cheeks, faltered out:—

"What will I do to serve you, jewel?"

"Alas! Dennis," she replied, "my uncle is so indignant against poor Montagu, that he has taught every body to imbibe his resentment; and they all seem entering into a combination to break my heart, through their enmity to him; and as they seem to interdict my bearing his name, I suppose they will not allow me to retain his picture, which I painted myself, and which I gave to be set last week, and it is to be sent home this evening; and should the parcel be delivered before any of those new enemies of poor Montagu, they might inquire what it contained; and then I suppose Lord De Moreland would demand it from me, as only to be prized and worn by Lady Marian."

"Cock her up with it, the pirate of the

world!" exclaimed Dennis: "Och murder! is it your painting, *darlingt*, would be so disparaged? No, jewel! no! more grief to me if it shall! so Norah and myself will be after slipping for it. Where will we find it, a vurneen?"

"You Dennis alone, I wish to oblige me. Take this note to Sackville Street, and you will get my dear, my unfortunate husband's picture for me; which I request you to deliver to me yourself, as I do not even wish that Obearn should know I have got it; as she, too, has more than once spoken unkindly about poor Montagu, and I expect she will soon be won to join the rest in the project of breaking my marriage."

"Och! och! the garran! vociferated Dennis, fire flashing from his eyes:—"Is it Norah unkind to you now, you poor precious treasure?—Is it she would be cabaling against you? Och! murder! the cockatrice! the turncoat! the rebel! the wolf! more grief to her, but she shall sup sorrow for that same.—Och! the burning shame, to be vexing you now about breaking your marriage! for sure 'tis that will break it-

self, through the pure heart of you, without a helping hand at all, at all, from any of your friends. And faith it is my own heart myself will be breaking open, to let out every morsel of love it has been choked up with for Norah these seventeen years, if she turns tiger to you now. — But, fear the picture would come of itself, I had better run now for it; and fret no more about that, *darlingt*, for I'll engage it shall be in your possession to-night, *unknowncet* to man or mortal of the caballing kit of them."

Dennis was faithful to his promise; for, "*unknowncet* to any of the *caballing kit*," the picture was in Adelaide's possession ere she retired to her pillow; and Obearn, when assisting her to undress, evinced the most kind, affecting tenderness to her, never glancing one reflexion upon Montagu.

CHAPTER VI.

ON the following day, Lady Beechbrook and Mrs. Aspenfield set out for Kent; and Adelaide having commissions to execute for Lady Longuiville, who, through kindness, devised this employment for some of her moments, ordered her carriage; and when ready to set out, she found, instead of her own, an equipage of her uncle's in waiting; and although her susceptible heart augured what this portended, she forbore to ask an explanation until she returned; when she learned from Obearn, "that her own carriage had been sent, by order of Lord De Moreland, to Bouverie's coachmaker, there to await the colonel's commands for its future destination."

With trembling apprehension poor Adelaide descended from her toilet to attend the dinner party of this day, as she feared new tortures for her heart: nor was she mistaken in her cause for apprehensions; for at length, after the departure of the attendants, the conversation centred in the

subject of females who had divorced their husbands ; and who lived happily, respected by the world, in their second and more judicious choice : but when, to her further dismay, she learned that lawyers had been consulted on the subject, she could no longer withhold her sentiments ; and although with due deference to her uncle she gave them utterance, yet they pronounced a decided negative to his project.

Lord De Moreland, with nerves shattered by the bitter disappointments of his own life, and highly irritated at finding himself deceived in his favourite plan for the promotion of his niece's happiness, could now brook no contradiction to his project of vengeance against the culprit who had deceived him, and sternly he exclaimed :

“ You had better retire, child ; not to indulge in these unavailing tears, but to call reason and retrospection to your aid : the latter to give spirit to your now pusillanimous feelings, by a faithful remembrance of the indignities, the contempt, the cold neglect, the mortifying preference evinced on every occasion to another ; the lures left for your unwary innocence to be

insnared in, which you suffered from this miscreant idol of your obstinate and debasing homage; and the former to point out to you, the happiness, the advantages, the honours opened for your acceptance, through the overtures already made to Lord Beechbrook by the mother of the man, whose constancy, and idolizing, unalienable adoration of you, has hitherto rendered wretched, to make you now a dutchess; and, on the other hand, to trace out all the miseries you may yet sustain from your unprincipled husband and his adored paramour, when thrown off by me and your other justly offended friends, you have no one to protect you from their insults; which further, mark me, they will not be slow in treating you with, when irritated by the disappointment your contumacy will draw down on Colonel Bouverie. For learn now, romantic silly girl! that I, alas! am now at liberty to cut off the hopes of my heir presumptive.— I can marry!— And beware how you irritate me to seal the ruin of this idol, whom you brave my favour and affection, meanly, degradingly to cling to.”

Adelaide finding her uncle had come to his closing pause, arose to obey him in his desire for her retiring; and as she did so, Lord Beechbrook took her trembling hand, and pressed it with affection.

“Adelaide,” his lordship said, “our wishes sound harshly to you; and cruel seems the expedient of the surgeon, who amputates a limb to save a life: but, believe you were never dearer to the hearts of your friends; never an object of such painful anxiety, such deep interest, as even in this moment, when we appear insensible to your sufferings.”

Our heroine looked up at his lordship despondingly, piteously, doubtingly; when, subdued by the affecting appeal, Lord Beechbrook averted his face, to conceal the starting tears of sympathy; and Adelaide took the offered arm of Rosalind and withdrew.

“My dear Mrs. Falkland!” exclaimed the weeping sufferer the moment they closed the door on the confederate peers, “only give me your support to my dressing-room; for there I must promptly seek higher aid to sustain me, and subdue the

undutiful resentment I feel awakening in my mind against my hitherto kind and tender uncle.—Oh that my guardian was here! since nothing—nothing but the forfeiture of my claim to his regard, could teach him to change to me! and if he thought this dreadful project was for my future happiness, he would not break my heart to bend my will.—Oh! no, he would gently deal with a wounded spirit; he would allow me time to recover from the stunning blow my senses have received, ere he would make propositions of such torturing tendency.”

“ My beloved Adelaide!” said Rosalind feelingly,—“ time could not be given you, even by Falkland; since the measure must be prompt, or else never can be adopted. The plea of separation arises from your husband’s dereliction and in delicacy you could not delay your application for a divorce, until suspicion should arise that your having made another choice had urged you to the measure.”

They had now reached Adelaide’s dressing-room; when Rosalind, remembering her request, bade her adieu.

On the following morning two letters arrived by post to Adelaide; one from Lady Ambrosia, the other from Mellifont; and as she conjectured the latter bore some relation to her heart's painful interests, it took precedence in inspection; and with every grateful feeling awakened to Mellifont, she read—

“ That in consequence of information inadvertently given by Mr. Leech to Mr. Probey, of the fugitives having taking refuge in Jersey, he had obtained a clergyman to do duty for him in his parish, and to superintend the ushers in the school; and was setting off immediately to seek his friend, and should address her again the moment he had effected an interview with Bouverie.”

The letter of Lady Ambrosia breathed animated gratitude for the sentiments her dear cousin had, in the midst of her own afflictions, found interest sufficient for her to take the trouble of conveying to her upon her late separation from Theodore.

“ But, my dear Adelaide!” her ladyship continued, “ lest you should think me half so culpable as my prim husband has no

doubt portrayed me, I must tell you my own story.

“ When I took possession of our hovel in the New Forest, I knew not how to husband the paltry sums my pauper *sposo* had to give me, particularly as he took the impossibility into his primitive noddle, that we must pay for every thing we got: by which means, as I would have every thing I wanted, you can readily conceive how soon we went ding dong to quarrel: and then, in my distress, I applied to my mother for money and advice: the latter she gave me largely, commanding me not to enter into my husband’s parsimonious ways; but by my proper expenditure, consistent with my birth, to compel him to the necessity of suing for peace with the wealthy Clydes; but money she had none to send me: and it was upon that occasion Mr. Blackthorn came forward in a very friendly manner, lending me five hundred pounds; and offered Theodore,—who then knew nothing of his loan to me, any cash he might want, on bond: and to gratify and make up with me, who was then very

near my confinement, he accepted Mr. Blackthorn's kindness.

"After that, we jogged on in sneaking quiet until our boy was born; and then to be sure hostilities commenced most seriously, forsooth, because I would not suckle the brat, as I had declared I would do before I saw it: and my reasons for changing my mind so offended my great lord and master, that he bounced out of my room, (a great blubbering booby!) in tears; I verily believe because he had not the nourishment himself to feed the frightful brat with.

"Although the cause of my change of resolution has since vanished, I am sure, Adelaide, you will kindly enter into my feelings upon the occasion, and excuse me, though Theodore would not.

"It happened I had never been in the house with a new-born infant before; and never having been attracted to notice children, except from their extraordinary beauty, I therefore had no impression on my mind but of such; and as Theodore is of so transcendently handsome a race, and

all my family so beautiful, how could I have expected any thing, but that my babe was to be born in a blaze of cherub charms ! and I minded no suffering, in my impatience to behold the lilies and roses of his complexion, his curling locks, his sparkling eyes, his dimpled smiles, his coral lips, and pearly teeth. Then think of, and compassionate my dismay and horror, when a brown hideous animal was presented to me as my babe ! So I first screamed with terror, and then cried with mortification, and could not be prevailed upon even to touch it.

“ At length a nurse was procured to suckle it ; such an uncommonly pretty young woman ! and Theodore spent so much of his time in the nursery, though he knew he had no chance of meeting me there, that I grew very much alarmed ; and at last he began to make handsome presents to the witch ; and by my spies I was apprized, that he perpetually met her in her walks, when, to veil its being an assignation, he would take the child and fondle it : but I could not brook this ; so I blew up such an explosion of jealousy

about his ears, that he was forced to let his fine favourite decamp; but most unwillingly he did so, pretending his sorrow at parting with her was, because his child was thriving so prodigiously: but that was all invention, for the child was as white as marble, and as mottled too.

“ I then looked out for the most complete scarecrow I could find to succeed her; when Theodore made as much ridiculous fuss about her red hair and squinting, as if the child could catch either from her; so that I was more than ever convinced my jealousy was well founded; so just at this time I captivated the Marquis of Orton, and being in the humour for reprisal, I flirted with him most encouragingly.

“ The result of this encouragement was, that he sought every opportunity of meeting me; until, led on by the triumph of winning this gay young marquis from all the unmarried women in the neighbourhood, who were angling for his heart, and by the gratification of retaliating uneasiness upon Theodore, I unthinkingly promoted these meetings, even imprudently

making assignations with him for moonlight solitary walks; meaning no evil all the time myself, although the marquis did: however, Theodore not seeing into my heart, judged from appearances, and challenged the most noble and puissant marquis, who behaved so contemptibly, and my *sposo* so valiantly, that from that hour I thoroughly despised the one, and loved the other better than ever; and was expiring for a reconciliation with him; but he was so indignant, and so unreasonable, and I so proud, and so foolish, we neither would concede: and just as matters were in this perverse mood, Mr. Daniel Blackthorn arrived, to make a proposition in his father's name to Theodore, who most injudiciously ordered Daniel to quit the house, calling both father and son, to the latter's face, unprincipled scoundrels!

“ Immediately after this impolitic exploit of Theodore's, old Blackthorn in vengeance put his bond in force, and sent to me to demand instant payment of the five hundred pounds: so then I was compelled to tell my *sposo* of it, with whom I was then in no very amicable humour, as not

all my importunities could prevail upon him to tell me the cause of his quarrel with the Blackthorns: so the consequence was, we had a most tremendous breach, and in my pouts I ran off to my mother; and, to vex my better half, took my brat with me; when my mother taking as great an antipathy to my squinting red-haired nurse as Theodore had done, I was forced to part with her, when I got an uncommonly clever woman to wean my babe, and bring him up by hand; since which happy period he has improved so surprisingly, getting such rosy cheeks, and brilliant eyes, and curling hair, and pearly teeth, and is grown so fond of me, that I am become quite delighted with him; and really sometimes feel quite sorry to leave him, even to go to the charming parties here, where I am admired beyond what ever was heard of; the palm of beauty being adjudged, by universal consent, to me, from every competitor; although Celestina never looked so well; and, indeed, so does Seraphina, although she is most precious in the pouts at the plebeian match she has made; but she may thank

her own imprudence for being compelled to condescend to scramble up a necessary marriage with that reptile, Daniel Blackthorn.

“ My mother has just summoned me to walk on the Steyne with her and Lord Oglefield, a new serious captive of mine, and therefore I must conclude: but after this, my genuine confession, should you see more to reprehend in my conduct than mere thoughtlessness and a little jealous irritability, scruple not to chide me for it, since I know you love me, or you would not care what became of my fame or happiness after I used you so unhandsomely, as I with shame acknowledge I did. Then spare me not, dear Adelaide, and you shall find me your unalterably attached and improving cousin,

“ AMBROSIA BOUVERIE.”

Adelaide lost not a moment in giving that necessary correction, through her pen, which her ladyship requested; and notwithstanding her mind was so fully occupied by her own afflictions, her own uncertainties, and her own alarms, she yet called up all the forces of that mind for the

service of her transgressing cousin; and with all the resistless eloquence of persuasive affection, she entreated her to subdue her pride and contumacy, and write immediately to her husband, ingenuously confessing her faults, and announcing her contrition for them: and this letter proved an arduous undertaking, to place her arguments in the most clear and convincing point of view, while she dispossessed them of every harshness that could startle from her duty one who had been so erroneously trained, that she must be lured into the path of persevering goodness, and guided by the hand of kindness to the goal of happiness.

As Adelaide had heard from her uncle that two gentlemen were to dine with him that day, beside Lord Beechbrook, she doubted not their being auxiliaries in the mischiefs preparing to ruin Montagu, and further to blight her earthly happiness; and, therefore, with an augmented weight of heaviness upon her heart, she descended to the drawing-room with Mrs. Falkland at dinner hour, when she found one of the expected stranger guests, punctuality per-

sonified, just arrived, and in high conference with Lord De Moreland, who hastened to introduce him as his most particular friend, Lord Wilibank.

Adelaide had often heard of the great friendship subsisting between Lord De Moreland and this peer; but she had never seen him before, and now wished never to do so again; for the oppressive scrutiny of his gaze, at the moment of introduction, she thought unfeeling; and she experienced sorrow that her uncle had thrown away his friendship on a man so defective in delicacy of mind, as to gratify his curiosity without scrupling to disconcert the deserted wife he wished to scrutinize.

Yet Adelaide knew not, nor even guessed at, half the causes she had for regretting this peer was honoured with Lord De Moreland's friendship; for she knew not that in him she beheld an interested being, who had started up the preceding day as a principal mover in the plans for her divorcing Bouverie: not that he himself might obtain her hand, since he was already married; but that, by urging on Lord De Moreland to such violent measures, he

might close the door of reconciliation for ever upon Montagu; and by disposing of this favourite niece so exaltedly, remove her too out of the way of injuring the prospects he was forming for his eldest daughter.

Although Lords De Moreland and Wilibank had been intimate friends for the space of many years, the latter was much the former's senior; yet, from their mutual residence abroad, that friendship commenced and cemented: but, however, in the opportunity such an intimacy had afforded him for developing the character of Lord Wilibank, the generally acute penetration of Lord De Moreland had failed in discovering the dark shades in the disposition of the man he regarded; for, early trained by his father for the corps diplomatique, he had imbibed all the subtilty of Machiavelian politics, until the essence of this spirit diffused itself through every thought and action of his life; and the wary politician, who was ever employed on embassies to overmatch the intriguing cunning of foreign courts, was still the wily statesman, actuated by impenetrable

design in every turn of his private actions.

Lord Wilibank, so deeply versed in court politics, opinions, and national prejudices, was one of the first persons applied to by Lord De Moreland upon the subject of that divorce he had at heart; and in the vehemence of his resentment against the transgressing Montagu, he declared, if he could not effect it, he would marry, to destroy the culprit's every hope of future aggrandizement.

Lord Wilibank, with inimitable self-possession, plausibly advised his dear friend not to be precipitate; and even while he argued against rash measures, which might be productive of future repentance, actually wrote a note of instructions to his eldest daughter: and when this and his specious advice were finished together, he calmly rang the bell, and ordered the attending servant "to deliver that note immediately."

Shortly after, on a fair opening for the promotion of his operations, his Machiavelian lordship "hoped his dear friend would not leave the house without seeing Lady

Wilibank and his girls, whom he should vastly like to surprise by Lord De Moreland's unexpected appearance, as they had no idea of his yet being returned from Spain."

And this sudden surprise operated so subduingly upon the frame of the ably instructed young lady, that her mother and sisters were compelled promptly to convey her out of the room, to prevent the apparent inevitability of her fainting there; leaving Lord De Moreland amazed, —fluttered, and with anxiety most powerfully awakened, to learn, had he deceived himself; or had the amiable, lovely, and accomplished Lady Mary Hillersden been so subdued by his appearance; for, if so, she must assuredly feel more than common regard for him."

During this day's dinner, while Lords Beechbrook and Wilibank, with the other stranger guest, a lawyer of high renown, were discussing many preconcerted topics for conveying effect to the bosom of our poor heroine, Lord De Moreland's thoughts were often rivetted on her; for although he felt much displeasure at her, for not resenting her husband's dereliction as he

would have her, yet his heart bled for her disappointed affection, and he could not endure the idea of more than the threat of a serious rupture with her, or of eventually breaking any promise he had ever made her.

As this eminent civilian was compelled by business to retire early, and Lord Beechbrook, unhinged by Adelaide's affecting dejection, was eager to fly from the further chance of being heart-rived by her aspect, Lord Wilibank readily succeeded in decoying Lord De Moreland to his house to spend the evening; for Lord De Moreland was miserable at Adelaide's distress, and hoped that any change of scene might bring the balm of even momentary oblivion to relieve him.

On the following morning the confederation against Bouverie was held in a breakfast meeting at Lord Beechbrook's; and again in a dinner convention at Lord Wilibank's: and although poor Adelaide doubted not the purpose of these parties, she felt it as a relief from persecution, there being held where she was not a heart-rived witness of them.

CHAPTER VII.

EARLY on the subsequent morning, when the short slumber of the long waking Adelaide dissipated, her amazement was extreme on beholding Lady Ambrosia Bouverie seated by her pillow.

“Ambrosia!” exclaimed Adelaide, starting up in her bed, “what has brought you here, my dear Ambrosia?”

“Your letter, my beloved Adelaide,” she replied, now clasping her round the neck, and affectionately kissing her—“Your affecting letter, that made me shed more tears than I ever did in all my life beside. Oh! how is it that you could always touch my heart, whilst the rest of the world declared I had no heart to touch?”

“What letter can you allude to? The last I wrote only reached you yesterday, and how came you here so soon?”

“By travelling all night I arrived here an hour ago; but Obearn would not allow me to awake you, since you get so little

rest now; and I would not go to bed myself until I kissed and thanked you: but I gave my little boy to her to feed, for he too travelled all night with his poor *mère*, without a creature but postboys to take care of us; but he slept the whole way in my arms, and never cried once, he is such a good little thing."

"You amaze me more and more! — You cannot surely mean that you and your babe travelled up from Brighton in the night, without protection?"

"Assuredly I do; and, for the second time in my life, I have eloped to you in my troubles.—You must know, the moment I had ceased crying over your letter yesterday, I told mamma I should set out immediately to you, for you to aid me in fabricating a conciliating letter to Theodore, when she flew into a most violent passion with me for my meanness, and said, 'I should not leave her, nor should I seek any reconciliation with my romantic fool of a husband, until she bent him to her views:' but as she would not tell me what those views were, I know not whether I should like

them as well as I did your kind advice, and so I resolved to run away to you.

“ And so, my dear coz, not daring to intrust any one in the house with my project, I bribed a smuggler woman, whom I had bought a number of things from, to have a chaise in readiness for me, though I am sure she thought it was for some bad purpose I wanted it; and when the company were all seating themselves at a grand supper, after a famous concert mamma gave, I pleaded to her a headach, from shedding so many tears in the morning, and she permitted me to retire; when stealing my *poupon* out of his crib without awaking his nurse, who being an ally of mamma’s, I dare not confide in, I dressed the little smiling cherub without his ever crying at my so unseasonably disturbing him; and then equipping myself for my nocturnal expedition, let myself out through the garden gate to my smuggling friend, who got me off without delay: so here I now am, a sincerely penitent wife, and ready to be guided by you to a reconciliation with my husband.”

Adelaide made this thoughtless and erring young woman extremely happy, by approving of all she had done, except in the time she had selected for her departure from her mother, and allowing it to be a clandestine measure.

“Why, as to that, I could not avoid it; for she would never have consented to my coming to you: yet I very well know it will be all over Brighton this morning that I have absconded with somebody; but I care not for that, if I can but get Theodore to forgive me.”

Obearn now appeared with the child, who crowed and capered, and made every exertion to get to his mother, who almost devoured him with caresses, which Adelaide hailed as a most auspicious omen of future domestic peace, and with pleasure too beheld the babe as a most lovely one, since she believed much of his volatile and erroneously reared mother's affection would depend upon that basis.

Our heroine now advised Lady Ambrosia to take her breakfast, and then with her child retire to bed; and when she was renovated by sleep, she would talk with her

upon serious subjects, and not before; and the moment Adelaide was dressed, she, in conformity with her promise to her thoughtless friend, requested an audience of her uncle, who was much disappointed on finding it was not, as he hoped, to announce her acquiescence in his wishes, she had sought this conference, but to plead Lady Ambrosia's excuse for intruding into his house, and to obtain his lordship's permission to remain in it, until she was allowed to return to her husband.

Lord De Moreland felt chagrined at having any one of Lady Leyburn's children in his house to be a spy upon his actions, and develop his wishes and his projects; but as he had promised to accompany Lord Wilibank and his family the following day to their seat in Surrey, where he was to be introduced to a Scotch law lord, who was well versed in the nature and legality of those divorces he had in contemplation, he trusted this unwelcome guest would have effected her reconciliation with her husband, and consequent departure, before his return.

When Lady Ambrosia arose, she wrote a

few lines to her mother, to announce to her where she was; and as Lord De Moreland was again engaged to dine at Lord Wilibank's, to meet a convention upon the subject of our poor heroine's divorce, the fair cousins dined in trio with Mrs. Falkland; from whom, through the example set her by Adelaide, Lady Ambrosia had learned to have no secret; and therefore now unreservedly discussed her own affairs with her cousin before her.

On the following morning Lord De Moreland set out with his wily assailants into Surrey; and Lord Beechbrook availing himself of this recess of the divorce convention, went into Kent; and Adelaide, in the benevolence of her nature, abstracting every thought from her own miseries, dictated the penitential letter of Lady Ambrosia to her husband, which made the transgressing wife, as she wrote it, shed many bitter and salutary tears.

Another dinner and evening dragged heavily on with this dispirited trio, without any particular incident to mark the progress of time; but Lady Ambrosia wishing to break the monotony of such a

dull seclusion, entreated Mrs. Falkland and Adelaide to accompany her the following morning to make some purchases she required.

But, on the morrow, Danvers Falkland being a little feverish, cutting teeth, his mother would not leave him; and as Lady Ambrosia declared she could not manage without her purchases, Adelaide accompanied her; making her promise, when the shopping was ended, to attend her in paying a visit to Mrs. Charles Dormer, whom she felt particularly anxious to call upon, as this grateful young woman had, when with her husband, waited upon Adelaide to make their personal acknowledgments for all the benefits she had conferred, and had caused to be conferred, upon them, expressed an apprehension of Mrs. Bouverie's ceasing to regard them, from their being unfortunately relatives to the worthless individual who had caused her unhappiness.

A carriage of Lord De Moreland's, as usual, attended Adelaide; and the shopping ended, she gave orders to proceed to Mr. Dormer's in ——— Court; and they were

driving rapidly to it, when suddenly, by a violent concussion with a stage-coach in full speed, one of their wheels was nearly dragged off, and a spring demolished; which threw the carriage so much off its equipoise, that a crowd immediately surrounded it, to assist the persons within; when the extreme beauty of the two ladies in distress proved no trivial stimulus to the zeal with which humanity now aided them.

A heavy shower was then falling, and the street where the accident occurred being a private one, the fair cousins were in distress for shelter, as Adelaide would not enter any private house without protection, not knowing to what description of person it might belong; and she was just despatching the footman who attended them, to call a hackney coach, when a plain empty chariot approaching, was hailed by one of the gentlemen amid the crowd; and the coachman being asked if he could render his services to ladies in distress? and answering in the affirmative, the two agitated sisters-in-law readily and thankfully removed from the tottering carriage

to it; and thinking only of speaking their gratitude to those who so kindly had assisted them, omitted to countermand the orders for proceeding to Mr. Dormer's: therefore as their new charioteer informed their footman, (who was obliged to mount the box, there being no place for him to stand behind,) "that he could take the ladies any where they wished to go;" and John never dreaming, that propriety might demur at going farther than necessity required in a carriage so picked up, directed him to Mr. Dormer's; at whose door they promptly stopped, ere there was time to recover from their agitation, to a recollection of whither they were going.

It was now too late for propriety to interpose; and as the deed was done, they thought they might as well pay the visit, as they had inadvertently incurred all the peril that might be annexed to their being seen in the carriage of a person whose estimation in society they were strangers to.

Lady Ambrosia's curiosity was so awakened to see these relatives of Lady Marian Harley's, that she alit with Adelaide; who remembering the carriage which waited

for her was not her own, made a shorter visit than she otherwise would have done; and when departing, Mrs. Dormer, propelled by her gratitude to our heroine, was ushering her out, her husband not being at home, when her children returned from a walk, upon which they had been detained by the rain, which now had terminated.

Adelaide, in the kindness of her nature, stopped to notice them; and Mrs. Dormer wishing to show them all to her benefactress, requested the fair cousins to step out of the cold air into the little parlour, at the door of which they were standing, that she might introduce her little flock.

“ This child,” said Mrs. Dormer, beginning with her eldest girl, “ bears an unfortunate resemblance to a disgrace, not only to her own family, but surely, I may add, to human nature: but the resemblance, I trust, is only in countenance, or I shall learn to rue the hour I gave her birth.”

“ What!” cried Lady Ambrosia, “ has Lady Marian so fine a countenance as this?”

“ Yes,” tremulously Adelaide replied,

“ Lady Marian’s fatal countenance, I may almost say, is celestially beautiful ! ”

“ Bearing not one trace of the vices of her heart,” said Mrs. Dormer : “ But, as far as I can yet form a judgment, the similitude goes no further than exterior, since this child possesses an affectionate, feeling heart ; and would never, I think, withhold a morsel of bread from a brother, whose wife’s fortune she had aided to embezzle.”

“ Why,” exclaimed Lady Ambrosia, “ it is not possible Lady Marian could have done this ! ”

“ Too possible, madam : Mr. Dormer has lately discovered proofs that my banker and her ladyship too well understood each other’s avaricious designs : and when she had thus aided in impoverishing us, she refused me even a cup of cold water, when with this my youngest babe, then at the breast, I, after pawning my last valuable, journeyed into Sussex, to tell her—‘ her own brother was in prison, his children starving ! ’——It was then, madam, when my property had fallen among thieves, and that I lay wounded, by cruelty and disappointment, at the road

side, that the good Samaritan, in Mrs. Bouverie's form, came by and——”

“ My dear Mrs. Dormer !” said Adelaide, moving to the door, “ for Lady Ambrosia's sake, I must hasten my departure ; since of all things she dislikes melancholy histories : therefore adieu ! and remember your promise of coming soon to see me.”

And Adelaide now hastening to the street door, the coachman who had conveyed her thither, and who was leaning against the palisades before the parlour window, darted forward to assist her into the carriage ; which he did with such paralyzed agitation, and grasped her hand with such convulsive energy, that half alarmed and half indignant, she turned when she got into the chariot to scrutinize the man, and give him her resentment's look ; but he was gone to mount the box.

Lady Ambrosia now got in, aided by Lord De Moreland's footman ; and the moment they drove off, her ladyship attempted to withdraw the blinds, which were down in front ; but not being acquainted with the actuating spring, she could not succeed.

“Nay, pray leave them down, dear Ambrosia!” said Adelaide, “since they will secure us from recognition in this carriage; which, I begin to suspect, has no very estimable owner; since the coachman, if not inebriated, is a very forward impertinent fellow.”

“Why it is to get a look at this very man’s face I am anxious to remove these shades,” returned her ladyship; “for, to tell you the truth, I believe this is quite an adventure of ours; for I am positive the driver of the carriage is the owner of it, and some man of fashion; for, as he was helping you in, I observed that even his enveloping great coat could not conceal the graceful grandeur of his figure; but his hat was so over his eyes, and his silk handkerchief so disguisingly across his mouth and chin, that I could only conjecture, but not actually ascertain, who he is.”

“Why, whom do you suspect him to be?” demanded Adelaide, almost breathless with agitation, upon her heart promptly offering a conjecture.

“The Duke of St. Kilda; for the scrap

of his cheek I obtained a glimpse of, was so pale and hollow, according with the ill health they say he is in."

"The Duke of St. Kilda!" faintly Adelaide repeated, when a suddenly suggested alarm arising in her bosom, she continued more firmly—

"If such is your conjecture, I make it a point with you, Ambrosia, not to call John to remove these shades, lest conviction should be given to us of your suspicion being just; since no consideration should then detain me a moment longer in the carriage."

Lady Ambrosia called her a fastidious simpleton; and said, "that if she thought the Marquis of Orton was on the box, she should think it no harm to ascertain the fact."

"On the contrary, it would be proper to ascertain it," responded Adelaide, "provided you could fly out of the carriage the moment you had done so. For my part, the mere suspicion of its being the duke has quite distressed me; since, should it be the fact, and any one discover my having been driven in a private carriage by his

grace in disguise, what could even the most charitable say, or think?"

"Why it certainly might prove a stumbling block in the way of your divorce, if you are not in earnest in your determination not to sue for one," said Lady Ambrosia, half in jest, and half in pique; for the very talking of the Duke of St. Kilda had awakened dormant regrets for his coronet, and some little particles of her natural envy, for Adelaide's having power to become a duchess if she chose it.

The carriage now stopped at Lord De Moreland's, when the agitated Adelaide determined, if possible, to ascertain if her companion's conjecture was just; since, as to her own half-formed one, she had, after a moment's reflexion, relinquished it, as Montagu, alas! was not in England; but their charioteer afforded her no opportunity, since he kept his station aloft and his head averted, whilst she paused a moment to effect her purpose at the street door; when being disappointed in her aim, she desired the porter to give this coachman a handsome remuneration, and to

thank him for the service he had rendered.

But only a few moments elapsed, before John appeared in the drawing room, where Adelaide was just beginning to recount their adventure to Mrs. Falkland, with intelligence, "that the moment the carriage door was closed, the coachman, not waiting for thanks of any kind, had driven like one possessed away from the house."

"A plain proof that he was, to a certainty, a gentleman charioteer," exclaimed Lady Ambrosia.

"Why as to that, my lady," said John, bowing respectfully, "there was no doubt of it, by his manner of talking."

"Did he talk much?" demanded her ladyship.

"No, my lady, he was not very well able to talk, he was so of a tremble; and when we turned from Mr. Dormer's door, he was forced to give me the reins, for he seemed, poor gentleman, so cut up by something, he could not hold them, nor a joint of him still, for all the world as if he was bad with the ague."

Adelaide gave no utterance to her mental

annotations, but she shook like the “cut up” gentleman: while Lady Ambrosia feeling no repugnance to talk to any one who could gratify her curiosity, inquired “if John could recollect any thing he said?”

“Yes, my lady: he asked first, ‘Where he should drive to?’ and upon my saying, ‘To the Hon. Mr. Charles Dormer’s,’ he quite jumped, and repeated the name in a sort of surprised way; and upon the tone of his voice sounding so monstrous sweet, and like a gentleman’s, I did not presume to make very free; only told him, how our carriage was broke; and that the ladies he drove, were two of the Earl of De Moreland’s nieces—when he said, ‘He knew that, having seen both ladies frequently.’

“Soon after we arrived at Mr. Dormer’s, my lady; and when you went in, he dismounted, and leaned against the palisades, quite melancholy, like one crazed with love, until Mrs. Bouverie came out of the house; and though he had been shaking like an aspen leaf for some moments before, he darted forward to help her into the carriage, quite for the time forgetting his ailments, through his manners: but imme-

diately after I got upon the box, he gave me the reins, and said he had been very ill, and was still so weak, that he was frequently overcome by any little exertion ; and almost in the same breath he asked, “ Had Mrs. Bouverie been lately ill, as she was much altered since he had last seen her ? ”

“ I answered, my lady, ‘ That as I had only come into the service since my lord’s late return from abroad, I did not know much of the matter ; but that sorrow might have made the change in her ; for that she fretted more than the loss of such a husband as hers deserved, I needs must say ; but I hoped all would soon be well again, and that ere long my lord would be able to bring about what he had at heart ; and make her, what she deserved to be, one of the greatest ladies in the land : ’ so with that, my lady, he twitches the reins out of my hand, like one bewitched ; and quite on a sudden, as if his arms were turned to iron, he whipped on, and we got home in no time : so there can be little doubt, from all these flights, my lady, that the poor gentleman is mad.”

The anguished dismay the countenance

of the trembling Adelaide portrayed, was legible to Rosalind, who instantly dismissed John; when our poor heroine, no longer able to restrain her feelings, exclaimed in an agony of terror, as she threw herself upon Mrs. Falkland's neck, as if for refuge from the misery of her apprehensions:

“ Oh! to a certainty it was Montagu! as I suspected: Montagu himself! and that babbling John has driven him effectually from me; and I shall never, never, see him more!”

“ An event, my dear Adelaide, that all who sincerely love you, must devoutly wish for, although it may prove painful to your first feelings,” Rosalind replied: “ but you have no reason to despair, nor your friends to hope, from the occurrence of this morning; since I see nothing to lead to your conviction of this Phæton of yours being Colonel Bouverie, no more than the Duke of St. Kilda.”

“ Oh! Mrs. Falkland! surely it could be none but Montagu, who could receive the intimation of my uncle's hateful project with indignation.”

“ It did not strike me,” responded Rosalind, “ that the agitation described by John was expressive of any one particular species of emotion ; and we may as well conclude it secret joy, that gave such a prompt renovation of energy.”

“ Ah !” said Adelaide, “ but the duke has nothing so particularly sweet in his voice, that John should be struck by its melody.”

“ I beg your pardon,” replied Lady Ambrosia, “ his grace’s voice is every bit as sweet as Montagu’s ; though not so melodious as Theodore’s, certainly : and the whole time John was speaking, I traced the Duke of St. Kilda in every word and action of this stranger.”

“ Ah !” said Adelaide, with a deep-drawn sigh, “ and in all I traced my husband.”

Poor Adelaide, restless from uncertainty, and miserable from apprehension, took the earliest opportunity of gliding out of the room, to impart to her beloved nurse her adventure, and her terror lest the communication of the inadvertent John might operate in direful mischiefs against her peace : and Obearn, on her part, lost not

a possible moment in repeating all to Dennis; who, fired with the zeal of his love for “the *darlingt* he helped to rear,” determined at once to remove the pang of uncertainty relative to her belief of the coachman’s being his master: and accordingly he sallied forth upon his promptly formed project, without even broaching it to his adored Norah, lest her more refined sense should disapprove the measure, and lead him to relinquish it.

From Dennis’s gratitude propelled acquaintance with Mr. Ferret, he had learned so many anecdotes of how he and his consociates had discovered culprits in their most secret haunts, that he now looked upon them as little short of necromancers; and that therefore they were the very cunning men to find out if his master was in London, or abroad; since it must be all one to their magical agency, whether the person they performed their spells to discover, was a transgressor of the civil law, or not.

To Mr. Ferret, therefore, the sanguine Dennis now hastened; who having been nobly remunerated by Lord De Moreland for the rescue of his niece from direful

destruction, felt, in addition to the impellent kindness of his nature to do it, that it was a duty incumbent on him to bestow his attention upon the embassy of Dennis; when smiling at the simplicity of heart, which led the poor fellow to a renowned thief-taker, to find his master for him, he obtained a few necessary particulars relative to Colonel Bouverie's person, and his possible haunts; and then ordered one of the subordinates to undertake the business; who intimating that he should expect a recompense, Dennis hurried home for cash; when, upon the good hopes of success this man had cheered him with, he ventured to impart his project to Obearn, who instantly opened her purse strings too; when between them subscribing twenty pounds, he flew back to Bow Street; when his now most ready agent assured him, he should bring him certain intelligence of his master ere eight and forty hours should make their round.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON the subsequent morning, Lady Ambrosia received a very angry letter from her mother, highly reprobating her intention of seeking a reconciliation with her pauper husband, without proper advisers, to make him understand the advantages Mr. Blackthorn's proposition must prove to him: while, to illustrate the imprudence of her nocturnal expedition, she informed her, "that her friend the smuggler had gone her rounds, the morning after her departure, to give information to all her customers, 'of Lady Ambrosia Bouverie having eloped to some favourite swain, taking her child along with her to him; who now, there was no doubt, had the best right to keep him;' and that, for her own part, she had been compelled to show her foolish letter of extenuation to every soul she knew in Brighton, and to walk herself half dead upon the Steyne, and grin and laugh herself into a fever,

to convince the world the smuggler's scandal was unfounded."

But not one line arrived from Theodore to the sanguine Lady Ambrosia, who believed she had only to say she was sorry, and that her husband would, as he was too unwell to fly on the wings of Æolus to her with his forgiveness himself, have written by return of post, if not by express, to implore her to fly to him: and now, quite disappointed and angry, she wept with passion for full two hours; reprobating her own meanness, in condescending to such a heartless son of apathy; extolling her mother for the wisest woman in creation; and announcing, most uncereemoniously, her bitter repentance at not having implicitly followed her advice.

But at length, as passion began to evaporate, reason and the better feelings of her heart evinced their influence; and the most poignant distress assailed her, in the horrible idea of Theodore's being too justly incensed against her, ever to be reconciled; that perhaps he suspected the purity of her conduct; and that her child, her darling, beautiful, angelic boy, would

become an outcast, like herself, to his father's love: and at last, in this paroxysm of her anguished alarms, and bitter contrition for her folly, she began to rave, as her only alternative, "If she did not instantly set off for Hampshire, to throw herself and child at her husband's feet, to implore his mercy and forgiveness; in conviction that she had nothing to hope from his kindness, to precipitate herself and babe into the Serpentine river."

Adelaide attempted to speak, to recommend a little patience, until the event of the morrow should determine for her, upon the expediency of a journey into Hampshire; but Lady Ambrosia would not hear her.

"You cannot pretend to judge of my feelings, Adelaide!" she impetuously exclaimed.

"Why not, Ambrosia? Am I not a wretched wife, estranged from my husband, and panting for a reconciliation?" said Adelaide, with affecting, melancholy meekness.

"But your miseries were not your own inflicting: the husband, in your case, was

the culprit," returned Lady Ambrosia, in an agony of tears. "No, Adelaide! you are an injured saint! I, a weak, erring, unprincipled mortal! and you cannot judge my feelings, for they cannot resemble yours."

"But I can judge them, if being an aggressing wife can give me sympathetic feeling with you," said Mrs. Falkland; "for I, by my folly, my madness, sent an adoring and adored husband, in my mania, from me, from my children, from his country; making myself a wretched penitent from that fatal hour: and I can tell you, from experience, that you must suffer deeply, heart-rendingly; that you must pray unceasingly to Divine Mercy to show you the deformities of your own heart, to teach you to abhor, and to amend them, ere such a penitence is yours, that can insure you the reunion with your husband, which can be productive of the domestic felicity you now seem anxious for."

"Ah! Mrs. Falkland," said Lady Ambrosia mournfully, "I cannot pray, as you and Adelaide can; since I was not reared in religion's path; for I have a mother

who never thinks of sacred things, lest they should interrupt her pleasures: so that, until I saw Adelaide kneel down by her bed-side to pray, I never knew such things were said in private houses: therefore all I have done wrong I must claim some allowance for, because I have been trained up to look no further than youth and pleasure: but indeed Mrs. Falkland, indeed Adelaide, I would this instant turn Methodist, or any thing, to be a good wife, that Theodore might love me, and my poor little boy; for, since I learned to love my child, I have felt more anxiety in my bosom for my reconciliation with his father."

The terribly shocked commiseration of Rosalind and Adelaide for Lady Ambrosia, on hearing this confession of the heathenism of her rearing, could only be equalled by their promptly formed wish of lighting the torch of Christian piety within her bosom.

Mrs. Falkland therefore lost not one moment in calling her strong sense of religion, and her deep theological knowledge, to the aid of the unfortunate Lady Ambrosia; and by a well arranged lecture, made

mild and attractive by the occasional remarks of Adelaide, to aid her, they effected a serious impression on the heart of this improperly educated girl; who very quickly evinced one striking feature of piety, for she became patient; and at length was led, by these newly awakened sensations in her mind, to determine, should no intelligence arrive from Theodore on the morrow, to humble herself still more, and write a letter of penitence to Lady Clyde, and implore her interference with her offended husband.

Mr. Ferret's emissary fulfilled his promise many hours earlier than he engaged for; since, at the time he undertook his mission for Dennis, he was absolutely in possession of a clew, which he doubted not would soon lead him to the full extent of his reward; for, about an hour prior to Ferret's sending for him, he had been drinking with two bailiffs, who had communicated to him their having just got scent of a prize they had long been in quest of—Colonel Bouverie,—whom they had a writ against; and by aid of these bailiffs he hoped soon to guide poor Dennis to his master: and his hope was not

disappointed, for about eight o'clock the same evening he arrived in Berkeley Square, with information to Dennis, "of his master having been lodged, at three o'clock that day, in the debtors' side in Newgate, at the suit of General Harley; and in one of the common apartments too; for, in despite of the remonstrances of the lady who followed him to prison, he would not take private apartments."

Poor Dennis was thrown into the most poignant distress by this intelligence; and all his anger against Bouverie seemed to fade away before the torturing idea of his being in prison.—"The dear young gentleman, whom he had known, and loved, from his boyish days; the life and spirit of all he mixed with; the husband of the *darlingt*, a ruined captive in a common prison room in the big jail of Newgate!"

And as these thoughts passed his mind, Dennis wept large drops of manly sorrow.—But how was this sad tale to be told the *darlingt*, without breaking quite her tender heart? And yet he felt that it ought to be revealed to her, that she might prevail upon her uncle to go bail for him at least;

and he thought an express ought to go that very night into Surrey, to Lord De Moreland, for that purpose; and he himself go off to Newgate, to comfort the poor master, and wait upon him.

And now, on the wings of his ardent feelings, Dennis flew to Obearn, to impart all to her; but she was engaged in attendance upon Lady Ambrosia's child, and he could not now speak to her without witnesses: and almost at his wit's ends, he met Adelaide herself, as he was pacing the gallery leading to the young Theodore's nursery; when his conscious agitation promptly alarming her, led her to draw, by the force of that affection this faithful creature bore her, which had no power to resist her importunities, everything relative to Montagu he just had been informed of.

To the surprise of Dennis, "the *darling*" neither fainted nor wept at his intelligence; although her frame shook with a convulsive shiver, and that her aspect became like that of death: and further to amaze him, she implored his secrecy, even to Norah, upon the subject

for a few days ; and requested him to deliver without delay, for her, a note which she would immediately write ; which, if possible, she wished him to bring an answer to ; but, as he regarded her, to keep all an impenetrable secret from every individual of the family.

Adelaide had heard her uncle, and Lord Beechbrook, mention a solicitor, whose name stamped honour on every cause he undertook ; and to this gentleman she now directed her thoughts, and wrote a note to him, requesting an interview with him at his own house, the first moment it was possibly in his power to appoint, on the morrow.

Dennis was not slow in measuring his way to this gentleman, whom he fortunately found at home ; who appointed nine o'clock the following morning to receive Adelaide.

The moment Dennis returned from Spring Garden Terrace, with this answer to the *darling's* note, he entreated her permission for his going to see " the poor master : " but this kind intention she entreated him to relinquish, since it was her

anxious aim to conceal from him her knowledge of his having been “in durance vile.”

The anxiety of Adelaide to succeed in her secret project, enabled her to preserve her firmness through the remainder of the evening, without awakening suspicion in the minds of her companions and Obearn; and, ere she sought her pillow, she devoutly implored the blessing of success upon her undertaking: but when her head sunk upon that pillow, it was not to find it one of rest to her; since the agitation of her thoughts, with her heart-riving commiseration for her beloved husband, kept her waking; and she arose again unrefreshed, even by one short slumber.

Our poor agitated heroine escaped to her appointment, unobserved by her friends; and, attended by Dennis, she arrived at Mr. ——’s; when first requesting this gentleman’s secrecy, even to her husband and his solicitor, of her being the agent of Colonel Bouverie’s liberation from confinement, she confided to him the important business that had led her to seek

that interview ; namely, her husband's imprisonment, and her intention to set him free, by the sacrifice of her jewels ; when giving him every clew to substantiate her undoubted control over the valuable bequest of Mr. Mordaunt, she invested him with every necessary power to proceed for her in the accomplishment of this anxious wish of her unsubdued affection ; when the feeling heart of Mr. ———, touched by sincere pity, and interest, for that dereliction she thus so mercifully forgave, promised to do all things to facilitate her wishes : but he gave her no hopes of such valuable property being disposed of as speedily as her sanguine expectations seemed to flatter her with ; yet he cheered her with a belief, that when her power to dispose of her jewels was ascertained, and their full value specified, (which he kindly promised his own jeweller should undertake to manage for her,) he should be enabled to find bail for Colonel Bouverie even before the sale of the gems could be effected.

But Adelaide, although not cheered equal to her fond hopes, yet was comforted

by these assurances, made with kindness, that taught her to rest her faith upon them.

Adelaide found her two friends waiting breakfast for her: but their curiosity relative to what had drawn her out, attended only by Dennis, was superseded by other matters; even by Lady Ambrosia's further disappointment, in no answer from her husband: but as a letter was arrived for Adelaide from Lady Clyde, her agitated and impetuous friend was half inclined to beat her, for being out of the way, to torture her thus with uncertainty, of whether it contained any intelligence for her.

But this letter proved of such a nature, that it was impossible to show it to the expecting Ambrosia; who sat eagerly watching every turn in Adelaide's countenance, as she read; and who, unused to subterfuge, found herself very much puzzled to excuse her not being as fully communicative as Lady Ambrosia desired.

But Lady Clyde now sent the terrible confirmation of her former fears, "of the force of contrast having revived the impression Adelaide had made upon Theo-

dore's heart, which had been deceptively obscured by art and flattery's subtle wiles, and that now he seemed so to recoil from the idea of ever more beholding his wife," her ladyship said, "that she feared it must prove a work of time to effect his reunion with her; but that on their child she rested her sole hope: however, she would use every excuse in the cause of Lady Ambrosia, provided Adelaide could announce it as her firm conviction, that this hitherto most faulty young woman was now sincere in her repentance:" and her ladyship concluded her long epistle, by entreating our heroine "to invent some plausible excuse to Lady Ambrosia for this ungracious silence in her husband; not to drive the poor young woman to despair, if she was really attached to him, and her contrition genuine."

But in plausible excuses Adelaide was a perfect novice; and she blushed, and grew pale, and hesitated, in her laconic answers to Lady Ambrosia; until aroused to a belief, that her unwillingness to invent was cruelty, by her cousin's throwing herself back in her chair in an agony of tears,

drawn forth by the conviction, that Theodore was dead, or dying, or that her folly had stamped her fame with the suspicion of impurity, that forbade his ever seeing her more; when she flew to her agitated friend, with absolute assurances, that all those dire fears were without foundation.

“Then why,” sobbed out Lady Ambrosia, “not show me the letter? Why not tell me at once, what message it contains for me?”

“My dear Ambrosia,” returned Adelaide, “knowing how promptly you expected the realization of your hopes, you cannot but suppose I must feel a painful unwillingness to inflict a mortification to your ardent affection, and your vanity, by confessing, that a doubt of your present concern for what has past, makes your husband, and his parental friends, a little slow in determination, a little to hesitate, upon what part to act, to stamp a more effective seal upon your reunion.”

“If that is indeed all,” replied Lady Ambrosia, painfully blushing, “why not allow me to see the letter, that I may

judge for myself what I am likely to expect from such cold, heartless judges?"

"My dear Ambrosia, how can I show a letter of confidence? Nor would it prove sound policy in you to press to see the repellent form of caution, in which affection for Theodore, and wisdom looking to future consequences, point inquiries; which you would feel as mortification, since you have reliance upon the sincerity of your intentions; but which your ingenuousness must lead you to remember, you yet have given them but little cause to place much faith in."

"Oh! you are right, Adelaide: they only know me yet, as a silly, capricious, extravagant, inconsiderate defaulter!" said Lady Ambrosia, weeping bitterly.

Adelaide in the course of this morning answered Lady Clyde, relative to Lady Ambrosia's contrition for her errors; and when she gave her letter to her cousin for her approbation, her ladyship threw her arms around the neck of her generous friend, and with tears of gratitude, promised "never to bring a censure upon

the sentence she had given so kindly in her favour."

As our poor heroine, in her arduous endeavours to preserve her firmness under her dire weight of sorrow, had recourse to constant employment; the efforts of her pencil was a favourite refuge from the subduing influence of inaction; and on the preceding evening she had, to shield her heart from betraying its bleeding commiseration for the imprisonment of her husband, employed herself in perfecting a beautiful sketch, she had made the day before, of Lady Ambrosia fondling her child; taken at a moment when pensiveness and maternal affection were so eloquently blended in her countenance, that Adelaide, forcibly struck by the interest she then awakened, took a most affecting resemblance of both mother and child; and now her letter ended, she went diligently to work to complete her sketch.

"You will come out airing with us, Adelaide?" said Mrs. Falkland.

"No," she replied, "for I must finish my interesting little picture; since, to confess the truth, I meditate sending it in a

packet with my letter, into Hampshire, as a present substitute to Theodore for his wife and child."

Lady Ambrosia flew to Adelaide, and clasping her round the neck, kissed her with ardent gratitude, as she exclaimed:—

" Ah! my beloved, my generous, my forgiving friend! you are sending this, to interest Theodore for me in the innovating character of a mother to his boy: but, alas! if such a design, and such execution, is sent to him as your work, it will, I fear, destroy the efficacy of your kind intention; for, to let you into a humiliating secret for me, the first shock my influence over him received, was through his unthought of discovery, that those letters which had so captivated him, in belief they were mine, were the effusions of your pen."

Adelaide, without a comment, obtained the signature of Mrs. Falkland to her drawing; which was completed in time for the mail, and sent off in a packet to Lady Clyde that night.

In the course of this evening her faithful agent, Dennis, secretly delivered to the hand of Adelaide a most welcome note

from Mr. —, importing, “ that her right of disposing of her jewels being proved unquestionable, his jeweller had valued them, and their estimate was twenty-two thousand pounds; that being considered exquisitely fine, two jewellers of the first eminence had offered to become their purchaser; and therefore, (her anxiety for expedition actuating him,) he had promised them to whichever could deposit the cash for their purchase on the morrow before noon.” Information which Mr. — concluded “ with congratulations upon so speedy a prospect of the accomplishment of her amiable wishes, since he could now promise her the liberation of Colonel Bouverie ere twenty-four hours more performed their round.”

Again the agitation of our poor heroine’s susceptible mind banished sleep from her pillow through the whole night; leaving such a visible effect upon her aspect when she arose, that Mrs. Falkland for the first time felt serious alarm about her health; and in an agony of apprehension, she despatched a letter to the Secretary for the Foreign Department, entreating to know,

when in possibility she might begin to expect the arrival of her husband ; while to Lord De Moreland she immediately wrote, to inform his lordship of her newly awakened fears relative to the health of Adelaide.

But many of its hours this day had not spent, when Mr. —, diligent as a feeling heart could make him, sent through the hand of Dennis to the anxious wife, a letter of information, “ that her jewels were disposed of, and the liberation of Colonel Bouverie effected ; and, according to her wish, so managed, that no clew whatever had been given, which could in possibility trace out from whence the emancipating sum had been derived.”

Adelaide had no witness of her feelings when she perused this letter, and therefore she unrestrainedly wept her tears of joy, at having proved the means of liberating her husband from a prison ; yet with her tears of joy were mingled the painful ones of anguished grief, that wilful transgression had placed him there.

At length Adelaide suppressed her tears, and proceeded to a devout act of thanks-

giving for Montagu's release from the horrors of a prison ; after which she joined her friends, and endeavoured before them to appear collected, and as if her thoughts were with them ; while, in fact, they were wandering through the wild regions of fancy's visions, amongst possibilities and probabilities, amongst hopes and expectations ; “ for now, as Bouverie was emancipated, might not the serious reflexions inspired by his imprisonment, dissolve the delusion that bound him to Lady Marian, and lead him home to her ? ”

CHAPTER IX.

TIME passed heavily through this evening with these three unhappy wives, so full of uncertainty relative to the re-establishment of their connubial peace; and all silent in meditation upon the prospects that might await them, they more promptly heard a rapidly driven carriage stop at the door, and a loud knock ensue.

As they were not in the habit of receiving evening visitors, they all naturally concluded it was some domestic individual who had arrived; and as all had hopes and expectations, they were all agitated by the sound; but not equally so; for Lady Ambrosia's were merely childishly founded on her wishes; while Mrs. Falkland having received information, "that she might very shortly look for the arrival of her husband," thought it very probable it might be him; and the now almost paralyzed Adelaide allowed her hope to soar to certainty of its being her penitent Montagu: but all were disappointed—Mr. Probey was announced.

The icy chill of blighted hope struck on the heart of Adelaide ; and a few moments elapsed ere she was sufficiently herself to bid Mr. Probey welcome, or to conceive new hopes from his appearance : but, in the same moment she found power to speak, the soother of human woes sprang up in her bosom ; and eagerly she said :

“ Mr. Probey, I can read in your countenance you have something to tell me of Colonel Bouverie.”

“ You can read then what is scarcely legible,” returned Mr. Probey, smiling ; “ since all I have to impart can hardly be denominated intelligence : but, as I promised to inform you of every thing relative to him, which came to my knowledge, I am now arrived to be as good as my word ; and to tell you he called at my house about two o’clock to day, to inquire for Mellifont ; and as I was unluckily out, he left a message, requesting, ‘ that if I expected my nephew shortly in town, to let him know it, at the Hummums.’ Unluckily I did not return until late ; but the moment I received his message, I proceeded without delay to Covent Garden.”

“ Well, dear sir!” exclaimed the panting Adelaide, “ and you saw him there?”

“ No, my dear madam ; for unfortunately a letter, which traced him to the Hummums, called him thence in a violent hurry, although he had meant to remain there, having taken his lodgings for a week.”

The heart of Adelaide sunk at once into despondence, since she doubted not this letter being from Lady Marian ; and therefore Marian, it still was evident, had power to draw him to herself.

“ My dear young lady,” exclaimed Mr. Probey, kindly taking her grief-chilled hand, “ be convinced, as I am, there is no necessity for such piteous looks. As you introduced this delicate subject before these ladies, I may presume you wish for no secrets before them?”

“ You may indeed tell me any thing before them, which cannot lessen my husband in their estimation ; for they are not now his friends, Mr. Probey, although they tell me they are mine.”

“ Oh ! they will retake him into favour, I predict,” said Mr. Probey, “ provided

you do not sink beneath your afflictions, and leave it in their power to accuse him of depriving them of a friend they love: but, by the colonel being at the Hummums, Lady Marian was not with him; which circumstance, with his seeking Mellifont, I look upon as favourable omens: although I suspect his having not finally arranged his separation from Lady Marian; with whom, I learned from a friend of mine, who is intimate with Leech, he has had a serious disagreement: and I cannot but suspect this letter, which called him so promptly from the Hummums, was from her ladyship, to try to surprise him into a reconciliation, upon her very unexpectedly coming into an immense property, which devolved to her no later than yesterday."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Adelaide upbraidingly, "and do you think the reconciliation of Colonel Bouverie can be purchased?"

"Indeed I do not: but Lady Marian may flatter herself it is venal, and may have had recourse to such temptation; but which, I prophesy, will operate widely different to her expectations; since now no

delicacy in leaving her to comparative poverty can influence him. We shall now see him the free agent of his own will; and I have no doubt, from all I remarked during my attendance on him, that Lady Marian possesses not one particle of power over his affections."

Adelaide was silent, through her animated feelings, wishing to treasure up the hope thus presented to her: but Lady Ambrosia, angry with Fortune for such erring partiality, impatiently exclaimed:—

"May I ask, sir, what promoter of iniquity could have bequeathed wealth to this vile woman? Surely the society for the suppression of vice will exert its influence to subvert the validity of such an act."

"Your perception led you to a very just idea of the source this wealth has flowed from, madam," replied Mr. Probey. "It was a votary of vice who bequeathed her this wealth. The Marquis of Greenland died suddenly yesterday in the house of a celebrated courtesan; and upon his will being inspected by his executors, it was found, amongst various abuses of his riches, that he had left ten thousand

pounds to Lady Marian Harley : but in a codicil added within these few days, and after, as scandal's legends proclaim, a visit of her ladyship at Greenland House, to cement that friendship long professed for her by the marquis, he bequeathed her ten thousand per annum for ever, with two hundred thousand pounds now vested in the funds."

" Oh !" exclaimed the thoughtless Lady Ambrosia, " then she will pay the twenty thousand pounds to her *ci-devant* husband ; and my beloved cousin's happiness will be destroyed for ever !"

The apprehension of the effect such an inadvertent suggestion might have upon the susceptible Adelaide, led Mrs. Falkland to regard her with agonized solicitude ; when, to her amazement, she beheld portrayed on her countenance a sublimated joy, a sort of mysterious exultation, which she could not define : but the solution to which she was soon presented with ; for our heroine, with the radiance of happy consciousness beaming through her smile, in tender anxiety to save her husband from the insult of such a debasing suspicion, addressed the

thoughtless speaker with impressive dignity, and said :

“ My dear Ambrosia, fear not for my happiness through this alarming source. Montagu owes not one shilling to General Harley.”

“ How is this ? ” said Rosalind, electrified by a sudden ray of suspicion breaking on her perception.—“ Oh, Adelaide ! how came you so competent of this information ? Ah ! that blush, with that glance from your ingenuous eyes, that never yet beamed one ray in deception’s concealments, inform me you have given all you had power over ; the precious gems bequeathed to you by the amiable Mordaunt, you have despoiled yourself of ; and all are gone to clear off the disgraceful debt of libertinism ! ”

“ One gem more precious than all which you allude to, is left me, Mrs. Falkland,” Adelaide replied mildly, but impressively ; “ the honour of my husband ! That is untarnished by owing his liberation from a prison to an impure woman, whose blandishments had placed him there.”

“ Was Montagu then in prison for

this debt?" falteringly demanded Lady Ambrosia.

"He was," responded Adelaide faintly, now vexed to the heart at the ingenuousness of her wounded feelings having led her to betray what she had done; although she could cherish no expectation of the privation of her jewels remaining long a secret from her friends.

Lady Ambrosia, now subdued by torturing comparison, as in retrospection she contemplated all she had done to place her husband in a prison; and, in contrast, all Adelaide had sacrificed, to rescue hers from one, burst into tears, and quitted the room.

Mr. Probey, who with swelling heart and moistened eyes thus learned what affection had sacrificed for a transgressing husband, now conceiving his absence might be wished for, arose to depart; when the agitated Rosalind entreated his opinion upon the too apparently declining health of her beloved Adelaide.

Mr. Probey affected not skill that could reach to mental maladies; but he prescribed what he hoped might brace her shattered nerves, and yield a little strength

to a delicately textured frame, now bending beneath its weight of sorrows.

Adelaide promised obedience to these prescriptions; and the moment succeeding the departure of Mr. Probey, Rosalind sent for the medicines; securing, by their soporific influence, a much wanting night's rest for her beloved Adelaide; while she herself lay on the sleepless pillow of painful self-upbraiding, in firm conviction of her own weak and reprehensible jealousy being the primary cause of Adelaide's wedded misery; since, had it not been for the absence of Falkland, so precipitate a marriage would not have been adopted: and now, as the time approached for her cruelly banished husband's return, she trembled, she sickened, in terror not only for the dire individual misdeeds she had to confess, and to implore his mercy to forgive; but at the idea of presenting to him, as a work she had proved (although unintentionally) an accomplice in, the child of his adoration, his parental care, despoiled of happiness, of property, of health; for him to close those eyes, which for years had beamed in filial duty and affection on him.

Pensive almost to melancholy, Mrs. Falkland attended the breakfast table after this wakeful night of misery; when Adelaide alarmed, suspended the poignancy of her own feelings, to cheer her beloved Mrs. Falkland, the treasure of her still more beloved guardian's heart, by every sweet, and kind, and even playful tenderness of attention: but these efforts proved ineffectual; Rosalind, absorpt in anxious cogitations, perceived not half their affecting sweetness; who at length announced her having business of importance to transact for her mother, and set out to execute it, in her own carriage, unaccompanied.

Another heavily pinioned day was passed in melancholy apprehensions, and torturing suspense, by the poor trio in Berkeley Square; but on the succeeding morning the post arrived with a letter to Lady Ambrosia from her husband. The stratagem of Adelaide had succeeded. The effect conveyed by the maternal tenderness of his wife, so skilfully portrayed, aided by the magic of his child's resistless influence, was to soften his heart towards Ambrosia, and her transgressions: and although he

yet could not give her the precedence in his heart to a dangerously reinstated object, he still wrote with tenderness and affection, assuring her of forgiveness, and oblivion to all that was passed: but he excused his joining her in town, upon the plausible plea of his recovery from his late indisposition not being sufficiently advanced to permit it; and entreated her to make no delay in returning to him, the moment her gratitude and affection to his estimable, as unfortunate sister, could permit her leaving her.

The joy of Lady Ambrosia now ebulliated into the wildest raptures, upon receiving a letter so far exceeding in kindness what she had dared to hope for; and the pleasure which thrilled through the bosom of Adelaide, at having, as she hoped, established the happiness of her cousin, combined with the effect another night of repose obtained by soporifics, now took from the green and yellow hue of grief, which had so alarmed Mrs. Falkland; and the feverish flush of deeply seated anxiety mantling her cheeks, gave a fallacious appearance of health, which her exquisite

beauty aided the deception of; when, in a short period after the arrival of Theodore's letter, Lord De Moreland, in a chaise and four, galloped up to the door; and darting out of the carriage with almost phrensied impetuosity, rushed into the breakfast room, and snatching Adelaide tenderly to his bosom, anxiously exclaimed:

"What—where, is your complaint, my adored child? How—tell me,—how are you affected?" Then gazing intently on her, and ere her surprise could permit her to reply, he changed his look and tone, and rather upbraidingly he added:

"How is this, Mrs. Falkland? You seem to have been rather unnecessarily alarmed. In my eyes, Adelaide never looked in higher beauty."

"She certainly looks not so alarmingly ill as when I wrote to your lordship," Rosalind replied, "as she has benefitted by the rest procured for her through Mr. Probey's prescriptions; but still this hectic bloom, which gives such animation to her countenance, I fear we must consider any thing but the indication of health."

"Alas!" said Lord De Moreland, gazing

more penetratingly upon his niece, and catching new alarm as he did so; "but why, dear madam, was not a physician called, instead of Mr. Probey? Adelaide has no wounds to cure."

Adelaide's deep-drawn and expressive sigh convinced her uncle he was mistaken; and struck with too resistless an appeal to the seat of pity and fond affection in the heart of his lordship, to coalesce with other feelings; and he instantly started from her side, and walked in evident agitation to the window, where he appeared to look out, while he endeavoured to reinstate the inflexibility necessary for the measure he was toiling for.

"Mrs. Falkland," at length his lordship said, "I did not receive your letter until late last night, on my return from Roscoville, where I had been for two days with Lord Wilibank's family, who wished to see that mansion; so that I could not set out to my poor child until an early hour this morning; and now I am arrived, I wish to have no delay in summoning proper medical advice to her. What physician do you prefer, my love?"

Adelaide now entreated, “ that no other medical man than Mr. Probey should be applied to, since she had already benefitted by his prescription as much as mental malady could derive benefit from medicine; and that as her dear guardian was daily expected, there could be no necessity to apply for other advice.”

Lord De Moreland was prevailed on to be content with the attendance of Mr. Probey until Falkland should arrive; and shortly after took an opportunity of calling Rosalind to a private conference, to learn what progress she had made, in bending the contumacy of Adelaide towards that decisive separation from Montagu he had at heart; and which there existed no impediment to carrying into effect, but her romantic obstinacy; as the Scotch law so clearly favoured the measure, that no unpleasant consequences could result in the succession of progeny to the St. Kilda titles and estates.

Mrs. Falkland acknowledged she had made no progress in an undertaking she believed so arduous, as to defy the skill of human powers; and as Adelaide had wished

for no concealment of her thoughts or actions from her uncle, Rosalind now informed his lordship of Bouverie's imprisonment, and the secret means Adelaide had employed to effect his emancipation.

This intelligence operated like the Promethean touch upon the combustible matter in Lord De Moreland's bosom; for now to irritate him against Montagu was no task of difficulty; since the Wilibank family were indefatigable incendiaries; whilst his own individual feelings were comfortless, and affected his temper; for his heart upbraided him for every thing he said or did unkind to Adelaide; and his breast was all anarchy with the contending influence of the claims of Adelaide, and his own deeply rooted disinclination to a second choice, against the inspirations of his resentment to his heir presumptive, the lures of softening pity for Lady Mary Hellersden's most evident partiality, and the pleadings of vanity, flattered at such unequivocal encouragement from a beautiful, young, and highly mentally gifted woman.

But although the violence and indignation of Lord De Moreland against "the

profligacy of Montagu, and the weak, spiritless attachment of Adelaide," were the violence and anger of a perfect gentleman, never losing a lively recollection of the respect due to the individual he was addressing, yet Rosalind saw his ire was too mighty to be sported with; and when she broke up this conference, it was with a heavy heart, filled with trembling alarms for the peace of her beloved Adelaide.

Another day passed, and no intelligence of Bouverie was transmitted to his wretched wife that she relied on; although in the diurnal papers his name was mentioned, coupled with Lady Marian's, in speculating conjectures, or pretended certainties, of where these lovers of late notoriety would fix their residence, now such wealth was poured in upon the lady by the bequest of the Marquis of Greenland.

These conjectural, and other paragraphs, deeply wounded the susceptible feelings of poor Adelaide; for she had no proofs, positive or presumptive, to refute them by, to give relief to her own bursting heart, or to contend with the sarcasms which Lord De Moreland was perpetually uttering, during

the day, against “ the honourable conduct of Colonel Bouverie, in becoming the minion of the late Marquis of Greenland’s favourite courtesan :” not that Adelaide, for one moment, suffered a doubt of her husband’s honour to sully his name in her imagination ; but she feared a host of mischiefs from the arts and unprincipled manœuvrings of the deep-headed, bad-hearted, Lady Marian.

But the succeeding day came with accumulating tortures for the heart of Adelaide. —The newspapers all came teeming from the press, with accounts “ of Lady Marian Harley having taken a superb ready furnished mansion in Gloucester Place, whither her ladyship and suite had removed the preceding evening ; and where, to kindly gratify the public curiosity, the name of Lieutenant-Colonel Montagu Bouverie was immediately placed, on a brass plate, upon the door.”

Lord De Moreland was at breakfast with Mrs. Falkland and his two nieces when this paragraph met his eye ; when instantly giving the paper to Mrs. Falkland to read, he called for his hat, and almost flew to Glou-

cester Place, where he had ocular demonstration of the fact; when, impelled by the impetuosity of his feelings to inquire within, he knocked at the door, and demanded

“ If Colonel Montagu Bouverie, of the ——— Hussars, lived there?” when the porter promptly replied, “ He did; but was not yet up.”

Lord De Moreland now in almost a phrensy of scorn and indignation, flew back to Berkeley Square; where, with the impetuosity of an infuriated man, he proclaimed what he had seen without, and heard within; and demanded, “ as a parent who had authority to command her obedience, the immediate concurrence of Adelaide, to annul a union, which it was now become a disgrace to her to be bound by.”

Adelaide, though in an agony of tears, firmly declared, “ She never would yield her consent to the dissolution of her marriage; although now her every wish for a reunion with Montagu was annihilated.”

The indignant ire of Lord De Moreland against Bouverie now extended to poor Adelaide; and infuriated by the base conduct of the one, and, as he termed it, the

contumacy and want of spirit in the other, he now announced to the trembling Adelaide,

“ That unless she proved herself, ere that night closed in, a worthy daughter of the house of De Moreland, he would instantly marry, and cast her from his love and his favour for ever, as he had already done the minion of Lord Greenland’s mistress :” and having uttered this phrensied decree, he darted out of the house, and fled to Lord Wilibank’s; as his lordship and family had been the close pursuers of Lord De Moreland’s steps to London, and were in readiness to exercise their machinations against the interests of Bouverie, and for the promotion of their own.

The gentle spirit of Adelaide could not sustain such violence and unkindness from a relative whom she had been accustomed to tenderness and affection from; and in the moment of his lordship’s departure from the room, she sunk upon the bosom of Mrs. Falkland, when the greatest alarm ensued; for she fell from one swoon into another, as rapidly as the recollection of the dire shock she had experienced, in this

confirmation of her husband's debasing infatuation, and of her dear uncle's harshness to her, renewed their wounds upon her heart; and not until Mr. Probey had been some time with her, could he succeed in effecting her recovery from these alarming suspensions of her faculties.

And now, although Mrs. Falkland was all tenderness and kindness to our poor heroine, yet she clearly perceived this debasing delinquency of Montagu's, in adhering to this enchantress, now she was become the source of finance, had increased her anxiety to bend her to the wishes of her uncle. The same disposition was visible in the almost distracted Obearn; therefore this sorrowing wife had no one near her, to comfort her, by feeding her hopes that Montagu was less culpable than appearances portrayed him; excepting Lady Ambrosia, who, much as she loved Adelaide, could not relish her becoming a duchess: and this soothing approver of her constancy she was to be deprived of on the morrow; whose anxiety for gratification to her never dormant vanity, by exciting the surprised admiration of Theodore, and all

around him, by her fascinations in the innovating character of an adoring mother, had rendered so impatient to take wing for Hampshire, that it had not escaped the observation of Adelaide, who had therefore made it a point, her writing to her husband, to announce the day of her return; and now, although her ladyship pressed to postpone her journey, her cousin would not permit her to defer her eagerly coveted happiness.

Late in the evening, Lord De Moreland returned to his home, if possible more irritated than he had quitted it; and requesting an interview with Mrs. Falkland, he desired to know the decision of Adelaide. “A decision,” he said, “that was to raise her to transcendent greatness, to rally friends innumerable around her, to shower the sweetest roses of happiness upon her head; or to consign her for ever to insignificance and misery; to stamp her an alien to her father’s family for ever; and seal upon her for life, the disgrace of bearing the dishonoured name of a courtesan’s base minion.”

The mild, yet impressive reply of Ade-

laide, was faithfully delivered, by the trembling, heart-rived Rosalind: but though affectingly and humbly couched, yet as it spoke determined adherence to her marriage vow, an invincible recoiling from the idea of a female entering into a second marriage during the existence of her first husband, it awakened the most indignant, implacable resentment in the breast of Lord De Moreland, and now burst forth in a solemn declaration—"that he never more would hold intercourse with Adelaide Bouverie, or acknowledge her as the child of his beloved brother; that if even despoiled of subsistence by the villany of her husband and his vile paramour, and hunted from spot to spot of the earth by their persecuting cruelty and hatred, he would not, even through charity, relieve her wants, or mitigate her woes."

"To-night," he added, "in consideration of the hour, I permit her shelter beneath my roof: but remember, madam, to-morrow, at an early hour, it is my command she quits my house for ever. You, Mrs. Falkland, I request, and hope, will gratify my wish, by remaining here as long

as your convenience may induce you to it ; nor can decorum present a scruple, since to-morrow I shall return with Lord Wilibank and family into Surrey ; and shall not leave them, until every thing for my nuptials with Lady Mary is in a fair train for arrangement. Mrs. Bouverie, I presume, will proceed to her worthy husband, and humbly take some subordinate situation in the honourable establishment he has formed."

" Adelaide Bouverie, my lord, can never be at a loss for an honourable roof to shelter her, as long as Augustus and Rosalind Falkland have a home," said Rosalind, bursting into tears. " I thank your lordship for your hospitable invitation ; but from Adelaide, the ward of my husband, the child of his tender adoration, the friend of my own heart, no earthly power can now withdraw me : and to-morrow I shall accompany her to Mordaunt Priory ; there, by my dedication of myself to yield her every comfort, strive, by the exertion of every power, to stand as the substitute of those dear and near ties it has been her misfortune to be deprived of. But to-

morrow, my lord, ere you and I proceed on our widely different designations, I trust we may meet to say farewell, under less agitation of feeling than marks our present parting."

And now the heart-wrung Rosalind bent her unwilling way, to convey to the sorrowing Adelaide the stern sentence pronounced against her; and however she could soften the manner and language of it, yet the sense was still the same; implying banishment, and eternal alienation.

To Adelaide no misfortune came with such keen wounds to her heart, as unkindness from those she loved; and to be thus discarded by her uncle, whom her gratitude, her affection, her tender, her unfading adherence to her father's memory, had long taught her so fondly to regard, proved a blow of direful agony; a blow, which although religion taught her to bear unmurmuringly, yet could not make her to sustain with apathy; for in the very centre of her heart she felt it: and now, like poor Ellen, she beheld herself an outcast from relatives; even excluded in death from the mausoleum, which might even yet contain

the remains of her husband, as the family heir: and like poor Ellen too, with none but a Falkland, Obearn, and Dennis, to cheer her last moments, and close her eyes.

CHAPTER X.

AT an early hour the succeeding morning, Lady Ambrosia took an affectionate leave of the hapless Adelaide. Lord De Moreland too arose at an early hour, and was engaged in arranging papers until he thought Mrs. Falkland might be visible; when no longer able to restrain his impatience until she summoned him to their parting interview, he sent to request, that she would see him as soon as her convenience would permit; when his request being complied with, his lordship entered the room she received him in with so tremulous a frame, so pale and care-worn a countenance, that no other vouchers were requisite, to declare that his night had passed in sleepless inquietude.

“ Mrs. Falkland,” his lordship tremulously said, “ I beg ten thousand pardons for hurrying this interview; but I was impatient to tell you, that although I never will hold intercourse with Adelaide more, I cannot, I find, quite entirely shake

her from the strong hold she has taken of my heart ; and she must not go from my nominal protection ; must not be removed from the immediate reach of the first medical advice, should her affection-shattered health require it, until at least the arrival of Mr. Falkland.

“ My wish is therefore, dear madam, that her present removal may be to my villa at Twickenham, where all the comforts and consolations of the metropolis can promptly reach her ; and where, while Mr. Falkland may be employed with ministry, relative to his late mission, he may be able to see you and his unfortunate ward daily.

“ As this very wilful girl chooses to continue the discarded wife of a miscreant, I have ordered that miscreant’s carriage to be brought back for her use, until his profligate cruelties lead him to despoil her of it. I have recalled his late boon from his banker’s hands, where it has remained in my envelope, as no letter for him has been called for since I left it there ; and here it is, madam, for her own individual expenditure : as to other matters, while she con-

tinues in any house of mine, she is my guest of course: but, between ourselves, Mrs. Falkland, De Moreland is yet her ready banker; on whom affection has given her a letter of credit that can never be revoked. But let not that transpire, nor that my tender attachment to her defies the power of even strong resentment to subdue; for yet I would have her believe my indignation implacable; I would have her yet believe herself an alien to my favour; in the forlorn hope of such conviction operating to my wishes.

“ And now adieu, dear madam; and may Heaven bless you, for the further debt of gratitude I shall owe you, for your kindness to my lovely, sorrow-blighted child: and as your humanity leads you to prize the little stock of happiness I have yet to look to, allow her to want no care, no comfort, which wealth can purchase; for she is yet the treasure of my heart; and I aided the arrow in its flight, which pierced with barbed destruction to her peace:” and now, affected even to rising tears, he pressed the hand of Mrs. Falkland to his

lips, precipitately retired, and shortly after set out for Surrey.

When poor Adelaide found her uncle was indeed gone upon this expedition so portentous to the expectations of her husband, without being softened to a parting interview with her, the anguish of her grief almost subdued her; and with difficulty could she stem her flowing tears sufficiently, to read a letter from Lady Longuiville.

In this letter her ladyship informed our poor heroine, “ that General Harley was at length pronounced in the path of convalescence, and Major and Mrs. Gayville established as master and mistress of his mansion and his purse; that the nuptials of Lord Woodley and Miss Stella Price had taken place, and the bride and bridegroom had come to pass the honeymoon at Melcombe Park; and that the poor Duke of St. Kilda had, by his weak indulgence in visionary dreams, so subdued his health, that his almost distracted mother had carried him off to London for medical aid.

It was with extreme grief of heart Ade-

laide now found, from her ladyship's letter, that she had not only disturbed the happiness of the Duke of St. Kilda, but had proved the cause of subverting his health; and whilst her sympathy bled for him, gratitude presented to her memory, in animated colouring, every scene in which he had preserved her life, in which he had evinced his ardent, his unconquerable love; and as she thought of all, she could not but regret, that he had not been the elected of her choice: but as fate had ordained otherwise, Montagu, the beloved of her heart, she never would voluntarily sever herself from; for the time might come, when forsaken by Lady Marian for some other paramour, when shunned by his former friends, when forlorn in society, and with a heart and conscience torn and wounded by remorse, she might step forth to pour the balm of consolation and tender care into his agonized bosom, and strengthen him in his efforts to make his peace with offended Heaven.

At length the moment arrived for Adelaide's departure from this now interdicted mansion; and accompanied by Rosalind

and her lovely babes, and attended by her faithful Obearn and Dennis, she set out for Twickenham.

There were so many incidents connected with this dwelling at Twickenham, to rend, by reminiscence, the bleeding bosom of our poor heroine, and to deepen and lacerate wounds by memory's barbed weapons, that by the following day Mrs. Falkland and Obearn in terror beheld a visible alteration of alarming tendency in the aspect of this being so dear to their affection; while her manner had assumed a sublimated sadness, that melted every heart, often sending Rosalind and Norah from her presence, to weep in secret sympathy; and in their apprehension for her menaced life, they summoned the attendance of Mr. Dee.

According to promise, Mr. Probey arrived the following day, when he held a conference with Mr. Dee upon the subject of Adelaide's health; relative to which they both entertained such serious apprehensions, that they delayed not making known to Mrs. Falkland their cherished belief of impending, if not actually existing

mischief: and Mr. Probey was so shocked on beholding so material an alteration in his interesting patient, since he had last seen her, he scarcely knew whether he should, or should not, venture to agitate her by information of Mellifont being again in town, summoned by a letter from Bouverie, written from the Hummums the day of his liberation from prison, requesting to see him immediately; but which Mellifont's delusive chase to Jersey prevented his instant compliance with: but, upon Mrs. Falkland's advice, that nothing should be concealed from her, since she felt assured the idea of Bouverie's not being abandoned by every friend would cheer her affectionate, her disappointed heart, Mr. Probey informed her of all this; and that Mellifont was determined now not to leave London until he effected an interview with his infatuated friend.

Mrs. Falkland augured correctly. Adelaide heard this intelligence with an animation of countenance, a rapture of tone, and interest of manner, that called almost into certainty the hopes of her medical attendants, that no vital part was yet assailed by

mining sorrow ; and for the remainder of this day she talked of the certainty of Mellifont's bringing her consolation, from his interview with her husband, with such a renovation of spirit, that Mrs. Falkland was led to suspend her intention of sending an express to Lord De Moreland, to convey to his bosom the apprehensions entertained for the life of Adelaide.

The next visit of Mr. Probey to our poor heroine, he brought her a promise from Mellifont, of coming to see her the succeeding evening ; when he cherished no doubt of being able to bring her some certain intelligence of Montagu ; as he had found an agent, whom he thought could accomplish an interview for him with his friend.

This dawn of auspicious expectation supported poor Adelaide like the renewal of health, until the evening arrived, when she was to see Mellifont, who at length appeared ; and, to her shuddering dismay, accompanied by his uncle.

“ My excellent and indefatigable friend ! ” exclaimed Adelaide, in a tone and with a look that spoke the mental anguish she endured as she extended the hand of welcome

to him. "The agitation of your countenance, the accompaniment of your uncle, proclaim at once to me, that all my new-raised hopes are blighted."

"Believe, my dear Mrs. Bouverie," said Mellifont, tenderly taking her hand, "I have no terrible tidings to convey to you; although most unwillingly I come to inflict upon you the health and spirit subduing misery of suspense; since I have not yet found Bouverie, though—with firmness, I implore you, hear me announce it—he is not with Lady Marian; never has been with her since the day succeeding his liberation."

The most prompt feeling in the mind of Adelaide was piety, for that was always at its post; and now, regardless of mortal witnesses, its resistless impulse led her to her knees, while she devoutly aspirated a thanksgiving from her heart, that Montagu was not the sordidly depraved being her friends had thought him; and then recollecting before whom this impulse had been obeyed, she blushed as she arose, and covering her face with her hands, she wept in joy; but no sound like reproach to any one

escaped her lips ; she only in silent rapture cherished the remembrance, that she had not so uncharitably judged him.

“ But, most kind reliever of my misery !” she at length exclaimed, “ will you not tell me more to soothe me ? Will you not tell me, Montagu is well, and where he is ? But, alas ! alas ! why, when he quitted Lady Marian, did he not return to me ?”

“ That we have yet to learn,” responded Mellifont, sorrowfully. “ But, my dear Mrs. Bouverie, knowing you from your infant days ; and from the belief that you were to my friend, the dear, the interesting object upon whom the happiness of his future life was to depend, I made your mind my study : I therefore conceive I know it well ; and I have taken upon me to assure my anxious uncle, that the most judicious way for your health and comfort is, not to deceive you ; but explicitly to state to you all our hopes and fears, exactly as they arise.”

Adelaide trembled, her heart sickened with foreboding apprehensions of evil to Montagu ; but she bowed her acquiescence in Mellifont’s suppositions, for she had not power to utter it.

“Oh!” exclaimed Mellifont, “do not look so alarmed. The worst I have to tell you is, that I know not where Montagu has removed to: but I wish to tell you all things as they came to my knowledge; then I know you will exert the powers of your mind to aid me, by your conjectures and your counsel: and to advise with you and Mrs. Falkland seriously and fully, my uncle and self have determined upon remaining at Twickenham to-night, and returning early to town on the morrow, to set in train whatever plans we think most likely to discover Bouverie, and draw him from the retreat, his shame and contrition have consigned him to.”

“Upon my return from my ignis-fatuus pursuit through Jersey, I found a letter, which had been awaiting me some days from Bouverie, entreating me instantly to come to him, to extricate him from the Charybdis of perplexity and misery his infatuation had involved him in.

“Instantly now I set off post to town, and flew to the Hummums; but there he was not: yet, after many questions to different waiters, I learned, that for several

successive evenings he had called there, to inquire for me, and then had ceased to come entirely.

“ I then proceeded to my uncle’s, and had the inexpressible grief of hearing there, that Bouverie was established in Gloucester Place with Lady Marian. Late as it was, I hastened thither, and inquired for Colonel Bouverie, who was plausibly denied to me, as not being at home.

“ That is impossible !” I exclaimed, “ since I came here by appointment.”

“ ‘ That, at least, is impossible,’ the porter replied, with such a sort of sly meaning in his look, that instantly suspicion of mischief was awakened in my mind. I thought of the diabolical villany meditated against you, and doubted not he was confined by fraud and force in that large mansion.

“ Full of agonizing apprehensions, I now went home, determined to return early in the morning, to reconnoitre the situation of the house, to assail chairmen, coachmen, and all who were assailable in the neighbourhood, to retain them in my interest, to discover whether Bouverie was ever seen about the premises.

“ Accordingly I commenced my project by an early return to Gloucester Place, and was in the act of hurrying after a shrewd looking boy, emerged with pewter pots from the area of this goal of my anxiety, when providentially I came rather hostilely in contact with a man in as impetuous a hurry as myself; and whom my urbanity-inspired exclamation led to recognise me.

“ There was a singular coincidence in this encounter; for this man was bound in sympathy with me to Bouverie,” continued Mellifont, brushing away the rising tears of shame and gratitude’s emotion; “ since this young man, named Punnet, had been a profligate boy in the neighbourhood of Doctor Birch, whom Bouverie, after soundly drubbing, for throwing a decrepit old man off a stile, encouraged to reformation by his subsequent kindness and good counsel; and when he found that reformation was sincere, he bound him apprentice to a carver and gilder.

“ This man I knew to be shrewd, intrepid, and devotedly attached to his bene-

factor; and believing I could not make a more judicious confident, and in defiance of clerical propriety, I entered the nearest alehouse with him, where I imparted to him all my anxiety relative to my friend.

“ Promptly I found no encounter could have been more fortunate, for when I met him he was on his way to work at new gilding some of the cornices in Lady Marian’s house, and where for two days prior he had been employed, without suspecting the name on the door was meant for his benefactor, whom he believed was at Malta, and only a captain still.

“ Punnet, after his amazement and real distress had a little subsided, informed me, ‘ He had twice seen Lady Marian, but never any gentleman whatever, except Mr. Leech; yet he was certain he could obtain every intelligence from one of the housemaids, who seemed particularly anxious to attract his notice.’

“ I now gave my instructions to Punnet, and appointed to meet him at his dinner hour; and secure of some intelligence through him, I ventured to

awaken your hopes by my message to you yesterday.

“ My agent was successful in his undertaking; for this damsel, charmed with his handsome exterior, was most happy to oblige him with as much of the history of the lady she served, as had come to her knowledge, in the few days she had yet been in her service; and from her he learned—

“ That Colonel Bouverie had been secretly set free from prison by Lady Marian, when she came so unexpectedly into her great fortune; but having discovered her to be his generous friend, he went down into the country to thank her; and the following day they returned to town together, when separating at the hotel they put up at, they both set out on different routes; but at length the colonel returned in a state of extreme agitation, and ordering his man to call a hackney coach, and put his valise into it, he wrote a letter, to be delivered to Lady Marian, and then paying his man off, saying he had no further occasion for his service, he set out in the coach,

the servant either so stupid, or so amazed, he never thought of taking the number of it.

“ ‘ Scarcely was the colonel gone, when Lady Marian returned, who fell into strong hysteric fits on reading the letter ; and was so ill, as to have a physician called to her : however, by the following day she was able to remove to the house, which she had commissioned Mr. Leech to secure for her, servants and all, as the family who had just quitted it had left it ; where, to accomplish some projects of her own, she had a brass plate, engraved with Colonel Bouverie’s name, put on the door ; and issued orders to every servant in the house, upon peril of instant forfeiture of their places, not to acknowledge to any one the absence of Colonel Bouverie ; while she herself found employment in writing paragraphs for newspapers, to be daily inserted, specifying the different places she and Colonel Bouverie were visiting together ; at the same time that emissaries were dispersed in every direction, to obtain intelligence of the fugitive, watching every residence of Lord De Moreland, as her ladyship’s

most agonizing fear relative to his destination, was, of his returning to his wife.'

Adelaide bitterly wept, but could not articulate even to speak her gratitude to Mellifont, until Mrs. Falkland repeatedly implored her to tell them "Why she wept so piteously at intelligence that seemed to promise her all her heart had wished for?"

"Oh!" faintly she sobbed out, "were I assured he is well, and in safety! but who can tell what the vengeance of this woman may lead her to effect? Who can be sure these exertions to awaken belief of his still being with her, may not be for the purpose of preventing his friends from seeking him, where she may have trepanned him to? Like my uncle Bellenden, may he not be conveyed out of our reach?—Oh! Mr. Mellifont, if he was still the free agent of his own actions, think you he would suddenly cease to seek you, whom but so short a period since he implored to come to him?"

"Dismiss such terrible apprehension, I conjure you, my dear Mrs. Bouverie," Mellifont replied. "Surely, surely you

must know, that sweetly serene as Bouverie's temper is, how quick he fires in jealousy at the real or imaginary slights of those he loves. He believes all the world now in compact against him, and he will not seek me; for, not knowing I was absent from Kent in quest of him, when I failed to obey his summons, he fancies I have ceased to regard him."

Adelaide's grief now ebulliated to such excess, at this suggestion, formed on the idea of what the sufferings of Montagu's feelings must be, if he conceived himself indeed thrown from the affection of his friends, that Mellifont was compelled to solemnly call upon her to exert her firmness, to enable her to aid in their consultations for the most likely method of finding Bouverie, to pour balm into his wounds, ere her anguished grief subsided; but that incentive to firmness hushed the conflict within her bosom, and called up every energy to lead her to become one of the most able of Mellifont's advisers.

As Adelaide would not suffer Mr. Probey or his nephew to retire to an inn for their repose, the whole party sat in consultation

upon all that was most advisable to be done, as long as any of them could think of any judicious scheme, for adoption; so that it was late ere Adelaide sought her pillow; and although that proved a sleepless one, strewn with the thorns of fears for Montagu's safety, and sympathy for his sufferings, yet she arose by an early hour, to give her friends their breakfast before their departure for town.

Immediately after Mellifont and his uncle took leave, Rosalind and Adelaide sat down to write circular letters to every individual they knew of, likely to aid them in the discovery of Montagu; and added to these despatches, was a letter from Mrs. Falkland to Lord De Moreland, to communicate the intelligence Mellifont had brought them, relative to Montagu's separation from Lady Marian; and another from our heroine to Lee, to request he would come up immediately from Wiltshire to her.

Their letter-writing ended, Rosalind, Adelaide, and the children, took their walk in the grounds, as expectation of the arrival of Falkland chained them to

a home station: but poor Adelaide soon complaining of weariness, Mrs. Falkland attended her back to the house, and giving her to the care of Obearn, returned to the children, to prolong her ramble.

CHAPTER XI.

THE conflict in Adelaide's mind, arising from her varied sorrows, with her anxious hopes and fears relative to the fate of Montagu, with her now constant state of flattering expectation of her dear guardian's arrival, so frequently subdued her firmness, that she was often compelled to break from her companions, to obtain the renovating balm her devotion yielded; and to seek this salutary aid, she shortly quitted Obearn; and tranquillized by this sovereign remedy, she returned to her dressing-room at the call of little Frederick, who had now stolen away from his mother to coax Adelaide out again; and she was in the act of tenderly caressing him at a window which looked to the road from London, when she saw a chaise and four stop at the gate, and beheld her beloved guardian in it.

Adelaide neither fainted nor shrieked with joy; although her heart seemed ready to bound from her bosom to bid this dearly loved and revered being welcome; but

waving her hand in agitation's tremour to greet him, she rapidly threw a veil over her head, and a shawl around her, to spare him the sudden shock of beholding how her face and form were attenuated by her afflictions; and calling Obearn, desired her to take Frederick to his father.

“And tell my own guardian,” she added, “that I have seen him, and am not subdued by my joy; that my heart is with him; but that I am gone to prepare his beloved and my beloved Rosalind for his arrival.”

Our heroine now hastened down a staircase; but on a landing of which, she paused to take another view of her beloved guardian, whom she heard crossing the hall with Dennis.

Adelaide obtained this eagerly coveted view; and as she did so, heard her tenderly loved guardian say, in the most anxious tone of interest—

“Tell me, I implore you tell me, Dennis, how the adored child of my care, my Adelaide, bears up amid her direful afflictions? Even before I ask you for my wife and cherubs, I entreat to hear of her.”

The original intention of Adelaide was now destroyed; she called to O'bearn to change her course to Mrs. Falkland, and with Frederick now by the hand, her grateful, affectionate feelings led her, without a moment's delay, to the arms of Falkland; where, overcome by a prompt recollection of all she had suffered since last they met, and by the touching conviction, that now he was come to her aid, no sternness, no unkindness would evermore assail her in afflictions, she burst into a torrent of emotion's impetuous tears, which Falkland's sympathetic drops, and tenderly soothing exclamations, were not likely to diminish.

At length, Adelaide raising her head from her guardian's heaving bosom, with an intention to rally her firmness for the restoration of his, he caught a full and perfect view of her altered countenance; and in a tone of bitter affliction exclaimed:—

“ Oh! my child! my child! my blighted blossom! And, after all my fond care, is the agony for me to lose you?—Oh, Adelaide! and for my sake, will you make no effort to stem the overpowering torrent of your sorrows?”

“ Believe me, my best, my dearest friend ! I have : I am opposing the effects of my sorrows and disappointments with every effort of my power,” responded Adelaide, smiling mournfully through her tears : “ and be assured, my own tender guardian, it was not amongst my least incentives to such exertions, my reluctance to give pain to you : but let us banish all distressing retrospections, in this precious moment of meeting, after so sad, so afflicting a separation ; and let me give to your arms this bashful boy, who is, if possible, more sweet, and amiable, and lovely, than when you left him.”

Falkland caught his child, with all the enthusiasm of paternal rapture, to his bosom, who half recoiled from his father's embrace, as from a stranger's ; until, after one or two glances stolen at him through his long eye-lashes, remembrance came of former fond affection ; when wildly shrieking, “ Papa ! papa !” he clung round his neck, almost strangling him with ecstasy, and devouring him with kisses, as tears of joy rolled down his rosy cheeks.

Falkland's susceptibility was again subdued, by these unequivocal proofs of sensibility and affection in his adored child; when Adelaide, all anxiety to bring about a tender interview between her guardian and his penitent Rosalind, soon terminated his caresses of his lovely boy, by sending Frederick to tell his mother "His papa would soon be with her;" and then, with trembling agitation, she commenced her promise to Rosalind, of preparing Falkland to hear with clemency of her enormous transgression.

But Falkland stopped Adelaide short in her sweetly affecting preface, by a parentally affectionate kiss of gratitude; and with a smile he said:—

"Do you think, my sweet child, the noble Bellenden performs his kindness by halves? Oh no, believe me: for, as your letter of acknowledgment informed him Rosalind meant to keep no secret from me, he told me all things, to bind my wife still closer to my affections."

"May Heaven bless Mr. Bellenden!" exclaimed Adelaide with energy, "for making this disclosure to you so justly;

and not more favourably than our own dear, nearly heart-rived Rosalind merited; who is my own dear Rosalind now too; for oh! sir, could I talk with your own eloquence, I could never portray for you, in the bright tints they merit, all her goodness to me. Oh! she has been almost like yourself to me; and that is all which still must foil poor gratitude to paint. But come to her, for her bosom is full of terror; not of your goodness, your mercy; but of her transgression being too great for goodness to excuse."

Adelaide now took the arm of her guardian; and as she affectionately and gratefully leaned upon it, she hurried, with all the rapidity her sorrow-weakened frame could admit of, to take him to his Rosalind, whom they found nearly subdued by agitation, in an alcove, where Adelaide beheld her clasped with affection's tenderness to the bosom of her forgiving husband; and then taking the arm of Obearn, our almost exhausted heroine slowly paced her way back to the house.

Rosalind, after the first few moments of meeting rapture, attempted to throw her-

self at her husband's feet, to implore his forgiveness; but his tender arms bound her fast to his bosom: she next attempted to speak of her transgressions; but he stopped her mouth with kisses of affection's pardon; when from her eyes burst forth penetrated gratitude's flowing tears; and those he could not arrest in their course.

But of Adelaide he permitted her to talk: and now, seated with their arms entwining their children, and each other, she took up the narrative of Adelaide's wedded sorrows from where Mr. Bellenden had ceased; giving all as succinctly as their mutual wish to return to the interesting being they conversed about, impelled her to.

When Mr. and Mrs. Falkland rejoined Adelaide, the former took her in his arms with so affecting, so impressive a motion of tender sympathetic interest, that though her susceptibility vibrated with emotion, which almost subdued her to tears, yet felt an enlivening thrill of joy from it, reviving her courage, and giving renovation to her spirits, through the implied belief, that her guardian approved of her conduct; and

that he, at least, did not condemn her contumacy, in adhering to her marriage vow ; although delicacy, in a point in question between her uncle and her, sealed his lips upon the subject.

“ But there is an opinion, unshackled by any particle of delicacy to my uncle, which you can give me, sir,” said Adelaide, after a pause. “ Mrs. Falkland has no doubt conveyed to you the intelligence Mr. Mellifont brought to us last night ? ”

“ She has, my child ! ”

“ Oh ! sir, then, as you regard me, tell me candidly, do you think Montagu is in any kind of custody, through Lady Marian’s machinations to detain him from us ? ”

“ My beloved, inestimable child ! ” said Falkland, “ fear not that I will deceive you in any opinion you require of me. It strikes upon my perception, as if excess of fastidious feeling detained him from you, and not the violent measures of the vile foe to your peace. Your attendant intimated to the coachman who drove you to Mr. Dorimer’s, your uncle’s wish for dissolving your marriage ; and the papers have announced, as a certain event, his lordship’s

immediate nuptials ; and refinement of feeling may actuate his leaving you, uninfluenced by him, to your own decision ; and may lead him, upon the other point, to shrink from yet appearing, lest his return might be ascribed to interested motives."

These suggestions, so grateful to her feelings, and coming from her guardian, she received as authentic testimony : and firm in the belief, that it was the refinement of his principles that thus led Montagu into the thick veil of impenetrable concealment, she was now comparatively happy ; and by an innovating flow of cheerfulness, the languor of long preying sorrow seemed obscured : yet Falkland was alarmed at her appearance, and told to Rosalind his apprehensions, " That she, like her mother, was sinking to an early grave, a victim to her sorrows."

But, now Falkland was returned, and had, with tenderness unparalleled, banished all her individual alarms, the hopes and spirits of Rosalind reanimated from the dormitory of mental inquietude ; and now she no longer beheld Adelaide in danger ; nor could she endure Falkland should con-

sider her so ; and for every symptom Falkland discovered in his ward to alarm him, Rosalind promptly found an antidote, in some excuse for its mere temporary appearance : but still Falkland feared, and Falkland could not be comforted.

Falkland breakfasted at an early hour the succeeding morning, to be in readiness to attend his appointment relative to his diplomatic mission ; but he promised poor Adelaide not to quit London without seeing Mellifont, and holding a serious conference with him upon the subject nearest to her heart.

As Mr. Probey had advised all Adelaide's employments to be such, as could amuse her mind, whilst they occupied her time, she recollected a drawing she had been executing in town ; but which, in the hurry she had been sent from Berkeley Square, she had forgotten there ; when wishing for it to finish, she had ordered a waterman to call for it the preceding day ; but who had returned, with a vague excuse from the housekeeper for not sending it by him.

Adelaide, not satisfied with this detention of her drawing, was confessing its sub-

ject to Mrs. Falkland, with her anxiety to recover it, lest it should fall into the hands of her uncle; when Obearn entered, to inform her, " Mrs. Groom, the house-keeper from town, was arrived, and entreated permission to see her, relative to her drawing, which she feared was lost."

Adelaide was considerably chagrined at this intelligence, lest this little romantic offspring of her fancy should fall into the hands of any one, who might ridicule her for a romantic love-lorn simpleton; as she had, in the flight of her imagination, portrayed herself as a fisherman's wife, standing pensively at her cottage window, anxiously looking for the return of her husband;—all without, depicting storm and darkness;—all within, careful, tender preparation for his coming; the fireside clean, the fire cheerful, the pot boiling, the cloth laid, and dry clothes airing for him; boat and fishing tackle scattered around, to show their occupation; and herself, neatly dressed, standing in profile, resting on the anchor, which was stowed near the window: but, although she was chagrined,

she was also sorry to hear of Mrs. Groom's distress, which she would not augment, by delaying to admit her."

"Oh, madam!" Mrs. Groom exclaimed the moment she entered, "I would not dare to show my face here, was I any way to blame; and I am sure, madam, if you knew all that led to my admitting the poor young gentleman to your room, you would, I am certain, forgive me."

"Who, what young gentleman? Pray—pray explain!" exclaimed Adelaide, in wild affright, conceiving at once it was the Duke of St. Kilda who had obtained her picture.

"The colonel, ma'am. Colonel Bouverie."

Adelaide shrieked with joy; and like a maniac flying to Mrs. Groom, seized her round the neck, and kissed her as if she was the dearest friend she had on earth.

It was many minutes before Rosalind, by calling Adelaide to order, could allay these alarming transports; but at length her senses were tranquillized by a flow of joyful tears; when sinking into a chair,

she implored Mrs. Groom “to tell her every thing minutely, of when, and how this happened.”

“It was the very day after you quitted Berkeley Square, madam,” said Mrs. Groom, “that about noon there was a knock at the door, so loud and sharp, that the manner of it surprised Nathan the porter; who, though expecting to see something out of the common way when he opened the door, was quite struck of a heap, at seeing a gentleman muffled in a great coat, with his hat over his eyes, and a handkerchief across his mouth and chin, standing trembling like one in the palsy on the steps; but who, upon sharply demanding, ‘Was Mrs. Bouverie at home?’ Nathan instantly knew him to be the colonel; so he answered—

“ ‘No, sir, she went to Twickenham yesterday, with Mrs. Falkland and the children: and my lord too is out of town, and does not return until—’

“And here, madam,” continued Mrs. Groom, “Nathan stopped; for he could not find in his heart to say to the poor disappointed young gentleman, ‘until my

lord's nuptials take place:—but seeing the colonel reel like one not well, he invited him in, and offered him his arm.

“ But without taking Nathan's arm, ma'am, the colonel rushed into the hall like one possessed, and staggering into the porter's chair, pushed off his hat, and discovered such a pale, thin, care-worn face, looking so like the picture of despair, that Nathan was ready to weep through pity.”

“ ‘ You would not finish your sentence, Mr. Nathanael,’ he haughtily said ; ‘ but I can do it for you. His lordship returns not to town until after Mrs. Bouverie divorces her husband, and becomes Duchess of St. Kilda.’

“ ‘ Lord bless you, sir ! no such thing !’ cried Nathan, now wild with haste to relieve his mind, for he saw how it was with him, his teeth chattered so in his head, and the little flesh he had remaining quivering on the bone with agitation. ‘ The dear young lady will never give you up, though you did her, sir. Bless you ! no, sir ! neither fair words, nor threats, nor the lawyers, nor the parsons, nor my lord himself, could talk, or preach, or frighten

her into it! so the upshot was, she was sent hence, almost at a moment's warning, in disgrace, by my lord, who has vowed never to see the sweet face of her more, because she would at no rate divorce you.'

" ' Would not divorce me! my own angel Adelaide would not divorce me!—braved all this, miscreant that I have been to her, and would not divorce me!' the colonel several times repeated, until his head sunk back on the chair; and his arms dropping beside him, he went off into such a laugh!—Oh such a one, I trust I may never, never, hear again!"

Adelaide's tremour was now so violent, that her chair vibrated beneath her with alarming agitation; and she looked so pale, so ghastly, so as if she would never laugh again, that Rosalind in dismay flew to her, and caught her in her arms, appalled with terror.

" Oh! fear not, fear not, that I am going to faint or die," faltered out Adelaide; " for my faculties are too fond of existence, my senses too fond of their station, whilst they can hear of Montagu, to forsake me. Mrs. Groom, pray go on;

and do not, do not forget one dear word he uttered."

"But pray do not paint, with such sad colouring," said Mrs. Falkland, endeavouring to speak cheerfully, but still supporting Adelaide in her arms: "let us, I beseech you, hear no more of this horrid laugh."

"You shall hear nothing more of it, madam," returned Mrs. Groom; "only that Nathan was so alarmed by it, he summoned me; when I instantly had the colonel conveyed up stairs, and laid on a bed; and administered proper restoratives to him, which at length brought him to himself; when he earnestly implored me to tell him the present state of the family; but more particularly all that concerned you, ma'am: and the servants having retired, I told him all I knew: and never did I see a man in such an agony of agitation as he was, whilst I told him how you held out against my lord; and how you grieved at his absence; and how ill you were thought to be."

"But at length, madam, I unluckily told him of my lord's reported speedy marriage; and that seemed to strike him all of

a heap; and repeatedly he said, ‘ he had undone you; and that had he known Lord De Moreland’s intention of marrying one month sooner, he might have ventured to implore your pity and forgiveness; but that now he could never dare to see you, or Mr. Falkland, more:’ and now, madam, he was in such an agony of grief, and was so very sad, I thought a cordial might be of use to him; so I prevailed upon him to take a glass of *noyau*: but still he was in such affliction, I knew not what to do, to raise his spirits; so at last I thought of telling him, ‘ that the room he was in had been yours; and that you had left a drawing of yours behind you in your dressing-room, you had been sent away in such a hurry.’

“ ‘ Indeed,’ I added, ‘ it is a picture of herself: and so like her, ’tis her very self.’

“ A picture of herself! Her own resemblance!’ he exclaimed, starting bolt upright in the bed, madam, and stepping over my head, I verily believe; for in no other way can I account for his getting into the dressing-room before me, where he instantly snatched up the drawing board,

and, after one moment's gaze upon it, he began to kiss your picture like one possessed; then he took it from his lips to gaze upon it, when the composition of the picture struck him; and with a heart-rending groan he at last exclaimed—

“ ‘ Oh! my expecting wife! what daggers are here!’ and now laying the board on a table, he sat down before it, looking upon it until tears dropped from his eyes like rain; and then imploring me to leave him alone a while, I retired, first telling him to pull the bell when he had further commands for me.’

“ But no bell did he pull, madam; for no sooner did he get rid of me, than he cut the drawing out of the board, and carried it off with him; only just stopping in the hall to say a few kind words to Nathan, and to leave a message for me, ‘ hoping I would forgive his going without seeing me, when I came to know the reason.’ ”

Adelaide having now heard all that Mrs. Groom had to impart of Montagu, allowed her tears, from varied emotion, to flow uncontrolledly, to the great relief of Rosa-

lind, who now hoped no evil would arise from her powerful agitation.

But, contrary to the hopes of Mrs. Falkland, the tears of Adelaide did not diminish her subduing agitation; since the intelligence Mrs. Groom conveyed was not calculated to leave a transient effect; for it had awakened conviction of her being the beloved of Montagu; and therefore his happiness, his misery, his remorse, his disappointments, were powerfully participated in by her; and in sympathy for his griefs, and his continued sufferings, her heart seemed now to shed its drops of life blood.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN Falkland returned to a late dinner, he felt alarmed at the change which agitation had wrought in Adelaide since he had parted from her in the morning; and with a view to administer the balm of composure to her fears for the safety of Bouverie, he cautiously imparted to her, "that further proof had been discovered of the spells of Lady Marian being dissolved, since Montagu's lodgings had been traced by Punnet up to the day succeeding her quitting London."

But contrary to the expectations of Falkland this information operated; for it overwhelmed his susceptible ward with the dire apprehension, that, in consequence of the communications of Mrs. Groom, Bouverie had gone off somewhere on that day, to prevent the possibility of seeing her or Falkland more: and she was now in such an agony of distress, that Rosalind hastened to account for it to her amazed husband, by repeating to him the intelligence of

Bouverie conveyed by Mrs. Groom; when bitterly Falkland repented having mentioned the discovery Punnet had made, since he now found himself called upon to relate more to agitate poor Adelaide, and awaken new alarms and new sympathy for her truant husband.

For Punnet, indefatigable in his researches for his benefactor, had learned from a fellow workman, "that a mysterious sort of gentleman had taken the first floor, in an uncle's house of his, who was a seal engraver in ——— Court; where, though from appearance a very grand man, he remained, without even a servant of his own to wait upon him, for the sole purpose, as it seemed, of watching who went in and out of the opposite house, belonging to a Parson Dormer."

This communication was conveyed by Punnet to Mellifont, who finding this gentleman had commenced lodger in this court the very day Bouverie quitted Lady Marian, and that the description of his person sanctioned the further suspicion of its being his friend, hastened to the seal engraver's, where, to his infinite chagrin, he learned

this mysterious lodger had suddenly quitted them, leaving no clew behind him to lead to whither he was gone.

The distress and anxiety evinced by Mellifont, induced the seal engraver's wife to communicate every thing she knew relative to her lodger; which ended in conveying conviction to his mind, that it was Bouverie; and that he had taken his station there, to obtain a view of Adelaide in her visits to the Dormers, and perhaps to effect an interview with her.

“ But, sir,” added this communicative dame, “ it was an unlucky day for me: I happened to mention the name of this benefactress of Mrs. Dormer, which I should not have done, only he was so inquisitive to know who visited at Mr. Dormer's, and who was kind to them; that, thinks I, this is one of the grand brothers, come to watch how they go on; so I'll tell him what a good friend they found in this Mrs. Bouverie, to spur him on: knowing the way of the world is, the less you want, the more you will get: and from this motive I had the misfortune to tell him, ‘ the Dormers would soon

want for nothing, as I had just heard from my daughter, who is woman to Lady Aberavon, that this very Mrs. Bouverie was going to divorce her husband, for the purpose of saving the Duke of St. Kilda's life, by marrying him : ' when lo ! sir, I found I was all in the wrong, for that he was in love with the young lady himself, by the cruel way I threw him into by my news ; and shortly after he rushed out of the house like one crazed ; and when he returned, he, to my dismay and sorrow, paid his bill, and every demand upon his generosity ; and as soon as it was dusk he took his portmanteau on his own shoulder, and his dressing-box in his hand, and departed full of trouble ; dear young gentleman ! "

Although from all of this account, which Falkland deemed it expedient to communicate to her, Adelaide found unequivocal testimony of Montagu having separated from Lady Marian, and of his affection being turned to her ; yet still she could not compose her spirits ; for the uncertainty that yet prevailed relative to his intentions, with sympathy for what his mental suffer-

ing must be, to force him thus away from her he loved, and whom he had heard had grieved herself ill at his absence, unnerved her quite.

Early on the following morning Falkland was again compelled to leave his treasures at Twickenham, to attend the secretary for foreign affairs; but, ere he set out for town, Adelaide entreated him to call upon the Duke of St. Kilda, not only as a friend, but a physician.

“For, dear sir,” she added, “all the misery I endure is not caused by Montagu; since my heart is agonized with pity for the unhappiness of a man I am indebted for life to; and with affliction, at my having proved the cause of that unhappiness.”

“I will call, my beloved child! since you wish it,” said Falkland, “and exert my best endeavours to be of service to him. But, my Adelaide, although I would have you compassionate the sufferings of all your species, yet we ought to make a difference in the tenderness of our pity for those who do not, and those who do, merit what they suffer. I would have you

therefore correct this error, in excess of affliction for the Duke of St. Kilda, and never allow it again to assume a tone like misery in your mind.—For, can we call the source of his suffering innocent? Can we extenuate him, who placed his happiness upon the wife of another? Who rather, weakly and reprehensibly, sought to encourage, than conscientiously to subdue, his culpable attachment? For culpable it became, when his hopes were fed by the direful wish of arriving at his happiness through the transgressions of a fellow being; since for Montagu's sinning he watched like the wary Satan; and in Montagu's overthrow, he too, like Satan, hoped to triumph."

Shortly after Falkland's departure for town, Lee arrived; who set off from his home in less than an hour after Adelaide's letter reached him, and now only waiting for such instructions as she could give him, set off in impatient anxiety to London, to seek his master; as beloved by him as ever, now he was divided from Lady Marian, strongly advised by Dennis to apply at Bow Street, "for that was the

sure place to hear of your friends in; although, for his part, he confined his search to Twickenham, since it was sure and certain himself was, that the thief who carried off the *darlingt's* picture, was lurking in the neighbourhood, to be stealing a look at the original too, whenever it would be his luck to catch that same."

This idea of Bouverie's being in the neighbourhood, had become Adelaide's too, and induced her to form the intention of passing as much of her time as possible by the water side, to watch for the fine form of Bouverie in the passing boats, or on the opposite bank. Accordingly, shortly after the departure of Lee, she stole out, unobserved by Mrs. Falkland, the children, or Obearn, and bent her anxious way to a rustic alcove, which overhung the water; and where she had scarcely taken her station, when she beheld two fishermen lying to in a boat just beneath the embankment of the lawn, with nets ready to throw; yet ceasing from their work, to observe a gentleman who was slowly walking on the opposite bank.

"No, no, it ben't he," at length said

one of the men, loud enough for Adelaide to hear. "No, bless you! he as I means, is one of the finestest, noblestest, generousest, young gemmen as ever I came along-side of, surelie! though he be, to my thinking, crazed enough for *Bedlam*."

"Mayhap not, neighbour Hook," replied the other: "them there disguises, and fool's pranks, looks more like being after some girl he has got love freaks into his head for."

"Sure I knows a wench is in the business, Master Mesh; but that does not make against his being crazy. Why, bless you! what else but gone in the head must a man be, who comes of a bitter day and hires a boat, to row him to yonder isle under those there willows, where none could get a glimpse of him no how from shore; and then to give an order to be fetched as soon as night fell: and this was the go of it for three *successful* days; he paying us like a prince; but so melancholy like, that I expected every night to find him a hanging in the willows: however, for the last two days he has ceased to come; so I thinks as how he caught his

death lying amid the sedges in that swampy ground, or made away with himself ashore; or else that he found some of my lord's family were down; so he must give up his designs for the present: for, as I takes it, it must be the kitchen-maid at my lord's he was after; for, barring the loss of an eye, she is the biggest beauty in Middlesex surelie; for I could see as plain as the nose on your face, Master Mesh, that Lord De Moreland's was the needle his heart steered to."

Adelaide, who listened in breathless anxiety to all they uttered, had now no doubt remaining, that it was of Montagu they spoke; and in agonized conviction that he must have taken cold, by lying three whole days in that swampy islet, she flew back to the house, on the wings of wild despair, to recount all she had heard; when Dennis rushed down to the fisherman, to question him minutely upon what path this stranger trod, when he came or retired; and poor Adelaide was shortly after conveyed to her room, so overpowered by her apprehensions, that she could no longer oppose being taken to her bed:

laid upon which, exhausted by weeping, and feverish from sorrow and alarm, Falkland found her when he returned from town.

It was not the sorrow and alarm conveyed by the fishermen to the heart of Adelaide, that alone overwhelmed her; it was the accumulated griefs of her wedded life, bearing too heavily on her susceptibilities; like the rude billows of the foaming waters against the soft surface of the chalky bulwark, at length undermines its strength by repeated hostilities, until sapped from its base, it sinks the delapsd ruin, which the rough surges made.

Falkland judging these inroads of grief upon her constitution had been gradual, and therefore were guided by a surer aim; while her fortitude stretched to exertions beyond what its texture could sustain, was now exhausted; and in the despair of fond affection he believed her wreck of mind and health was now complete; and in all the agony of despair he prescribed for her relief, without a hope of medicine, or skill, or tender care, proving efficacious to the lovely blossom he had so sedulously reared,

on whom the canker of affliction had fastened but too fatally.

Dennis, in his visit to the islet, (whither he made the fishermen immediately convey him,) obtained confirmation to Adelaide's belief, of the melancholy stranger being her husband; since he found there many fragments of paper, written over with a pencil in Bouverie's hand; on several atoms of which, the name of Adelaide was traced; and, as far as Mrs. Falkland could combine these fragments, they were invocations to Heaven, or to Adelaide, for mercy and forgiveness; yet all so desponding and sad, as if conscience assured him he merited neither, that Mr. and Mrs. Falkland contrived for only the least affecting being shown to their beloved *protégée*.

Neither did Falkland's intelligence from town bring exhilaration for the spirits of Rosalind; since the papers announced the very day, and that a speedy one, on which the nuptials of Lord De Moreland and Lady Mary Hillersden were to be celebrated; but which they determined not yet to reveal to Adelaide, who on the following morning finding herself unequal to

arising at her accustomed early hour, gave up the attempt; but still not enduring to relinquish breakfasting with her beloved guardian, she exerted all her drooping powers to take that meal with him.

Breakfast ended, and Adelaide appearing in the tranquil ease of pious fortitude, Falkland produced some gifts he had brought her from the different places he had visited, during his absence from his native country; when she was so powerfully affected by the attachment and kind remembrance of her, they now appeared in proof of, that Falkland found himself compelled to call her firmness to its duty, and tenderly he added:

“ If my sweet child allows her susceptible feelings to subdue her firmness thus in trifles, how will she sustain the tide of joy and happiness, when poor Montagu’s love vanquishing his sense of shame, leads him to the feet of his Adelaide, to implore her pardon?”

Even the suggestion made Adelaide’s heart bound with joyful emotion; and as with eyes sublimated with gratitude’s most melting rays she took her guardian’s hand

to press it to her lips in thankfulness for the manner in which he had named Montagu, a violent peal at the gate bell electrified her, and sent her, trembling, panting, half fainting, into her guardian's ready arms for support, since her heart whispered the hour of joyful subjugation was at hand, for this was Montagu.

But scarcely had this welcome thought raised tumult in her heart; scarcely had Falkland uttered an entreaty to rally her firmness, "since that peal was not the herald of a penitent;" and Rosalind poured out a glass of water for her; when Dennis, almost breathless with the speed he made, to destroy, by even a momentary anticipation, the effect a too sudden surprise, in Lord De Moreland's unexpected appearance, might have upon the *darlingt*, rushed in.

But scarcely one moment intervened, after his lordship was announced, until he entered; when beholding Adelaide, the spectre Adelaide, resting on the bosom of her guardian, he started, he stopped, his cheeks were promptly blanched; and taking a more perfect survey of her, he sud-

denly darted forward, caught her from her tender supporter to his own trembling arms, exclaiming, as he did so,

“ My child! my child! my murdered child! and is it thus I find you, the fast falling victim to mine and your husband’s cruelty!” and now, overpowered by anguished feeling, as he warmly pressed the hand of Falkland to bid him welcome, he melted into tears.

The shattered state of Adelaide’s nerves and spirits were not equal to sustain so great, so sudden a transition in her uncle’s feelings towards her, and she fainted in his arms; but when her senses returned to perception, she faltered out—

“ Oh! my own uncle! let me give you once more the kiss of duty and affection! Oh! let me no longer be an alien to your heart!”

Lord De Moreland clasped her with tender energy to his bosom, repeating, as he did so,

“ Never, never were you more precious to my fond affection, than in this dread moment when I fear to lose you!—Oh!

my child! can you forgive the part I have so reprehensibly borne, in uniting you to a man so unworthy of your excellence?"

"My beloved uncle!" said Adelaide, looking up with melting sweetness at him, "my heart is so full of dutiful affection to you, that it is deeply wounded at hearing you thus accuse yourself."

"But although, my child, you are thus prompt in forgiving mercy, your guardian cannot pardon me for my culpability, in bestowing you upon that specious hypocrite; whom may Heaven in its just vengeance against me, as a perjured breaker of a solemn vow, forsake me, if I ever—

Adelaide, as if suddenly inspired with supernatural strength, started from her recumbent posture, and, clinging round his lordship's neck, pressed her almost palsied lips against his, to kiss off the termination of a vow of horror, she anticipated; and then, exhausted by emotion and exertion, she sunk at his feet; so pale, so like the semblance of approaching death, that in wild alarm his lordship raised her in his trembling arms, laid her again on the

couch she had sprung from, and pressing her hand with paternal tenderness, he said, in a voice now subdued from its violence,

“ My child, for your sake I suspend my vow of implacability against Bouverie: but remember, Adelaide, that not even your witchery shall obtain a pardon for him, that has not the conviction, which time only can give me, of his meriting even that distant clemency from me. But do not look so sad, my love! for your power over my affection is unsubdued, since Mrs. Falkland’s letter, announcing her newly awakened fears for your health, aroused me from resentment’s inthrallment, and saved me from the precipice to which your husband’s conduct forced me, in hoodwinked indignation; and by your hold upon my heart, saved me from offering my hand to Lady Mary Hillersden, lest it should add another pang to your already too much tortured heart.”

Adelaide now clung to the bosom of her again tender uncle, and wept her tears of gratitude upon it; while Rosalind, almost wild with joy at the intelligence his lordship just communicated, exclaimed,

“ And yet the papers of yesterday had the effrontery to announce the very day of your lordship’s nuptials !”

“ They had authority, Mrs. Falkland, for all they inserted, even the lady’s father’s, who is an admirable politician ; nor is Lady Mary herself an unskilful one : however, my child’s ill health destroyed the spell that was clouding fast my senses, and I escaped, ere the snare was effectually laid, to entoil my honour into fulfilling those engagements he so kindly informed the public I was under to his daughter.”

At this moment Messrs. Dee and Probey were announced, according to an appointment with the alarmed Falkland, to consult with him upon those symptoms of mischief, which had evinced themselves about our poor heroine ; an alarm which was soon conveyed to the bosom of her uncle, and amounted to terror, when he discovered that all three were of opinion, “ if something was not speedily effected, to remove the perpetual anxiety which was so visibly undermining her constitution, that the most serious and rapid consequences must inevitably ensue.”

But how to remove that anxiety, was a point in debate, which neither the power nor riches of Lord De Moreland, nor the united skill of these three highly gifted sons of Æsculapius, could arrange; and Mr. Dee and Mr. Probey departed without the possibility of effecting any thing; the former promising to make every inquiry after Bouverie in the neighbourhood; and the latter to send his nephew to Twickenham, to search out his friend; leaving Lord De Moreland wild with anxiety for projecting all things with Falkland that could be devised for obtaining intelligence of Bouverie, now for poor Adelaide's sake as anxious as herself to find him, and prove him not totally unworthy a restoration to his favour.

“Not,” his lordship said, “that when we find Montagu I will see him, or take him confessedly to my favour, until he proves his contrition by years of steady tenderness and attachment to my child; nor shall he ever know, that I am determined never to marry: for the prospects of my Adelaide's offspring shall never be destroyed by me.”

Falkland was at length compelled to leave Lord De Moreland to comfort his afflicted niece, and to learn, from her magic skill in painting with affection's colours, to become every hour less indignant against Bouverie; for he was obliged to set out to London, to fulfil a promise of seeing the Duke of St. Kilda once more, ere his grace, from Falkland's advice, proceeded with Lady Aberavon to Scotland; to try what his native air, or rather his native strength of mind could effect, in removing the malady of a disappointed heart: and from this melancholy visit, for melancholy Falkland found it, even torturing to the sensibility of his feeling heart, he did not return until evening, when he was accompanied by Mellifont.

Lord De Moreland received Mellifont most graciously; telling him, very shortly after his arrival, "that Adelaide had a little gift for him, in attestation of her gratitude, for all the toil he had endured, and anxiety evinced to oblige her; the living of Roscoville, become vacant two days before."

But although this unexpected gift of so valuable a living as that of Roscoville, to

the now almost joy and gratitude subdued Mellifont, told to the heart-penetrated Adelaide how near Montagu was to the resumption of his lordship's favour, when such a provision was given to his *protegé* and friend, and in evident recompense for all the zeal he had evinced for his restoration to virtue and happiness; yet his lordship rigidly kept on the mask of implacable indignation against Bouverie, lest Mellifont should tell him his wrath was subsiding; and thus leading him to presume on a too ready forgiveness, tempt him again to wound the peace of his unfalteringly attached wife.

CHAPTER XIII.

BUT, before the sun arose next morning, all care for the peace of Adelaide seemed threatened with a rapid close. Unusually agitated through this day, her weakened nerves required a powerful soporific, ere they could be tranquillized for rest; so that at the commencement of the night she slept profoundly; but as hours glided on, and her sleep losing the influence of the opium, became lighter, the freaks of fancy began to operate on her slumbering faculties, and to portray for her Montagu resting in the islet upon a bed of rushes, where stealing softly near him to contemplate his loved image as he there reposed, she beheld a huge asp twined round his arm, and just entering his bosom to prey upon his vitals.

With a piercing cry of horror Adelaide's slumber broke; and, almost paralyzed with terror's agitation, Obearn found her beloved nursling, as by affection led even in sleep lightly to slumber, lest her care should be

required, she bounded from her bed on her darling's awaking shriek, when, in the powerful tortures of her alarmed affection, she implored to know what could ail her beloved child?

"Only a dream," falteringly articulated the trembling Adelaide, "which has made an impression most horrible upon my mind; yet still I must remember it was but a dream."

But, although it was only a dream, it fastened on the mind of Adelaide in the present weak state of her spirits, destroying rest for the remainder of the night; and spread its influence to her frame so alarmingly by morning, that new and direful terrors sprung up in the mind of Falkland for her life; nor could the efforts of Rosalind, who clung to hope as to her own existence, yield him one ray of cheering comfort.

The dream of Adelaide, and its effect, were revealed by Obearn to Dennis, the moment he crept to the *darling's* door in the morning, to learn how she had rested; when instantly he flew to the islet, where, after the most minute investigation, he

found no further trace of Bouverie, except a glove, which, from having been made for him, bore his name within it; when promptly resolving upon a new project for restoring peace to the *darling's* mind, he hurried home, and procuring a pen to his liking, wrote in his very best manner, that those who ran might read,—

“ If the person who dropped a glove near this bank, between the days of the 20th and 24th of this month, does not forthwith return to the individual who bears—and who always did that same—the name of the said person; that person aforesaid will soon be hearing, and more grief to them for their miching obstinacy! sorrowful tiding, that upon my safe conscience will be breaking the hardest heart amongst us; that's what it will, for 'tis *kilt* already we are with the fright of it.”

Dennis having completed this placard, hastened to cross the ferry, and then to erect his performance in the most conspicuous spot he could find in Ham meadows, near to the islet where the glove had been lost; and then placing himself on the ground beneath it, he wept torrents of

tears, in sad anticipation of what he had predicted in his placard; until it suddenly darted into his mind, that by staying there he might prevent the only person he wished to see his performance from approaching to read it; and from this suggestion he made the best of his way home; where, every moment he could obtain a hearing from the heart-rived Obearn, he repeated, with terrorized anxiety,

“Och! murder! Norah, will the *darling* die?”

A sorrowful party met at breakfast; for Adelaide, after several unsuccessful attempts to join her friends, found herself too much subdued to accomplish it; and when this almost untouched repast was ended, Rosalind returned to her anxious care of her beloved *élève*; Lord De Moreland retired to his library, to brood in grief and contrition over the impending calamity, which he had so imprudently aided in the perpetration of; Mellifont set out on his eager researches; and Falkland wandered into the grounds, to give free indulgence to his poignant sorrow for the lovely blighted blossom of his tender care, whom now, he

feared, no mortal skill could save; and to the verge of the water he at length paced his pensive way, where for some time he walked, with folded arms, with his hat drawn over his eyes, to conceal from the gaping boatmen, as they glided down the flowing river, his falling tears; when a man, who had rapidly buffeted the swelling tide, suddenly arose from the water, upon the bank beside him, exclaiming wildly, as he caught the hand of Falkland:—

“ Oh, sir! Mr. Falkland!—my wife! —my Adelaide! Tell me, oh! tell me, why are her windows closed?”

Falkland instantly recognised the voice of Bouverie, even in its hoarse and faltering tone of agonized agitation, and exhausted respiration from exertion, and raised his eyes in piteous gaze upon him; when beholding a face so changed, he could not have known it had he not spoken, every hostile feeling vanished at the view; and returning the pressure of his hand, he mournfully replied:

“ As Adelaide’s paternal friend, I welcome you; at her desire I forgive you:

but why her windows are closed, I fear, most unfortunate young man, you will learn, alas! too soon."

The relaxing fingers of Montagu unclosed from their energetic grasp of Falkland's hand, and he fell at his feet, in a swoon.

Instantly Falkland removed his neck-cloth; then summoning a couple of the gardeners to aid him, promptly conveyed him to the house, where without noise, or any kind of commotion, and issuing positive orders that none should bear the news to Lord De Moreland, or Mrs. Bouverie, he had him rapidly undressed, and put between blankets into a bed, to prevent the effect of cold from his immersion: and while all this was doing by Lee, Dennis, and the gardeners, he himself never ceased his efforts for the restoration of his suspended faculties, and at length he succeeded.

"My dear Montagu!" said Falkland benignly, the moment he found his perception sufficiently restored to address him, "this is not the first time I have put you to

bed, and kept you there against your inclination."

"Oh! sir, my Adelaide! my wife my wife!" faltered out Bouverie, grasping his hand.

"Your wife's existence at this moment, I firmly believe, depends on you," said Falkland impressively: "therefore, if you wish to preserve our sweet and lovely blossom of perfection, you must implicitly yield me obedience, to strive, by our united care, to restore your health and aspect from the ravages of mental and bodily ailments, which I perceive have not been trifling; for believe me, Montagu, poor Adelaide's life, as well as happiness, rests, under Heaven, on you.

"Weep, my dear fellow! weep, and welcome; but meditate no more such hiding pranks; and by awakening direful anxiety for your safety, sink us almost to the grave. And now you do shed tears, my apprehensions for you are allayed, and I will therefore leave you with these two blubbering friends of yours, to recount to you all you are panting to be informed

of, that I may hasten to cautiously impart to my poor drooping child, and Lord De Moreland, that the long lost wanderer is found."

"Lord De Moreland here!" exclaimed the sensibly affected Bouverie; "then I cannot stay: since never, never again dare I behold him!"

"Montagu," said Falkland, "see Adelaide; behold, in her aspect, what she has suffered for you; and then, for her sake, every trial will become easy to you." And now, with a conciliating pressure of the hand, Falkland parted from Bouverie, to convey glad tidings to the bosom of his beloved ward, which he almost feared would overpower her.

"Och! then musha!" exclaimed Dennis, the moment Falkland departed, "who ever expected to be seeing your honour walk in drowned to us at last? Although, for that matter, the *darlingt*, who now lies panting, for all the world like a dying bird of paradise, on a sofa in her room there, murdered with fright, lest it was cold your honour caught in the bogs of that island, which was hindering your

coming there again: many a time it was she, that was drowned in tears for you; but 'tis now, I hope, your honour is come to dry them up by the cheering sun of your presence:—but 'tis forgetting myself I am, and making too free; for the cordial of joy, at your being found to bring peace to the jewel of all jewels, has flown up to my head, through my heart.”

“ My good fellow! talk on, and freely; although you plunge daggers to my heart, while you talk of my Adelaide's distress at my absence: but tell me, tell me,—is she very ill? Can Falkland consider her life in danger?”

“ She has had no illness since a dreadful one she had upon your departure from Sussex, my dear master!” said Lee: “ but sorrow and anxiety have reduced her to a very weak state; and have sadly, sadly altered her.”

“ Ah! your honour! from the lovely blushing rosebud, she is changed to the sickly one, which cankering blight has murdered,” said Dennis. “ Och! och! but 'tis broad swords, and sithes too, for that matter, let alone daggers, I could be

plunging into your heart, up to the very hilt of them, till this day eight days, about all what the uncomplaining *darling* went through, whilst murdering with grief at your absence; only myself had rather not be saying things to choke you with more affliction, now 'tis kilt with sorrow I see you."

All which Dennis now implied, so overpowered the feelings of Bouverie with anguish, and panting anxiety to go and throw himself at the feet of his wife, to implore her forgiveness, and plead for a re-union; that Lee in dismay, fearing some dreadful fever would prove the consequence of such agitation, stole away to convey an entreaty to Falkland to return to his poor master as speedily as possibility would admit of it: and the moment Bouverie perceived the absence of Lee, he importuned Dennis to procure some clothes for him, as his were drying, that he might be in readiness to attend the summons of his Adelaide, whom, culprit as he was, he well knew would not long withhold her mercy from him: and Dennis, almost as anxious as Bouverie himself for the resto-

ration of Adelaide's happiness, instantly complied; and from Falkland's wardrobe brought him a supply.

Falkland went immediately from Montagu to the apartments of our poor heroine; when, with fear and trembling, he ventured cautiously to announce, "that a clew to Bouverie had at length been found:—in fact, terror on beholding the windows of her chamber closed, had led him to send for Dennis; who, accompanied by Lee, was gone across in the ferry to him; and that she had better, therefore, prepare her mind to bear with firmness the probability of receiving very shortly some message directly from her husband to herself."

So judiciously Mr. Falkland managed this intelligence, that it did not overpower the susceptible Adelaide, although it shook her frame with agitation's potent tremour; and worlds would she have given, that Falkland himself had gone, lest Lee and Dennis should prove inadequate to the task of luring the poor offender to the house of her uncle.

Falkland having continued with his beloved *élève* as long as he found it necessary,

at length quitted her, to make his communications to Lord De Moreland: and Rosalind remained with Adelaide, until her own impatient curiosity led her to form an excuse for leaving her, that she might hasten to learn from her husband, if he knew more of Bouverie than he had imparted to the susceptible invalid?

And never did Adelaide feel a greater degree of pleasure in the absence of those she disregarded, than she experienced in that of these two beloved friends; for she panted to take her station at a window, since all in her chamber commanded a view of the Surrey bank, where Mr. Falkland's information seemed to imply Montagu's conference with Dennis was to be held.

But Adelaide's expectation was not answered; and after standing to gaze a considerable time, without her hopes being realized of catching even one glimpse of Montagu, she took his portrait from its station in her bosom, pressed it to her lips with fervour, and then proceeded to a closet adjoining, which she made her oratory; and with this picture clasped in her hand, which was now her custom

when she prayed for Montagu, she piously bent her knees, to return her thanksgiving to that Almighty power, Whose corrections she meekly bowed to, Whose mercies she gratefully acknowledged,—for the preservation of her husband: and scarcely were her hands and eyes raised up in devotion's energy, when she heard the door unclose, and Montagu entering, fell at her feet, exclaiming, in an agony of emotion:

“ Oh, Adelaide! pray for me! pray that my contrition may find mercy! and pray that the forgiving influence of Heaven may inspire you, my now adored wife, to pardon me.”

The appeal was too sacred for mortal weakness to interpose with the interdiction of individual feeling. Adelaide firmly grasped her husband's hand, who arose to his knees, and with the sublimated fire of pious fervour irradiating her saint-like countenance, she did as he requested; then in unison they prayed, and then arose, each to clasp the other to fond affection's bosom; for heart to cleave to heart, stamping anew their marriage vows: but now with a stamp indelible.

And now, after many and many a tender embrace, after many a supplication for pardon, and many a tender assurance, “ that where love dwelt, resentment could not be a cherished inmate,” Montagu drew up an outline of his miseries and his adventures, since the subtile Marian had caused their separation; an outline which, when moments of less affecting emotion came, he completely filled up for his idolized wife, and his other friends: but as our readers are not to pass that time with Bouverie, which he found necessary for his humiliating communications, we will take upon ourselves to present it, as, we hope, an acceptable part of our narrative, for the pleasure of gratifying a curiosity, which we should feel mortified, had we failed in awakening.

When Bouverie quitted the regimental ball in Sussex, the firm conviction of the tenderness of Adelaide’s affection for him, cheered the gloom of the journey which bore him from her, who had irrevocably fixed and retaken by her virtues, that heart, which her rival had lost through her deficiency in such mental treasures; and many a fascinating

castle he reared in Hope's perspective, of solid happiness with Adelaide, after he had arranged with Mellifont how to extricate himself from the miseries that oppressed him, and should have thrown himself upon the mercy of his inestimable wife, who had now taught him to feel life, in separation from her, a cheerless gloom: ill, therefore, was he prepared for the appearance of Lady Marian Harley in his apartments at his hotel in London, on his return from the money-lender's he had come up to town to negotiate with once more upon her account; and direful was the presaging pang of anguished horror that assailed his heart, now devoted to Adelaide and virtue, when he saw her there.

Lady Marian, to accomplish her vindictive vow, of separating Montagu and Adelaide, purposely irritated Mrs. Gayville to betray her to the general, and to awaken that tumult of frantic ire in his bosom, to yield to her Machiavelian policy the snare for entailing Bouverie, by presenting herself to him as a disgraced, a discarded wife, who had flown to him, her adorer, for the protection of his honour, his pity, his love,

from her husband's phrensy, her father's vengeance.

And so well did this subtle diabolical perform her part, in fastening on the honour and humanity of Montagu, that although his heart recoiled from her; although it writhed in agonies, threatening annihilation to his senses, and at moments subjugating them, in the direful anguish of yielding up Adelaide for a woman he now almost despised, she yet at length worked upon his feelings, to promise to protect her from her husband's and her father's wrath and vengeance, and to become her companion, her consoler, for all that estimation in the world, her sacrifices to love and him had bereaved her of.

This promise no sooner extorted, than Montagu felt, that happiness was wrested for ever from his grasp; and in all the mental agony of a wretch, despoiled, by transgression, of every hope here and hereafter, he accompanied the wily tempter to the accommodating Mrs. Coleman's beautifully sequestered cottage, a few miles from town, which her ladyship had before occupied on a similar occasion.

And in this now recoiled from retirement, Bouverie endeavoured, with all his powers, to preserve his senses from the distraction threatening them, through his separation from Adelaide; and from the idea of all, he doubted not, she would feel from his strange, his cruel, his inconsistent dereliction of her, in the moment he had proclaimed to her, in all the tenderness of adoration, his heart was all her own. Whilst here, Lady Marian, by every soft blandishment that could allure back former inthralment, strove once more to make him the infatuated slave of passion, and of her.

Nothing, therefore, that was sweet, and gentle, and fascinating, was forgotten by the siren, to retake that heart her own affections clung to; and even the form of beautiful kindness, fondling innocence, she assumed, to assail his admiration by; for on the premises she found an uncommonly pretty, very young lamb, which the old woman who had the care of the house, when it was untenanted, was bringing up tame, as a companion in her often recurring solitude; and this animal she purchased, to aid in her attractions; which was either

placed for slumber on the sofa by her, or in her own snowy arms; and bedecked with ribands, she carried and caressed this favourite Bobby—for so the old dame had named him—and suffered him now to take no food, but what her gem adorned hands presented to him.

But even this sentimentally executed fascination failed in its effect upon Bouverie; and so little flattering appeared the success of her toils, (although the benignity of his nature led him to conceal, as much as possible, from her, the total revolution his sentiments for her had experienced,) that the bitter pangs of her disappointment and mortification seemed to menace her health; and apprehensive of that being attacked, lest it might lead to the destruction of her looks, or to the still less relished possible horror of dying, she determined to return to London, to consult her physician, Doctor Hoodwink, and to be near all her emissaries there, to aid in her political devices.

To Bouverie it was immaterial whither he attended her, for to him the world was now become a dreary void, by his separa-

tion from Adelaide; and to town, therefore, they repaired, and from whence the wretched Montagu immediately wrote to Mellifont; his meeting with whom, as we have already stated, was prevented by the vindictive arm of Lord Dartmoor; who, learning his sister and her paramour were in town, sent a challenge to Bouverie, whom he wounded by the first shot that was fired.

Doctor Hoodwink being second to Bouverie, who felt too much oppressed by shame and contrition to apply to any of his own honourable friends to act this part, in such a cause, this accommodating Proteus immediately conveyed him to Lady Marian, whose real agonies, and distraction, upon first beholding him wounded, with her subsequent display of feeling and tenderness, made considerable impression on his gratitude; and which led him to submit to those little attentions of tenderness from her, which Mellifont, from his anxious watch, had seen her display.

And in this time of Bouverie's helplessness, when his transgression had led him into the toils and the protection of the

dishonourable, Lady Marian possessed herself of every letter that was lying for him, at his agent's, or his banker's; and amongst them was poor Adelaide's forgiving letter of touching kindness, which was the very first her ladyship destroyed.

But, ere the recovery of Bouverie was sufficiently advanced for his breaking from the cage this enchantress had enclosed him in, his cause came on with the rapidity of vengeance and interested management, and enormous damages awarded against him; and it was in the moment after the knowledge had been conveyed to him, of his cause being arranged to come on that very day, that starting from a reverie, and in which from acute feeling he had sunk into a despair-inspired momentary suspension of faculty, his eyes, though fixed on vacuity, seemed to rest on Mellifont, when his friend believed he had seen him, and started away, recoiling at the recognition.

In the evening of this eventful day, Mr. Leech the solicitor, whom Lady Marian had influenced him to place his cause in the hands of, arrived with the account of the damages and costs, when the distress

of Bouverie became infliction, such as his transgression merited ; but vain proved the entreaties of Lady Marian, the expostulations of Mr. Leech, upon the expediency of raising money upon further mortgage of his patrimony, or upon the presumptive reversion of the De Moreland property annexed to the title, to save him from the further vindictive proceedings of General Harley's agents ; who had already sent instructions to have him arrested, if the damages were not promptly paid ; since no power, not even the menace of a jail, could induce Bouverie to make away with any thing that could affect the interests of Adelaide ; all he would part with, was his commission, which he gave instructions to Mr. Leech to put in train to have disposed of ; and the only part of their projects he would attend to, was going out of the way of the impending arrest, until his mind was sufficiently composed to think of some expedient for the payment of this ruinous award, that could not injure the prospects of Adelaide.

Accordingly, the following morning they set out for Coleman's sequestered

cottage, Lady Marian having arranged with Mr. Leech, to circulate the report of their having taken flight abroad; both to mislead the emissaries of her husband's vengeance, and to put a period to the further efforts of Bouverie's friends for seeing him: but the heart-wrung Bouverie, ere his departure from town, contrived, without the knowledge of the wary Marian, to send to his adored Adelaide the moiety of the cash he had drawn from his banker's; which was all that remained of his last mortgage upon his patrimony.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN this second seclusion in their cottage, Lady Marian's attempts at resuming her former influence over the heart of Bouverie were not so totally successful as they were before, since gratitude for her attention to him in his illness, was now a powerful auxiliary in his mind for her; while the witching semblance she now assumed of all that was amiable; with the unslumbering exertions she made, to call to her aid the fascination of all her varied talents, were bearing fast down his recoiling disgust to her presence; and not only teaching him to endure her society without misery, but sometimes even to seek it; until one day, fatal to her ladyship's manœuvres to regain a lost heart, intoxicated by Bouverie's unequivocal admiration during two whole days of her seductive blandishments, she was led, in her blind security, to drop the mask of sensibility she had lately so successfully assumed, to charm him by.

They were summoned to dinner, where the flown appetite of Bouverie, shaming her ladyship's healthful one, compelled her, as usual, to manœuvre, by tasting a variety of dishes, to discover what could tempt her love and anxiety-chased desire for food to return, to gain sufficient for her meal, without disgusting him, as an insensate, who felt too little for his ill health or his dejection, to lose her appetite; and in the performance of this manœuvring, when the removes were brought in, she declared,

“That unless it was to lure, by her example, her beloved to eat, she should not be tempted to touch any of them.”

“La! my lady!” exclaimed her trusty servant John, who was standing behind her chair, “will you not eat some house-lamb? Why, this is a loin of Bobby!”

“Of Bobby!” she repeated, in surprise: “Oh! I must have a bit of poor, gentle Bobby! Since I fed him so well, and so delicately, he must be delicious!—Bouverie, my life! you must have a chop of poor gentle Bobby.”

The recoiling Bouverie declined; and in horrid amazement he beheld her unfalter-

ingly sever the delicate joint of her late favourite, and devour with avidity, declaring it was exquisite;—the thing she had fondled and fed!—until at last, heart-sickened by the scene, which forcibly, painfully brought back, in full reminiscence, the scene, in which the wife he had forsaken for this little less than cannibal, had been subdued by such horror, such affecting grief, on believing she had unconsciously fed on a favourite chicken, he was compelled suddenly to rise from table, declaring he felt a sudden giddiness; and rushing out of the room, fled into the grounds as rapidly as swift running could take him from this disgusting barbarian, until the boundary of the little enclosure terminated his further progress; when down he sunk upon a bench, to contemplate and contrast the two incidents, and the two women, until real terror at the idea of Lady Marian being led, by his declaration of indisposition, to seek him, to disturb his coveted contemplation of his Adelaide's perfections, lent him wings, and he flew over the fence, to ramble up the country, far from the unfeeling Marian.

The moment the horror-sickened Bouverie rushed from the room, Lady Marian, in dire dismay, felt a sudden conviction of the cause; and although unknowing the coincidence of a portentous contrast, she yet felt terror at the idea of the consequence; and although nearly subdued by shame and vexation, and trembling at the mortification she had thus overwhelmed herself by, through her forgetfulness of Bouverie's weakness in the cause of humanity, she, after a moment's perplexing pause, determined, as her only chance of extrication from this embarrassing misdeemeanour, to assail Montagu's gratitude, and lull him into forgetfulness of her inhuman treatment of Bobby's remains, by the exquisite sensibility, and distracted affection, she would display, in alarm and sympathy for his sudden illness: and not waiting to complete her repast, she sallied forth, full freighted with seductive wiles, in pursuit of Bouverie; but Bouverie she could no where find: and at length she returned to the house, enraged, alarmed, and mortified; now fully convinced he had concealed himself to avoid her.

It was not until violent rain began to descend, that Bouverie thought of seeking his way, through the dense veil of night, back to the cottage; where he proved himself, in his turn, as unfeeling as Lady Marian had done, by the most provoking apathy to the fits her ladyship announced herself to have been in, the whole evening, in consequence of his protracted absence, after he had declared himself ill; in so much, that the violence of her temper, which she had held in wonderful subjection since her passion for him had commenced, now burst from control, into the most vehement language of reviling, for his cruelty in first awakening her fears, and then so barbarously disregarding their torturing effects.

Bouverie's feelings being now in a state of irritation, for having suffered himself to be deluded into misery and ruin by a being he now discovered was so unamiable, was in no disposition to submit to her upbraiding; and soon bidding her good night, he retired to the sanctuary of his own dressing-room.

Extremes marked Bouverie's retiring to,

and forsaking, his pillow ; for ere it was clear day he arose, and ordering the carriage, set out for London before Lady Marian was awake ; leaving a note to inform her, “ that being unable to obtain any other conveyance in that sequestered spot, he had been compelled to deprive her of her carriage for that day ; but should his business detain him in town all night, he should take care to have it conveyed back for her use.”

Disguised in a box coat, and with a silk handkerchief across his mouth, and unaccompanied by any one to be a spy upon his actions, Bouverie drove his plain hired carriage to London, resolving to take up his abode for a few days at some obscure hotel or inn where he was unknown ; to await until he effected the accomplishment of his long projected consultation with Mellifont, cutting off all possible clew for Lady Marian’s finding him, until he had power to propose their final separation to her, which he now determined no sophistry of imaginary honour’s bonds, to a radically impure minded and unamiable woman, should longer prevent his effecting ; and

he was sauntering through by-streets, looking for an eligible place to take his station in, when he was applied to by a gentleman to yield the accommodation of his carriage to two ladies, who were thrown by an accident into distress for one.

Bouverie's natural philanthropy, and ready protection for those who could require it, led him instantly to comply with the request, notwithstanding the danger that was now extant against him in the writ of General Harley. But who can paint his agitation, his commingling joy and grief-maddening emotion, when he beheld in one of the ladies his knight-errantry was in requisition for, his adored wife, whom he feared he had for ever estranged himself from by his transgressions; and although his almost palsied trepidation nearly unfitted him to be her charioteer, yet the transport of detaining her near him, and of catching views of her as she quitted or re-entered the carriage, induced him to offer to the footman the use of the carriage for the ladies wheresoever they might wish to go.

The footman naming Mr. Dormer's, awakened his curiosity to learn what Mr.

Dormer's Adelaide could be possibly going to in so obscure a situation ; when hearing from his box companion it was the Earl of Ixworth's youngest son, his increased amazement, combining with his wish to obtain a nearer view of his now idolized wife, induced him to quit his box ; when he put some questions to a female gossip, attracted from her shop to observe " the gentry ;" and amongst others : " Had she not often seen that carriage at Mr. Dormer's door?" for Lady Marian had frequently told him, when he was recovering from his illness, to excuse her absence, while she was carrying on her infamous politics, in further fascinating her long enamoured suitor the Marquis of Greenland, " that she was going to see her poor brother Charles."

The negative of this woman, by awakening suspicion of Marian's veracity, led him into a reverie upon the subject ; in which he accidentally leaned against the palisades of Mr. Dormer's house, where the dulcet voice of his beloved Adelaide arrested his most earnest, most rivetted attention, when from the stillness of the court he distinctly

heard all that passed, in Mrs. Dormer's account of her Sussex adventures.

Horror now almost annihilated his faculties, in the direfully humiliating anguish of learning the woman he had been led to trespass against his Creator by, and to neglect, and finally to abandon, his inestimable wife for, was all that was execrable in fraud, in injustice, and inhumanity; and with difficulty could he support his frame from falling, overpowered by excessive emotion, whilst agitation's dew-drops gushed from his forehead, and its tremour vibrated every limb, until Adelaide appearing, every faculty seemed new strung; when springing forward to aid her, he touched, he grasped her hand: but there this sudden animation faltered; and dire remembrance of his transgressions, and of the ruin impending over his fortunes, intervened; and subdued, unnerved, he remounted his box.

But unable to guide the reins, and with a heart thrilling with love, and anguished by despair, he sat by the substitute he had yielded the whip to in agitated silence; until his wish to hear, if possible, how Adelaide bore his dereliction of her, led him to

mention her to John, whose information of Lord De Moreland's return, and intention of dissolving the marriage of Adelaide, and uniting her to the Duke of St. Kilda, plunged daggers into his susceptible, his adoring heart; and awakening all the phrensy there of his long dormant jealousy, his nerves again resumed their energy; and snatching the reins from John, he almost galloped on, in eager speed to get rid of this "cruel and inconstant Adelaide," whom he now believed had discovered him at Mr. Dormer's door, and had scornfully extricated her hand from his; and having almost frantically turned away from Lord De Moreland's house, without deigning to look at her, who was listening to the persuasions of her uncle to give herself to another, he stopped at the first hotel he observed; where obtaining, by the hostler's recommendation, a careful coachman, to take the carriage back to the cottage of Mrs. Coleman, he then, with his small portion of luggage, proceeded in a hackney coach to an obscure inn, to elude the pursuit of Lady Marian: but the emissaries of her husband he was not so suc-

cessful in avoiding; the carriage was known in the stable yard by a person who gave intimation of it to the bailiffs who were in search of Bouverie; who, by means of the hackney coach he had been conveyed in, traced him to his new abode the succeeding day, when they served the writ, and Montagu was lodged in Newgate.

The moment almost this arrest was effected, Mr. Leech had intimation of it; and Lady Marian being then at his chambers, came up to town in pursuit of Bouverie: they proceeded instantly to his prison, where Lady Marian, whose distress was now no acting, strove with all her powers to persuade him to take apartments in the jail, where she could be his companion.

But to this proposition Montagu proved inexorable: he told her, "He had now nothing left him to purchase superfluous comforts: they had taken Coleman's cottage for three months, therefore she must reside in that, while he must content himself with a residence in a common prison room." When upon her ladyship expostulating, and touching upon the extent of

income he possessed through his wife, he indignantly replied, "that two thirds of his income he had dedicated, for the remainder of his life, to the use of his angel wife, who should never know pecuniary distress; whilst the remainder must suffice for her and himself, whether in union or separation."

A most violent paroxysm of jealous phrensy now assailed her ladyship, at such unjust partiality evinced for Adelaide's comforts; and the appellation of angel awakened such ire, that they parted again most unharmoniously. But the succeeding day, and every subsequent one he remained in prison, the most conciliating letters of adoring adulation were despatched to him from her ladyship, and filled with importunities to make arrangements for her joining him in town.

But at length Adelaide succeeded in her husband's liberation; who in amazed perplexity departed from his prison, all anxiety to discover who upon the surface of the earth could have befriended so faulty a being to so considerable an amount; and the delicacy towards his feelings evinced

in the management but increasing his solicitude to learn who had done this for him; for even Lord De Moreland his suspicions never glanced at; assured that he must feel too much resentment against him, which his intention of dissolving his niece's marriage but too fully indicated, for him to have proved his benefactor.

Bouverie hastened from Newgate to the Hummums, where engaging lodgings, he next proceeded to Mr. Probey's; in the almost forlorn hope of finding Mellifont in town: but when he returned to the Hummums, he found a letter from Lady Marian awaiting him, forwarded thither from his late place of "*durance vile*," to announce to him the immense bequest of a friend, whom she had not even seen for years, the Marquis of Greenland, to her; and offering now to share all her wealth with him.

This letter, a most specious composition, indicative of ardent affection and generosity of sentiment, determined Bouverie to change his project of waiting for Mellifont to arrange the most delicate plan for dissolving this now bitterly repented and recoiled from connexion; for now such afflu-

ence was hers, the horror was removed of the ungenerous inhumanity of forsaking her in that degraded situation her passion for him had sunk her to; and he would no longer hesitate in proceeding to Coleman's cottage, to express his gratitude, and announce those feelings which propelled him to a separation.

But, ere he set out on this unpleasant undertaking, he called on Mr. Leech, to learn if he could initiate him in any mode of device for discovering who the individual was who had liberated him from prison? when this wary friend of Lady Marian's, finding Bouverie as much in ignorance as himself of who had done it, resolved to twine the circumstance into a chaplet of honour for Lady Marian's brow; and, after much artful management, suffered himself to be lured into an acknowledgment, "that her ladyship had been his generous friend upon this occasion, having by an enormous premium raised that sum upon her great bequest;" and then implored him, "not to betray having learned the circumstance from him; since, through delicacy to his feelings, in sparing him the

mortification of having it known to the world that she had paid off the damages which she had entailed upon him, Lady Marian had determined her part in the transaction should remain an impenetrable secret to all, but those who had executed his liberation for her.

This intelligence almost annihilated the senses of Bouverie: he felt penetrated with gratitude for the generosity, which had prompted this fond woman to emancipate him from prison; and by the delicacy which actuated its concealment he was more forcibly affected; yet not for ten thousand worlds would he owe her this pecuniary obligation; his honour recoiled from the suggestion it might give birth to; and he became as resolutely determined to raise heaven and earth to pay this enormous debt to Lady Marian, as he before had been to partake in no way of the accession of wealth which had devolved to her.

Bouverie, now all wild impatience to break this now to him every way obnoxious connexion, hastened from Mr. Leech's chambers, to the cottage inhabited by

Lady Marian; where a scene was played off against his feelings, which, had he been less firmly attached to his wife, must have subdued his intentions of separation: but love for Adelaide shielded his heart, and dispersing the clouds of former infatuation, allowed unbiassed judgment its full influence; and all Lady Marian obtained by the force of her pathetic appeals, her melting supplications, her alluring blandishments, was an extorted promise, not to break from her so instantaneously as he had announced; and to allow her pride, if he would make no sacrifice to her wounded love, to permit her to wear the appearance of quitting him; which she would do in a day or two, by her removal to Gloucester Place, where she should always receive him as her dearer self.

To the circumstance of her liberation of him Lady Marian pleaded innocence; but in a manner so artfully equivocal, that not a doubt remained upon the mind of Bouverie of Mr. Leech's intelligence being authentic; and admiration of her extreme delicacy and generosity upon this point, presented him with an obscuring veil to

shade the great glare of those deformities he had discovered in her disposition.

But the separation he had been hired into a promise of effecting gradually, Bouverie was anxious to commence; and therefore he announced an appointment in town the following morning, which must take him there: Lady Marian, too, had an appointment, she said, with Mr. Leech, relative to her new mansion; and therefore she would accompany him to London; where, as soon as they arrived, the impatient Bouverie bade her adieu, to go, he said, upon that important business which had drawn him from the cottage.

And it was important business he now set out upon, for it was to devise some method of raising money; since the more he reflected, the more his feelings revolted from a pecuniary obligation to Lady Marian of such a nature. It was true he had drawn, and raised for her, from time to time, nearly a moiety of his debt to her; but these sums his generosity prompted him to consider as the offerings of his gallantry: and now almost distracted by his perplexity how to raise the requisite sum without involving

Adelaide in his ruin, he flew on the wings of his impatience to the money broker who had aided him before; but not finding him, he was slowly pacing his way homeward, his thoughts all absorpt by the ruin of his affairs, the destruction of his happiness, all brought on by his own transgressions; when suddenly the voice of Lady Marian hailed him, as she ran out of a shop, from whence she had obtained a view of him as he passed.

“ My life !” she softly whispered, “ you must come in here to assist my taste with yours in ordering my service of plate.”

Although Bouverie’s thoughts were wandering through mazes of mortgages, ruin, and misery, he almost instinctively complied; and scarcely for some moments knowing one silver thing from another, that her ladyship had brought to him for his opinion; but in the same sort of inattentive apathy to what was passing, giving his approbation to every thing, with a hope of being sooner emancipated; and when at length he believed himself so, and that he was hastening from her, whose presence was now become hateful to him, her lady-

ship stopped him, that he might pass his judgment upon another purchase she had some idea of making.

“ But we must go up stairs for this inspection,” she added, taking his arm to follow a guide. “ There is here for sale a most splendid property of jewels, disposed of no later than last Wednesday, to Messrs. ———, by a lady in distress : so I may get them cheap.”

“ Poor thing !” exclaimed Bouverie, recoiling from the idea of beholding such a sacrifice to necessity ; and still more from the idea of the hoped-for advantage from the distress of another.—“ But,” he added, “ may I ask what species of distress called for such a sacrifice ?”

“ I do not exactly know, sir,” replied the man, who was preceding them ; “ but there was great despatch required in lodging the purchase money ; therefore we conclude it was to save her husband from imprisonment for some gambling debt.”

At this moment they entered the room ; where, deposited in a glass case, Bouverie beheld, set out in appalling array, the well-remembered jewels of his own wife.

“ Twenty-two thousand pounds Messrs. ——— gave for them,” said the man who attended.

Bouverie, from the sum, and the day the jewels were disposed of, could entertain no doubt of what they were disposed of for: and so direful was the tumult of anguished feeling, which this unexpected view of treasure thus sacrificed, of conviction thus conveyed, of how surpassing were the gems of Adelaide's mental mines, awakened in his bosom, that every power of reason seemed at once suspended, except in its stimulating his wish to greater eagerness of escaping from the sorceress Marian; the deceitful usurper of Adelaide's transcendent generosity; she who would have purloined from sterling worth its merit; and without a comment, but what his eyes conveyed by one contemptuous look at Lady Marian, he darted like a maniac down the stairs, and into the street; jostling every one who impeded his progress, like one possessed, until he arrived at a stand of coaches, into one of which he vaulted, and ordering the coachman to drive with the rapidity of his fleetest pace to the ——— Hotel, in a

tone that proclaimed he must be obeyed, he soon was there; where, in terror lest the diabolical Marian should arrive ere he could effect his project, he with almost frantic speed wrote his farewell to her ladyship; since now he felt, from her last deception, that every tie that could have bound him to her one moment longer was broken; and dismissing the valet who had succeeded Lee, he proceeded in a hackney coach to the court where Mr. Dormer lived; where he had recollection of having seen a lodging bill upon a respectable looking house, and where he immediately took up his abode.

CHAPTER XV.

BOUVERIE'S mind had been in too great a tumult to form any plan, or any consequence from his plan, when he established himself in —— Court; he only remembered he had seen Adelaide there, and his heart whispered that there again he might behold her; and in this retreat he hoped unmolested to wipe from the records in Heaven's chancery, by his deeply felt contrition, the fell page of his transgressions; and to become, by his true penitence, worthy of the pure love of the immaculate Adelaide; who he now fondly believed, by her sacrifice of jewels for him, would never enter into Lord De Moreland's view of dissolving her marriage vow.

In this retreat, therefore, Montagu shed the genuine tears of penitence, and breathed the firm aspirations of sincerity for pardon; and in this seclusion traced and retraced the conduct of Adelaide through every trial since she had become a wife, until veneration for her sublimated virtues, and

gratitude for all her exalted generosity and forbearance to him, so mingled with his adoration of her, that his attachment at length assumed the enthusiasm of the most romantic passion; and yet, though wretchedness marked each moment of his separation from her, he made no attempt to promote their union; for now, in the refinement of his idolatry, he determined to emulate her in generosity, and leave her uninfluenced by his appeals to her pity or her mercy, to aggrandize herself by this talked-of marriage, if her heart could lead her to it.

But it was only in theory Bouverie found himself thus generous; for the moment his communicative landlady conveyed intelligence to him of Adelaide's intended marriage with the Duke of St. Kilda, and coming through a channel he thought authentic, his agony in the idea of losing Adelaide almost subdued his reason; and in a wild tumult of his frantic terrors, he determined to brave even the stern reproaches of Lord De Moreland, and penetrate his way through every obstacle to her presence, to claim her as

his, whom only death could divide him from.

The result of that determination our readers already are informed of; and with his purloined treasure, his heart-cherished though heart-riving treasure, the portrait of his Adelaide's form, the portrait of her affection by herself delineated in her hoped-for, looked-for expectation of his return, he hastened to his lodgings; with the misery added to his other woes, of Lord De Moreland's marriage sealing the ruin of his inestimable Adelaide's prospects; a ruin commenced and sealed by his misdeeds: and now more heart-wrung through his increase of gratitude to Adelaide for all she had suffered, for all she had done, for all she sacrificed for him, ingrate as he had proved to her, that his mental agonies almost subjugating reason, he resolved to fly from London, and to secure himself from the recognition of every being who had ever known him; for now the marriage of Lord De Moreland, by annihilating every presumptive prospect, stamped the ruin as almost complete which he had involved his inestimable wife in; leaving her for-

tune now their chief source of income ; and he now believed he could never dare to propose a reunion with a being he had so injured : and to his misanthropic plan of shunning all who knew him, he was not a little propelled by the stings of wounded friendship ; since not knowing Mellifont was on an anxious search for him through Jersey, when his last summons to him reached Kent, believed this friend, fastidiously recoiling from his transgressions, had ceased to regard him.

But, even though under the dominion of despair and misanthropy, the influence of Adelaide in his bosom led him intuitively to her neighbourhood ; and in the vicinity of Twickenham, in a sequestered cottage at Ham, he took up his abode ; where, with the picture of Adelaide for his cherished companion, he passed his hours, when not at his romantickly inspired station in the islet, from whence he could command a full view of the dwelling of his Adelaide.

But Adelaide he beheld not ; for she had not commenced her anxious watch in the grounds for Montagu, until he had, in the swampy haunt his love had led him to,

caught a severe cold, which confined him to his bed for several days; from which he was not sufficiently recovered to venture out, until the very morning which led him auspiciously to his reunion with his adored wife; (for the glove found had been dropped by him before the first visit of Dennis to the islet, whose observation it had before occupied :) and long he had not sauntered on the bank to view the dwelling which contained his earthly treasure, until the placard of Dennis arrested his attention; when instantly, from the peculiar expressions it contained, recognising Dennis O'Rourke as its author, he identified every allusion at once; and in frantic terror rushing forward to gain the ferry, to brave every possible mortification, and present himself at Lord De Moreland's door for admission, in passing parallel with the grounds, he caught the figure of Falkland walking, as if borne down with a weight of overpowering sorrow, upon the opposite bank: and to assure himself it was really this early, this estimable friend, he made a pause, when the closed shutters of the apartments he concluded still were

Adelaide's, rivetted his attention ; and in horrid conviction of serious illness, as implied by the placard, was the cause, he plunged at once into the Thames, to expedite that information his heart panted in anguished solicitude to obtain.

All that intervened from Bouverie's effecting his landing on the lawn, to the moment which Dennis brought him a supply of clothes, we have already mentioned ; we have, therefore, next to say, that as soon as he was dressed, Montagu took his station in a bay-window, which commanded a view of Adelaide's chamber, when instantly he beheld his wife herself, standing at an open shutter, gazing so intently on the opposite bank, she observed him not.

This unexpected view of her, his heart now panted to pay its liege homage to, subdued at once the voice of prudence in his bosom ; and with the impetuosity of ardent feeling, eager to seek its reconciliation and its haven of earthly happiness, he darted into the veranda which surrounded this floor, and flew along it to the spot where he beheld his Adelaide ; but the

winter accumulation of bolts upon the French window he had emerged from, had so delayed him, that he arrived not at our heroine's window until she had just turned from it, and was in the act of drawing his picture from its asylum to press it to her lips: and now finding her window according with his wishes unbolted, he gently unclosed it, and concluding from the time Falkland had been absent, he must have prepared her for seeing him, he unhesitatingly followed her to her oratory, where the employment he found her in changed the impulse of his heart from the embrace of love, to a sacred inspiration, giving to their reunion a solemn character, awfully impressive as that in which their marriage vows were registered.

Mrs. Falkland at length, commissioned by Lord De Moreland and her husband, returned to the chamber of Adelaide, to announce to her that Bouverie had consented to see Falkland, who was in consequence gone to him; when not finding her there, and concluding she was in her closet, fortifying her firmness by a sovereign power, forbore to interrupt her, until

her absence was so long protracted, that she and Obearn began to shelter apprehensions of her being ill; when anxious to ascertain the fact, Rosalind gently unclosed the closet door, where, to her joy and amazement, she beheld the loved object of their tender care in the encircling arms of her husband, her head resting on his palpitating bosom, whilst intently she listened with agitated affection to the painful confessions he was making.

So absorpt was their attention by their feelings, that Rosalind disturbed them not; who only waiting to announce to Obearn, that the dreaded interview had taken place without subduing Adelaide, proceeded to the library with this intelligence to his lordship and her husband.

Falkland covered his face with his hand to conceal from observation the rapturous tears of gratitude to Heaven, which sprung to his eyes to tremble their feeling tribute there, upon this joyful event so happily effected; whilst Lord De Moreland starting from his seat, took several hasty turns about the room before he could conquer his emotion sufficiently to articulate—

“What an incongruous animal is man!—Who could have imagined this miscreant truant, whom a few hours ago I would have pronounced my most bitter malediction against, should have power, by his return, to palpitate my heart with rapture’s tumult; to fill my eyes with joyful tears? But it is not for him, for his happiness, I am agitated, I am overjoyed. No, my friends, no, it is for my Adelaide, my cruelly used child’s preservation, which I trust this reunion will ensure, her happiness, which I hope it will promote.

“Dear, dear child!” continued his lordship, after a thoughtful pause; “she will feel, sensibly feel, the awkward situation of her husband, upon his return amongst us: he, of course, will find his situation comfortless, where every friend of hers he must consider as prejudiced observers: but that I should not mind—no, mark me, Falkland, Mrs. Falkland, I care nothing for his feelings; his wife’s feelings only concern me; and as I know every thing that can wound him, will inflict agonies upon her, we must spare her every pang now, for Heaven knows she has had her

share of sorrow ; and as I will not see him at present, and not wishing to pain her susceptible bosom by proclaiming to the domestics her husband must not presume to appear before me, I will set off immediately to town ; and I think it would be more comfortable for all parties, if you would follow me in a couple of hours to Berkeley Square, there to abide until my child has recovered the effect of all her wretchedness sufficiently to bear a journey into Kent.

“ As you will leave her here in the care of Mr. Dee and Obearn, you can have no fears of her not being properly attended to ; and still you can see her daily, Falkland ; and when you pronounce her equal to it, she shall remove to De Moreland Castle, which, poor child, shall now be her own ; because I know, for melancholy reasons, she likes that place beyond any other that I have ; and we will all go into Kent : but I will be your guest, Falkland ; for I will not be Montagu’s until he proves, incontestably proves to me, he appreciates the value of that treasure I so heedlessly bestowed upon him.”

Falkland pronounced the delicacy of Lord De Moreland's plan demanded an unhesitating acquiescence in it; and though but a few hours before, in his depression of spirits, he apprehended every danger in the case of Adelaide, he now, on the pinions of new-born hope for her happiness, soared at once into the regions of certainty of her recovery.

But, ere this prompt removal could take place, it was necessary to apprise the just reunited pair of it, when Rosalind once more presenting herself at the closet door, playfully demanded—

“If Montagu Bouverie was a Christian knight, ready to make peace with one who had once declared herself his mortal foe?”

Montagu, disturbed from his intoxicating innovation of love and happiness, and from his tender support of the forgiving listener to his confessions, started forward, and answered the beautiful herald of wished-for peace, by a fervent kiss of gratitude.

“Heyday!” exclaimed the blushing Rosalind, “this is a new system of politics, to sign the treaty ere you investigate the preliminaries.”

“ Adelaide is now my lawgiver,” he replied, “ and from her I have acquired my zest for pacific measures.”

“ A goose-cap-turtle ! who has made peace with you, I warrant,” replied Rosalind laughing, “ without one single term.”

“ Your pardon,” responded Adelaide, half-smiling, half-weeping, “ the term of our hearts’ treaty is for life.”

“ Well,” said Rosalind, “ and as in such amicable times you require no allies, we are going to march off our forces.”

Montagu and Adelaide requested an explanation, which Mrs. Falkland promptly gave them ; when, although they both experienced a pang at Lord De Moreland’s protracted forgiveness, yet in his delicately arranged consideration for Bouverie’s feelings, they augured all that was auspicious of future clemency.

Falkland now entered to speak his heart-inspired congratulations to his tenderly loved *élève*, and his cordial welcome to her truant husband ; and after leaving a thousand anxious directions relative to the care of Adelaide’s health, he, according to the arrangements of Lord De Moreland, set

out with his Rosalind, and his boys, to take up their temporary residence in Berkeley Square.

By the departure of their friends, Montagu and Adelaide were left to a *tête-à-tête* dinner; but the agitation of their minds upon their almost unexpected deliverance from desponding misery to a bright prospect of every happiness, proved banquet enough for them; and the now almost joy-maddened Dennis had once more to remove a meal nearly untouched by the *darling*; but not as heretofore with an aching heart he did so, for now in the tender tones and ardent gaze of Montagu he read the power of Marian was annihilated, and that the "jewel of the world" was now unrivalled sovereign of her husband's affection.

Lee, as happy as Obearn and Dennis in the bright prospect of felicity opened to his dear master and his inestimable wife, was absent during dinner, gone to discharge Montagu's obscure lodgings, and collect his baggage.

"Adelaide! my own Adelaide!" said Montagu, the moment Lee brought to him the highly prized picture he had purloined

from Berkeley Square ; “ you will, I trust, finish this sweet, but heart-riving semblance of yourself for me.

“ But, my love,” continued Montagu, with panting breath and tremulous tones, “ now we are upon the subject of pictures, may I ask, whose was so honoured by your tender caresses just as I summoned sufficient courage to present your culprit husband before you this morning?”

Adelaide drew his own miniature from its concealment, and asked him “ if he could discover the original?”

“ Oh! what an exquisite painting this is!” exclaimed Montagu, blushing to the ears with rapture at his picture having been so prized by her. “ But, even enchantress as you are, how came you by this resemblance of me?—I never sat for my portrait, Adelaide.”

“ But my anxious artist stole many a secret look at you, Montagu, to oblige me with this treasure,” responded Adelaide, blushing in her turn with pleased emotion—“ I was the humble artist who succeeded, because my ardent wishes led me to success.”

Bouverie clasped her to his bosom.—

“ And you drew my picture, flatteringly drew my picture,” he exclaimed, “ when I deserved your hatred and contempt! But where could you have painted it?”

“ In Sussex.”

“ In Sussex !” he repeated ; “ in Sussex ! where I afforded you so little opportunity of even recollecting I had a countenance to portray !”

“ Ah ! but I have an excellent memory upon subjects that trace their impressions upon my heart, Montagu,” she answered, with a smile of fascinating sweetness.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was soon after breakfast the succeeding morning, that the sun looking brightly cheering, and the air invitingly mild, induced Montagu to propose to Adelaide to try and take one turn upon the lawn.

Adelaide, with an enchanting smile of mingled gratitude and tenderness, assented, and then left him to proceed to her dressing-room to equip for her walk: but scarcely had five minutes elapsed since her departure, when Bouverie, all ear to hail the sound of her panted-for return, heard her utter a faint shriek indicative of terror, when agonized with promptly awakened alarm for her safety, he wildly rushed forward to her aid, and found her in the ante-chamber to the saloon he had been awaiting her return in, standing pale and trembling with dismay listening to Lee, who ceased his communications the moment he beheld his master; for he had been revealing to our heroine what he had feared to impart to Bouverie, and which, unguardedly con-

veyed, had drawn from Adelaide a coward shriek of trembling apprehension, which the agitated Montagu soon obtained an explanation of, when in reply to his agonized inquiries he learned, that Lady Marian Harley had taken the very next house, which had been for some time untenanted, and was just arrived to take possession of her new abode."

"Ah! Adelaide," exclaimed Montagu, with a blush of mortification, and a keen pang of deeply wounded feeling, "although too conscious I merit suspicion, can you believe that she retains one particle of necromantic power to draw me now from you?"

"I fear not her influence over you, believe me," Adelaide replied; "but 'tis her dire necromancy in drawing me from you, that makes me tremble, Montagu."

Bouverie supplicated for an explanation of allusions, to him so inexplicable; and Adelaide was parleying to be excused from entering on unpleasant explanations, and referring him to Mellifont to learn her escape from Lady Marian's vengeful hatred, when a loud peal of the gate-bell electri-

fied the now nervous Adelaide, who, with intuitive promptitude, threw herself into her husband's arms, clinging to him with tremulous eagerness, as if to secure herself in his protection from some expected outrage.

“ Oh! Adelaide! Adelaide!” exclaimed the heart-wrung Bouverie, “ no common cause of terror made this impression on you; I therefore implore you reveal the villany which can agitate you thus, from apprehension of its repetition.”

The door was now thrown open, to admit Falkland and Mellifont, where Bouverie now stood with anxiety-agonized countenance, tenderly supporting his trembling wife; when Falkland, prone to anticipate alarm where Adelaide was in question, flew forward to ascertain what caused the present scene; when Montagu explained; and as he gratefully pressed the hand of Mellifont, entreated him “ to delay not that communication Adelaide had referred him to him for:” and nothing now being able to curb the impatience of Bouverie to learn the cause of his wife's dismay, he retired to an adjoining room

with Mellifout to hear it; leaving the anxious guardian to question his beloved ward upon the important subject of her health; and those queries answered, Adelaide hastened to inform him of Lady Marian's vicinity, and of her own eager wish to fly immediately to the security of De Moreland Castle, from her ladyship's vindictive machinations, if he thought such a measure could be adopted without wounding the feelings of her husband, as if she longer entertained apprehensions of their new neighbour's influence over him.

But ere Falkland had time to articulate his opinion on the subject, Bouverie, fully informed of the dire plot attempted against Adelaide, rushed into the room with a frame convulsed by horror and dismay, to importune Falkland "to permit him to set out with Adelaide that very moment to De Moreland Castle, to secure her from the possible vindictive malice of the diabolical fiend, whom he had so weakly, so madly, so wickedly allowed to tempt him from the protection of his angel wife, leaving thus to her the power of attempting her infernal vengeance."

“ My dear Bouverie,” said Falkland, “ I wish Adelaide to be removed from the possibility of encountering an alarm of this vindictive woman’s creating ; but I trust we need not be so prompt in the measure of her removal, as to make it an immediate one. To-morrow, or the day after, I trust will be time enough to take our dear invalid upon this journey of security ; and in the intervening moments possibly you may find employment ; since this woman openly arriving to be your neighbour, strikes me as if she did not consider your letter of farewell, the final decision of your separation ; that she affects still to consider her having claims upon your honour, your protection ; and that she means thus to adhere in annoying vicinity, until you make some settlement perhaps upon her, which her avarice may suggest your generosity should bestow.”

“ But,” exclaimed Bouverie, wringing his hands in an agony of remorse, “ I have nothing left to make a settlement upon her without infringing upon the remaining comforts of my inestimable wife ; for—Oh, sir ! oh, my Adelaide ! forgive my mad ca-

reer of transgressing folly, and do not despise me for it; but I have deeply mortgaged my patrimony for this rapacious diabolical monster!"

Adelaide, starting from her seat, flew to her husband, enclosed him in her arms, and hid upon her faithful, tender bosom, the burning blushes of his shame.

"Montagu," said Falkland mildly, after a pause, in which the affecting action of Adelaide had melted down the rising censures of unclouded judgment, at such infatuated, such an unworthy sacrifice of property. "Montagu, you shall not condescend to see this rapacious, this diabolical seducer: Mellifont and I will be your agents; we will immediately wait upon her, to assure her your farewell letter was your final adieu; and believe we have enmity sufficient in our bosoms against her, to be watchful of your interest and your fame, in any negotiation we may find it necessary to hold with her."

"Shall we not go, Montagu, immediately go, to free you from this scorpion?" demanded Mellifont anxiously.

"Oh, yes! yes! Bouverie replied, "my true,

my kind, my lenient friends, go I implore you, and emancipate me from this monster's claims. I had intended, although the freaks of indiscriminating fortune has raised her to affluence, to give up to her, as answering that demand her fatal attachment to me might have upon my honour or generosity, the various sums I have from time to time lent her."

"And why should that intention know a change?" said Adelaide.

"Oh! Adelaide, does not suspicion, amounting almost to certainty, rest upon her, as the pitiless fabricator of the most direful project that ever demoniac malice formed against immaculate innocence?"

"But it is only suspicion; can never be more than suspicion, Montagu; and for worlds I would not have your generosity arraigned, in your pecuniary transactions with a woman who sacrificed her fair fame to you."

"The sacrifice of her fair fame to me, although voluntary, has proved the adamant chain that dragged me from my exquisite happiness, to my ruin," said Bouverie, gratefully pressing her hand;

but your affecting kindness, your tender interest for my fame, must not, my generous Adelaide, sway my ambassadours, in allowing that ruin to be more complete."

Falkland and Mellifont being impatient to go upon their important mission, which they were in full power to make a definitive one, by the confessions of the miscreants whom Ferret had rescued poor Adelaide from, now hastened their departure; and Bouverie proceeded with his lovely wife upon their walk.

Bouverie, now left to the society of the time-beguiling idol of his reclaimed affection, felt amazed at the prompt return of his ambassadours; and conceiving they could have had no time for final decision in so short an interview, experienced a sensation of chagrin when he saw them re-enter the saloon, where he had been returned with his lovely companion, from their walk, some time.

Adelaide read upon the countenance of her guardian an auspicious smile; and although she longed to hear all that had passed, she, through delicacy to her hus-

band, made an effort to depart, but which Montagu himself prevented.

“ Then,” said Falkland, “ I need no longer hesitate in declaring the result of our embassy ; and knowing your principles, Bouverie, will even venture my congratulations to them, at the expense of your vanity. The innocence of Lady Marian was not, although her fair fame was, I can with certainty affirm, sacrificed to you.”

The radiancy of unequivocal joy rushed in mantling expression to the countenance of Bouverie, who grasping the hand of Falkland, and almost panting for breath, entreated him “ to remove that direful weight from the catalogue of his offences.”

“ I will soon exonerate you,” responded Falkland ; “ but let my narrative of our legation lead you to this consolation.—As it occurred to me, that possibly, if I announced my name, from being the guardian of your wife, her ladyship might probably not admit me ; therefore, when the gate was opened, I sent in word, ‘ that Mr. Mellifont, and another friend of Colonel

Bouverie's, requested an interview with Lady Marian Harley.'

"The servant who admitted us, one of her new establishment, not knowing Colonel Bouverie, and inattentive to what I said, announced us as Mr. Mellifont and Colonel Bouverie : by which fortunate mistake, we were instantly admitted ; when, to my amazement, in Lady Marian Harley I discovered an old patient : but as Mellifont, from his profession, I made precede me, I recovered my surprise-chased self-possession, ere here ladyship's eye glanced from Mellifont to me."

"But the moment Lady Marian beheld me, she started in dismay, and her rouge faded in alarm upon the fear-blanchéd ground beneath it : but as I betrayed no emotion to announce recognition, although she looked astonishment, she was duped by my apparent lapse of memory ; when, to veil the cause of her confusion, she haughtily attacked Mellifont, for meanly smuggling himself into her presence under an assumed name."

"Mellifont explained, and I hastened to inform her ladyship, 'that as the recon-

ciliation and reunion of Colonel and Mrs. Bouverie had happily taken place, under the auspices of their mutual friends, I was deputed by the Colonel to announce this circumstance to her, as one that must preclude their ever meeting more.'

" Her ladyship now responded in as fine a burst of eloquence as ever Cicero treated an audience with; and being really affected by the news I had communicated, since by her change of countenance I perceived she knew not that you had arrived at Twickenham before her, it gave pathos to her plaint against your barbarity, in this ungenerous dereliction, 'when you had been her seducer from the path of innocence; when for you she had sacrificed her fame, and had become unfaithful to an adoring, exemplary husband, whom, until she had been seduced by you to inconstancy, she had tenderly adored.'

" Oh! madam," I exclaimed, " and do you utter all this to me, who attended you through a dreadful illness, which took place soon after an accouchement of yours, which occurred in about a year and a half after General Harley had left you to proceed to

Malta? Before me, who traced you to your three weeks' *tête-à-tête* with Sir Edward Tankerville, whose affinity to the babe, who lies interred in Seaview Churchyard, as the child baptized as the offspring of Edward and Marian Scudamore, I can readily understand."

"Defaming wretch!" she exclaimed, almost suffocating with rage and emotion, "I know you not! you never before beheld me!"

"Nay, nay, dear madam," I replied, "force not my gratitude to ebulliate into proclaiming your flattering predilection in my favour, and to produce letters of passion's inspirations, conceived for me, through my attention and tender care of you in your dangerous illness, as you expressed yourself in obliging billets, which I own I have not since destroyed, through a presentiment, I believe, of their proving of advantage to the substantiating facts; for even then, ingrate as I was, I suspected the lady, who honoured my gallantry at the expense of my morals, was not in her proper person at Seaview, or in her subsequent seclusion at Willesborough."

“ Her ladyship now went off into as grand a display of hysterics, as ever was exhibited on any stage; when I coldly advised her, ‘ not to proceed; since it would only fatigue her; and unfit her for a speedy removal from that very delightful villa; which, through gratitude for her former flattering opinion, I now recommended to her, ere Lord De Moreland come up to the price of Mrs. Coleman the elder, for her acknowledgment of who her employer was, in forming the diabolical plot of trepanning Mrs. Bouverie into the infernal power of Mrs. Nightshade.’ ”

“ ‘ All the subordinate agents in this direful project, madam,’ I added, ‘ are in custody, even to this aforesaid Mrs. Coleman, who is to be brought up for examination again to-morrow; when means may be found, should Lord De Moreland’s gold fail in unlocking her lips, to make her become more explicit than she has been.’ ”

“ And now the fit of Lady Marian was no counterfeit: she fainted, through conscious terror; nor, much as I abhor her, was I so deficient in humanity as to leave her, until I recovered her from it; nor should

I have subdued her to it, by my intimation of the impending peril of Mrs. Coleman's confession, only I knew it must be a measure more consonant to your feelings, and Adelaide's, to send her quietly from her country, far out of the way of further annoying you ; than, by consigning her to the hands of justice, make the matter public, and lead to new animadversions upon late unpleasant transactions."

Bouverie was so shocked by this dire climax to the mental deformities, which had been gradually unfolded to his view, since she herself had first removed the veil of infatuation from his eyes, of this woman, who had acted like magic upon his senses, perverting his affections, his feelings, his ideas of rectitude ; and who, at length, had led him into deep transgression against his Creator, and her, whom he now felt conviction was the rarest treasure that Heaven, in peculiar partiality, could have bestowed upon a favoured mortal ; that the tender Adelaide, alarmed for his health, entreated her guardian to remain to dinner, and Mellifont to prolong

his stay until she and Montagu set out for De Moreland Castle.

In about two hours after Falkland had returned from his decisive visit to the infamous Marian, Dennis brought in the certain intelligence of her ladyship and suite being gone off to town; and bills, to denote it was to be let, again put up on the villa, which Lady Marian had taken for a year.

Although the vile Marian was well aware the law could not affect her life for the project of villany she had pitilessly formed against the innocent Adelaide, and that she had wealth enough to ward off any inconvenience that money could purchase exemption from; yet knew no sums could buy the suppression of that ignominy, which would be affixed to her name, should the elder Coleman be bribed or compelled to betray her; and therefore she conceived her wisest measure would be, to avail herself of that hint, her penetration led her to develop had been purposely given her, to take herself out of the way of further wounding the peace of her hated rival, and the prosecution should not be carried on against her.

And as her penetration had also long discovered she had lost all interest in the heart of Bouverie, and that his wife was become the treasured idol of his affection, she felt conviction of her having no longer a chance of being reunited to him; and as next to Bouverie she ranked Sir Edward Tankerville in her favour, she determined immediately to set off for Sicily in pursuit of him, whither he had gone to escape his creditors; and as she knew her riches would be most acceptable to him, and not having the fastidious principles of Bouverie, would feel no scruple of partaking of them: and should she fail in her project of persuading him to give her his name, as soon as her divorce from General Harley was accomplished, yet, at all events, she should form an establishment with him, and dash about the continent in dissipation's delightful range, unshackled by restrictions from want of means.

The departure of the infamous Lady Marian ascertained, it was no longer considered necessary for Montagu and Adelaide to make so precipitate a retreat to the asylum of De Moreland Castle; par-

ticularly as Falkland had not yet completed his business with government: and as Mellifont found himself of no utility to his friend at Twickenham, since Adelaide seemed now the world to him, and only possessed power to draw him from those reveries, which, while she was absent, or engaged conversing with others, he fell into; inspired by contrition for his errors, and by despair for the ruin he had so reprehensibly entailed upon the offspring he might be blessed with, returned to London the following morning, to expedite his way back to Seaview, to convey the joyful tidings to his friend William Birch—now able to move about on crutches—“that the living he was about to resign in Kent, for his promotion to that of Roscoville, was intended for him by the benevolent Lord De Moreland.”

Bouverie having his pecuniary difficulties to consult Falkland in the arrangement of, took an early opportunity of advising with him upon the subject; who recommended his giving up half his yearly income to wipe off the mortgages upon his paternal inheritance, whilst he and Adelaide were

young, and could therefore make many sacrifices, without feeling them as such; and whilst the family they had to hope for were comparatively of small expense to them.

The idea of Adelaide making any further sacrifice for him, inflicted a dire pang of anguished suffering upon the grateful, the adoring heart of Bouverie; and as he bewailed the source of such necessity, he, with tears of gratitude and contrition trembling in his eloquent eyes, deplored to her guardian the unworthy cause in which she had so generously yielded up her jewels.

“ I have the pleasure to announce your grief upon that sacrifice being now superfluous, my dear Montagu!” said Falkland, smiling; “ since those jewels, which have served as foils to human excellence, have been for some time past at your banker’s, waiting for Adelaide to recall them to her possession.”

Montagu, almost sickening with the joyfully anticipating hope of Lord De Moreland’s having redeemed them for his generous Adelaide, entreated a prompt explanation.

“ Take a favourable opportunity,” Falkland replied, “ of imparting to our susceptible Adelaide, that her jewels await her acceptance, as an offering of my Rosalind’s affection to her.”

“ Of Mrs. Falkland’s !” exclaimed Bouverie, covering his face, to hide the burning blushes of his contrite shame : “ Oh ! how in every turn do the beauties of virtuous friendship and attachments make me shudder at the recollected deformities of the most specious of the delusive kindnesses of vice !”

“ But remember, Bouverie,” said Falkland, “ when you announce this matter to our Adelaide, that this offering of friendship is Rosalind’s own ; secured for her, ere I returned to bear a part in the suggestion, or the pleasure of accomplishing it.”

And this was true : for the moment Rosalind found Adelaide had despoiled herself of all she had accepted of Mr. Mor-daunt’s bequest to her, her heart formed the wish of restoring them. For a while the idea of all she had suffered in her unworthy abuse of the pecuniary confidence

reposed in her by her husband, operated against this impulse of her generosity and affection: but, after some few hours' disquietude upon the subject, believing that in this act she should only be fulfilling the wish of her husband, did he know the circumstance, she secured the jewels; but yet, without revealing that she had done so to any individual, but the agents she employed in the business: by this means leaving it in the power of Falkland to dispose of the jewels, should he, contrary to her expectations, not feel inclined to present them to his ward.

But in this instance, as in many others, the heart of the husband and wife most perfectly coalesced; and never, the enraptured Falkland told her, "had she been more dear to his heart, never had he felt more exultation in the choice he had made, than when she had, by this action, proved herself so worthy of the pecuniary confidence he had reposed in her."

CHAPTER XVII.

A WEEK now glided by on halcyon wings, unmarked by incidents worth recording; Bouverie finding balm to his wounded spirit in the magic distilled from Adelaide's tenderness; who, on her part, seemed now each day to lose one of those obscuring veils, which sorrow had appeared to accumulate, from the commencement of her wedded misery, to cloud her personal charms and natural vivacity, each new one adding shade to its predecessor; and now, in their removal, restoring gradually the brilliant beams which had been so cruelly eclipsed.

But only this one week after the departure of Mellifont had closed, when a letter arrived by post to Adelaide; and whilst with glowing indignation, not untinctured by alarm, she perused its daring contents, she mentally congratulated herself upon Montagu's being, for a wonder, absent from the room which she inhabited, at the moment of the post's

arrival; and as she received other letters at the same time, she was thrown into no dilemma how to conceal this one from her husband.

This extraordinary epistle was from Mr. Daniel Blackthorn, containing a most unequivocal declaration of love to her; and with the most daring effrontery threatening her, if she did not temporize with her ardent lover, who had the future prospects of her husband completely in his power, and bestow her favour upon him, he would instantly use the power he had obtained, of hurling her from her present exalted situation, by producing proof positive of the man she believed herself lawfully united to, being not only not the heir presumptive of Lord De Moreland, but no Bouverie at all.

Had it not been for the power this presumptuous profligate announced having over the fate of her husband, Adelaide would have treated his insolent and licentious letter with the contempt it merited, of total neglect: but that boasted power awakening alarm of villany, she determined at once to show this profligate's composi-

tion to her guardian ; and a thousand times she wished Mr. Daniel Blackthorn at the Antipodes, for sending his vile threats to cloud with alarm and perplexity the conjugal paradise she had just entered.

At length Falkland and Rosalind arrived to spend the day with this pair, who had now commenced no delusive honey-moon ; and after Adelaide had poured forth the affecting effusions of her gratitude to Mrs. Falkland, for her restoration of Mr. Mor-daunt's bequest to her, she embraced the first opportunity of putting Blackthorn's letter into her guardian's hand ; who, in his turn, took the first unobserved moment to tell her in,

“ That he should keep the letter, since he would answer it.”

“ Oh !” exclaimed Adelaide, turning pale with dismay, “ you do not mean, I trust, to see this miscreant, sir, to—to encounter any peril from him.”

“ No, no, my love !” he replied, “ I shall merely write, to put at once a period to his daring.”

Falkland's reply seemed to have had the desired effect, since nothing for ten days

more was heard of Mr. Daniel Blackthorn.

Lord De Moreland's business with his lawyers, and Falkland's with government, being at length completed, making their presence no longer necessary in town, they became impatient to be on the wing for Kent; when all was promptly arranged for the departure of the two parties; the one for Mordaunt Priory, the other for De Moreland Castle; which, in an affectionate letter from her uncle to Adelaide—for he came not near her, since yet he would not see her husband—he presented to her for her life.

The party destined for Mordaunt Priory, were to have one day's start of Montagu and Adelaide, who, in the evening of the commenced journey of their friends, were sitting in happy *tête-à-tête*, Bouverie mentally wondering how he ever could have been infatuated from his early adoration of his Adelaide; when, at length, led on by this wondering retrospection to the inspirations of his curiosity, he requested his lovely wife to impart to him, how suspicion had first been introduced into her bosom

of another's having usurped her place in his affection? when soon his heart was wrung with agonizing sympathy, with anguished sorrow, with bitter self-upbraiding; and new admiration awakened for the fortitude, magnanimous kindness, generosity, and forbearance, of his ever adoring, long cruelly heart-rived Adelaide, by her narrative of when and how the discovery of his attachment to Lady Marian had been made: for that once told, all the beauty of her conduct, which now in faithful memory he retraced, burst upon his amazed, his admiring view; and if it was possible, his adoring tenderness found an increase from the moment of this recital, and ill prepared him to sustain that menace to the happiness of this idol of his earthly homage, this guide to his eternal bliss, which was announced to him on his arrival at De Moreland Castle, in a letter awaiting him there one day, from his sister-in-law.

Lady Ambrosia having been informed in an epistle from Adelaide, that she was going to De Moreland Castle immediately with her husband, this inconsistent young woman, who adored her cousin whilst she

was a neglected wife, and would have yielded any of her own comforts to give her consolation ; now she was restored to happiness, feeling no scruple at the idea of distressing her, directed her letter there, that it might encounter no delay in following him from Twickenham.

Montagu, surprised by finding a letter from his sister-in-law to him, and fearing, from the circumstance of its novelty, that it must be to announce the dangerous illness of Theodore, hastily severed the seal with the emotion of anticipated evil ; which found a painful increase, as in dismay he read :—

“ My dear *Friend*,

“ Do not let poor Adelaide know that I have written to you, until you have cautiously imparted to her a preparation for the distressing purport of my epistle.

“ You must know that yesterday I was almost petrified by the unexpected appearance of the detestable Daniel Blackthorn, who arrived under the mask of friendship to Theodore ; though he betrayed to my suspecting penetration that it is vengeance

against Adelaide, for confiding something to Mr. Falkland, which he disclosed to her, which has led him to make his extraordinary communications; which amount to no more nor less, than that he knows where papers are deposited which prove you to be an innocent impostor; the child of the man in the moon imposed on Theodore's family by his goodly mother, Lady Emmeline; and that you are not a Bouverie.

“ Theodore, to whom he once before intimated this matter, affects to disbelieve every tittle of the business, lest it should disinherit you; and again turned Mr. Daniel most unceremoniously out of the house, as an infamous fabricator of falsehood; and declares, were there documents in his mother's writing to prove the imposture, to be put into his hands, he should destroy them all as villanous libels.

“ But, my dear friend, as many ambiguous insinuations of my mother's may be explained, if Daniel's assertions are true; and although Theodore vows he will never investigate it, I think you ought; for I am sure, if Blackthorn is right, you would

be very sorry to usurp the De Moreland titles from my poor, beautiful, innocent little boy, who never offended you; and should all be invention, you ought at once to crush the calumny.

“ I must entreat you, and my beloved Adelaide, never to reveal to Theodore that I was your informer upon this subject; since I very well know, from the phrensy of passion he flew into at Daniel Blackthorn for his news, that he would never forgive my telling any one about it.”

“ I remain, my dear Montagu,

“ Your very sincere

And affectionate *friend*,

AMBROSIA BOUVERIE.”

Bouverie had scarcely finished the perusal of this laconic information of his being an impostor, when a film seemed to deprive him of the power of beholding Adelaide, on whom his eyes eagerly turned, to see if she was observing the emotion this epistle had awakened in his mind; and staggering a few paces towards her, he fell back in a seat that he had arisen from, to draw nearer the lights to read his letter.

“ Alas !” exclaimed the terrorized Adelaide, flying in alarm to him, “ what new distress has thus assailed you ? Is poor Theodore again ill ?”

Montagu clasped her round the waist with eager tenderness, as if to secure her near him ; then pushed her from him gently, and with anguished horror in his countenance endeavoured to move away from her.

“ Oh, Montagu !” said Adelaide mournfully, “ do you turn from me in your sorrow, as if I was not your tender sympathizer ; as if I would make no exertion to comfort you, my husband ?”

“ Ah, Adelaide !” exclaimed Bouverie wildly, as he again encircled her with his arms, “ you ought to fly, to shun me ! for I seem to have been born only to afflict, to distress, to ruin you !”

“ What !” said Adelaide, “ does Lady Marian make larger demands upon you, through your brother ? Then let her ; and grieve not about answering them ; for we yet can make much greater sacrifices for her, without destroying our comforts, or disturbing our happiness, Montagu.”

“ Angel of forgiving mercy !” said Bouverie, pressing her to his bosom in an agony of anguished tender gratitude, “ this attack upon our happiness, not even your virtues can save us from. Ambrosia desires me to break it gently to you ; but what language can be found that could assume the form of gentleness, when it is required to tell you, that rare, and sweet, and estimable as you are, you may have been basely degraded in your union ;—that—

“ That it may be proved I have not married a Bouverie ; and Mr. Daniel Blackthorn has been breathing his malicious inventions into the credulous ears of Ambrosia ;” said Adelaide, interrupting him, and with a cheering smile playfully patting his cheek.

“ You have then heard this horrid assertion, Adelaide, and revealed it not to me !” exclaimed Bouverie, panting in agitation.

“ So did my guardian,” she replied ; “ and as he believed it all the fabrication of villany and malice, you cannot wonder that I should, Montagu, or feel surprised I for-

bore to torment you with nonsense, after all your late unhappiness."

"Heaven grant that Falkland may be correct in his judgment!" said Bouverie despondingly; "but I remember many things falling from Lady Leyburn, after my own Adelaide had promised to prove "my glory, my blessing, my pride," which I then thought the mere phrensy of indignant ire at the choice I had so auspiciously made; and yet now strike with conviction of portentous meaning."

"Oh! my beloved!" he continued, "honour and integrity are arbitrary in their demands, and they decree the investigation of this assertion of Mr. Blackthorn's, although it may lead to our undoing;—to my endless misery in having you taught to shudder, to recoil from the union you have formed."

"Since the allusions of Lady Leyburn give force to the possibility of this profligate man's assertion being true, it must, without a pause, be sifted to its source, although it may be to the ruin of our hopes and fortune: but still it can have no control over our happiness with each other, since they

cannot conjure you up into a brother or uncle, as he affirms you are no Bouverie."

"If they trace my origin to be," said the shuddering Montagu, "that of the legitimate son of an honourable man, however humble in rank and fortune, I know the magnanimity of my Adelaide's mind would teach her un murmuring submission to her destiny; would teach her not to despise, or cast me from her: but oh! agonizing horror! should I be proved the offspring of vice, allied to infamy—

"Why, even then you will still be yourself, my husband, my pride, my choice, my stay to cleave to, until death divides us," said Adelaide, with solemn, with affecting fervour; and Montagu fell on her bosom, and wept large drops of grateful feeling.

"Montagu," said Adelaide, after a short pause, "I cannot but feel conviction, that whatever this mystery about your birth may prove, the true documents are deposited in that secret place which Lady Leyburn broke my rest in her pursuit of; and that the proofs which Blackthorn talks of are fabrications, formed upon my

iniquitous aunt's recollection, or supposition, of what those papers so carefully deposited, so anxiously sought for by her, contained."

At this moment Falkland was announced; who, dark as it was, had ridden over from the Priory to see his beloved friends, and observe how Adelaide had borne her journey; and soon the aspect of husband and wife awakening alarm in his anxious mind, led him to ask some questions, which promptly introduced the discussion of the important subject which thus had agitated them; which, until Adelaide detailed for him the nocturnal visit of Lady Leyburn and the elder Blackthorn to her chamber at Roscoville, he treated as the mere inventive malice of the profligate Daniel, in vengeance for our heroine's disdain; but from this scene at Roscoville, with all Lady Leyburn had insinuated to her daughter relative to a peerage for Theodore, he now felt conviction it was a manœuvre of her Machiavelian ladyship, and therefore demanded serious and immediate attention.

Under this belief, Falkland determined

to impart the assertions of Daniel Blackthorn to Lord De Moreland; and early on the following morning, this anxious friend returned to Montagu and Adelaide, accompanied by Lord Beechbrook; who, although still full of displeasure against the former, came, through affection to the latter, to offer to her husband his cordial services in aiding him to ward off the mischiefs preparing by Lady Leyburn.

Falkland brought with him the gratifying intelligence of Lord De Moreland's totally disbelieving in the possibility of Lady Leyburn, with all her political abilities, finding any proof to substantiate such an absurd allegation; but, to learn if she was serious in her intention of bringing it forward, his lordship had sent off an express at early dawn to his sister at Brighton, desiring to know, "if the report which had reached him was true, of her being in possession of testimonials to prove Theodore, not Montagu Bouverie, heir-presumptive to the De Moreland honours?"

At length this torturing suspense terminated in almost as torturing a certainty:

for as soon as possibility would admit of it, Lady Leyburn's answer arrived, announcing that the report was true, although it had prematurely reached her brother's ears; for that she had incontrovertible proof in her possession, even a letter from Lady Emmeline on her death-bed, announcing the fact to the late Lord De Moreland; but that the papers necessary for finding a clew to the innocent impostor's true origin, she had reason to feel conviction, were deposited in a secret sanctuary in the chamber of the late lord at Roscoville; and that if her brother would permit, she would proceed to the abbey, and promptly trace them out, to spare the poor young people most concerned the lengthened pangs of misery in suspense, and to afford his lordship an early opportunity of breaking the marriage of the unfortunate Adelaide, if the husband he had chosen for her was proved of plebeian descent.

The moment Lord De Moreland perused this distressing epistle, he despatched another express to Brighton, requiring Lady Leyburn to be at Roscoville Abbey upon a

certain day and hour, where and when he purposed all the parties should meet on fair ground, none admitted to the prior advantage of exploring papers upon which the fate of a fellow being depended: and almost at the same moment he sent expresses to Lord Clyde and Theodore, and to his own lawyers in London, to be at Roscoville on that same day and hour; and then taking the arm of Falkland, stepped into his carriage, and proceeded to De Moreland Castle, where most unexpectedly he presented himself to Montagu and Adelaide.

“ Montagu !” he exclaimed in trembling emotion, as he took him to his arms the moment of his entering, “ I had determined not for years to see or to forgive the man who had grieved my child; but now, poor young man, in the moment the machinations of interested foes are employed against you,—you require friends and supporters, and kind ones too; and I am come as foremost of the number, my poor boy!—my poor girl!—for my Machiavelian sister declares she has proof of what Blackthorn has affirmed: but do not

despair; for I cannot, will not credit her. However, should she, alas! succeed in juggling you out of one Bouverie for a father, you shall find another, and a tender one, in me."

The heart-wrung Montagu was dreadfully affected. This confirmation of so dire a calamity impending over him and his now far dearer half, filled his breast with anguish; while this tender forgiveness, this pitying kindness of Lord De Moreland, assailed his most susceptible feelings, and melted down the rising horrors of despair, by the glowing fire of ardent gratitude.

Adelaide, surprised by the joyful emotions this kindness of her uncle to her poor offending Montagu excited, seemed for a moment insensible to the direful news he brought her; but quickly she awakened to all the agony of alarm it created; and after the spontaneous impulse of her heart led her to encircle, as they remained in reconciliation's kind embrace, her uncle and her husband in her expanding arms, she, through another impulse, sunk to her knees before her uncle,

and grasping his hand with imploring fervour, supplicated him "to promise her, that should Lady Leyburn indeed make out her dreadful menace, and that Montagu should be proved of even the humblest origin, that the hour after he would unite her again to him, by whatever name he bore; that nothing but death might possibly divide them more."

Lord De Moreland promised all that this tenderly attached wife now pleaded for; pleadings unsanctioned by the adoring, grateful Montagu, who felt, in anguished anticipation's bitter humility, that he should have no right to dare to hope for such a treasure being secured to him; and by those promises Adelaide was inspired with firmness to be the soother, the stimulator of fortitude to her husband; who, in the idea of her degradation, felt an anguished agony almost threatening annihilation to his senses.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BUT at length the important moment came, when, like the gathering of the *dramatis personæ* in the last scene of a comedy, Lord De Moreland and his lawyers, Lord and Lady Beechbrook, Falkland, Rosalind, Montagu, Adelaide, and Mellifont; Lord and Lady Clyde, Theodore and Lady Ambrosia, Ladies Leyburn and Celestina, attended by Mr. Blackthorn; assembled at Roscoville, for the assertion of Lady Leyburn to be substantiated or refuted.

Lord De Moreland had wished the investigation not to take place until the day after the arrival of all parties at the abbey; but Montagu assured him he should sink beneath a protracted development; and therefore, as soon as all were assembled, and all were refreshed by the collation awaiting their arrival, the agitated lord of the mansion requested the whole party to attend him and his lawyers to his library, to hear the proof Lady Leyburn had to

adduce, in testimony of her extraordinary assertion, which, he hoped, by thus convening the friends of all parties, to avoid the unpleasant notoriety of a public investigation in a court of law.

The moment her uncle uttered his mandate for this fearful adjournment, Adelaide, with the firmness of ardent affection exerting itself to the utmost of its power, to stimulate, by her example, the fortitude of her husband, flew to Montagu; and clasping his almost palsied arm with her fervent grasp, softly whispered—

“ My Montagu! I will now be your earthly supporter; but, ere many hours elapse, I trust you will again be mine.”

Falkland would have offered his arm to Bouverie, to lead him to the development of his fate, but he found he wanted support himself from the friendly aid of Lord Beechbrook; and just so enervated, Lord De Moreland, Theodore, and Mellifont, found themselves; who all wished to evince their love, their respect to Montagu, in that trying moment; but feeling subdued them, and they were unable: however, Lord Clyde, as the substitute of

Theodore, and impelled by his own heart, took the other arm of Bouverie; and, followed by their trembling friends, they proceeded to the library, where it was possible, ere one hour elapsed, the husband of Adelaide might find himself bereaved of name, of fortune, and of place even in society.

Under such direful apprehensions, it was not in human nature, in which so much susceptibility was to be found as in the composition of Montagu, to bear up with that degree of fortitude, which other impending calamities might have found support from: but stimulated to exertion by his Adelaide, and to spare her every pang from his depression, he wore a sort of counterfeit firmness, just superficially seated, to soften the anxiety of the adored idol of his heart.

Lord De Moreland took his station at the upper end of the table, where the lawyers sat to make their notes; and perceiving all the anxious friends of Adelaide and Montagu were rallying round them, his lordship was compelled to call to Lords Beechbrook and Clyde to come and sit

beside him, to give their whole attention to the matter now about to be laid before them, as impartial umpires between the supposed brothers; when Mr. Blackthorn, eager to arrogate consequence to himself, by playing off the flippant freedom of a low-born man who felt himself unnoticed, facetiously exclaimed—

“Gadso! colonel, a trial by your peers! what can be more honourable?”

“Nothing, sir, did all our spiritual members equal our temporal ones in integrity,” retorted Lord De Moreland, with haughty emphasis.

“Brother,” exclaimed Lady Leyburn, colouring with vexation, “I should hope to find here justice, not prejudice, the motto of the judge. There, my lords, is the proof I adduce of what I assert; the true copy, as attested by the affidavit of the Reverend Andrew Blackthorn, of his having taken it from the original letter, addressed by the late Lady Emmeline Bouverie to the late Lord De Moreland.”

This document was now put into the hands of Lord Beechbrook, who read it aloud; when its purport proved an acknow-

ledgment of having imposed the child of another person on her family as her son, and referring his lordship to Lord Roscove for an explanation; to whom she requested the accompanying packet to be carefully delivered.

This letter was written with striking elegance, except in some places, where the sense and grace of the style seemed mutilated and obscured, as if a word or sentence had been omitted in the transcript; and feelingly deplored her finding the temptation resistless, which had led her to the deception she had practised; and concluded with hoping the original cause of her finding that powerful temptation would plead her excuse "with all whom it concerned."

"With all whom it concerned!" repeated Falkland. "That expression surely ill accords with the general elegance of the composition."

"In no one instance," said Lord Clyde, with a sigh, "do I remember my sister ever deviating so materially from her usual style of epistolary elegance."

"Yet in this composition there are

many such deviations," said Lord Beechbrook.

"The original, perhaps, would please our ears, and suit our comprehensions rather more satisfactorily," said Mr. Flower, the most celebrated of the civilians, "than this transcript, which may have been discordantly transmuted, by the learned gentleman who copied being unfortunately not conversant with the writing of the fair and elegant scribe."

"My sister's writing was as plain as perfection could make it," said Lord Clyde.

"It would make very much for the cause you have brought forward, madam," said Mr. Flower, "had your ladyship secured the original letter, instead of a mere transcript, which our refined ears insinuate is not a correct one: but as through that unfortunate inadvertence in you, madam, we have only the testimony of this learned gentleman to prove the correctness of his own power of copying the genuine letter of Lady Emmeline, doubts may be awakened in our minds relative to Colonel Bouverie's descent; but no proof presented sufficiently cogent

to wrest his name and his possessions from him."

"I am myself a witness also, who can testify in the most solemn manner requisite, this being an authentic copy of the original letter of Lady Emmeline to my grandfather," said Lady Leyburn.

"But can your ladyship as solemnly prove you have no interest in superseding the claims of Colonel Bouverie? Is not his brother your son-in-law, madam?" demanded Mr. Cavilsby, another of the lawyers.

"Is there no clew in your ladyship's generally most retentive memory, to the original letter and the packet alluded to?" said Bouverie, impatiently.

"None," her ladyship replied.

"How is this, Isabella?" demanded Lord De Moreland.—"You informed me, in your letter, of your feeling firm conviction, the clew to this young man's origin was to be found in a place of concealment in my grandfather's chamber in this abbey. How came you to relinquish that belief?"

"Why,—a—because I had only mere surmise for the suggestion."

“ But why should even a surmise be abandoned, without conviction of its fallacy ?” responded Lord De Moreland. “ Did Mr. Blackthorn inform you, the hoard of our grandfather’s papers deposited there would not suit your purpose of giving me a new heir presumptive ?”

“ Mr. Blackthorn might have been useful in proving facts, brother, had you permitted him to explore that chamber, where he had a suspicion of there existing a place of concealment ; and in one moment he could have fastened upon the letter in question, without prying into other papers, having placed a distinguishing mark in a blue tape around it, when employed by my grandfather to make up parcels, in which that was included, to fit a drawer of a cabinet, which he gave him the dimensions of.”

Many questions were now put by the lawyers, and others, to Lady Leyburn and Mr. Blackthorn ; to which their responses were,—“ That knowing there were some secret repositories in the abbey, it was natural to conclude there might be more : that the late lord’s anxiety for the return

of the present one, ere he died, to reveal to him some secret deposite in his chamber, had led them to conclude there was one; but not finding any allusion, in any shape, to such a place, in the numerous papers that had come before them for inspection, they had, upon mature deliberation, relinquished the belief of its existence; and that the present lord's not returning, had induced the late one to burn or otherwise destroy what he had so often in the ravings of his last illness alluded to, they had no doubt."

"But why was not this anxiety of my grandfather for my return, and its apparent cause, before imparted to me, Lady Leyburn?" demanded Lord De Moreland, upbraidingly. "However, madam, your diligence in seeking to explore the secrets of others, has not effected so much as my supineness. I have been led to that repository you so vainly sought, to which I will now send a chosen committee, to explore and take from it what they may judge necessary for our present purpose."

"Adelaide, my love! my pride! you are, I glory to see it, heroine sufficient in firm-

ness to undertake it for me ; and therefore I depute you, to conduct Lords Beechbrook and Clyde, Mr. Falkland, our learned friends of the long robe, and the reverend gentleman, who is to prove so useful in ascertaining papers, to that secret sanctuary in your great-grandsire's room, which Providence ordained you to discover, for the preservation, I now doubt not, of your husband's rights."

Adelaide arose to obey ; and with a fervent aspiration to Heaven to speed her, and preserve the fortitude of her husband, she gave her hand to Lord Clyde, and led the way to the recess she had discovered ; where, to the dismay of Mr. Blackthorn, who knew not what might now be brought to light, he beheld that secret unravelled by Adelaide, which had cost him and his vile consociate such fruitless toil and sleepless nights.

The gold key quickly unclosed a sliding pannel, so nicely fitted in the mosaic surrounding it, that no eye could discover its not being a fixture ; and in a deep recess they found an ebony cabinet, in which, directed by the blue band, they instantly

found the letter they sought: to which had been fastened by the late Lord De Moreland, a packet directed to his lordship's own especial care, in the hand-writing of Lady Emmeline; with which they returned to the library, Mr. Blackthorn trembling in guilty alarm of possible discoveries; and Adelaide in agitation almost too mighty for her to sustain: but for Montagu's sake she still struggled with her feelings; and with the semblance of firmness resumed her place by her beloved, whom she now found scarcely able to support himself through the coming *denouement*, in the anguished terror of being found so debased in parentage, that even the affection which Adelaide bore him, would refuse to bind her longer to him; for in this one possible calamity, all idea of the world's contempt, or his own reduction to comparative poverty, was lost.

At the request of Lord De Moreland, Lord Beechbrook read aloud the letter of Lady Emmeline Bouverie, after Lord Clyde had pronounced the hand-writing to be hers; when, to the amazement of those who had doubted the authenticity of the

transcript, it proved the duplicate of Mr. Blackthorn's copy; but, after a moment's observation of particular parts, Lord Beechbrook declared undauntedly, his suspicions of certain passages not being the writing of Lady Emmeline: upon which, an accurate investigation took place; and several erasures clearly ascertained, which were filled up by an excellent imitation of her ladyship's writing.

"But the packet, my good lords! may not that lead to some proof positive?" exclaimed the suspense-tortured Montagu.

The packet was now presented to Lord Beechbrook, who unclosed the envelope, which was directed to the Earl of De Moreland, and discovered a new superscription within, to Lord Roscoville; and as this new envelope had never been unsealed, Lord Beechbrook proceeded no further, since Lord De Moreland was alone entitled to explore it.

"But as the letter of Lady Emmeline bears no date, to ascertain whether this packet was designed for my father or for me, since we both bore the title of Roscoville," said Lord De Moreland, trembling

with apprehension of some fatal discovery ruinous to the prospects of Montagu, " Lord Clyde, the brother of Lady Emeline, the uncle of at least one of the young men, whose right of inheritance is now before us, I consider as delegated by delicacy to his sister's secret, to be the inspector of this packet ; and in firm reliance upon his lordship's honour, we may rest in full confidence of having all imparted to us, necessary for this convention to be informed of."

Lord Clyde took the packet; but trembling in alarm, lest he should have the grief of finding in it any thing to sully the purity of his sister's fame, or his family honour, requested the attendance of his friend Lord Beechbrook, whose arm he took, and retired in much emotion, to explore this portentous packet.

Near twenty minutes elapsed ere the awful pause succeeding Lord Clyde's departure was broken ; and the torturing hopes and fears awakened in these painful moments of incertitude, were at length suspended, by the return of Lord Beechbrook, in agitation so evident, so powerful, that it

proclaimed at once, something of importance having been discovered.

“ I bring no evil tidings,” exclaimed his lordship in a tremulous voice, as he entered. “ Montagu Bouverie, cheer up!—Adelaide, my beloved child! be comforted; no degradation awaits your heart’s idol:—but, Falkland, Lord Clyde desires to see you, to consult how this discovery of extraordinary events can be most judiciously made to the individual whom it must most materially affect, by feelings new and unexpected: but, ere that can be accomplished, let me give relief to some anxious hearts here. Theodore Bouverie, you have nothing to blush for, in the conduct of your parents. Montagu Bouverie, you have nothing to blush for, in the conduct of yours: since we have possession of certificates of marriage, birth, and baptism, which prove you incontestably the legitimate first-born of a most honourable man.”

“ The legitimate son of an honourable man!” Montagu exclaimed, in almost phrensied joy; and, in defiance of observers, clasping with eagerly trembling tenderness his wife to his palpitating bosom.

“ The legitimate son of an honourable man ! ” faintly, yet impressively, reiterated Adelaide, who first raised her joy-illuminated eyes to heaven ; then turned them on Montagu, and then they closed in the semblance of everlasting sleep, as she sunk deprived of respiration upon the bosom of her husband ; proving by this prompt subjugation of her faculties, upon the auspicious tidings conveyed by Lord Beechbrook, that although for her Montagu’s sake she had borne up against his menaced degradation, how much morally honourable descent was prized in her heart.

The fainting of Adelaide arrested Falkland on his way to Lord Clyde, who seemed now forgotten by every friend of Adelaide ; who all in consternation assembled round her, except her uncle ; in whose bosom, such a tumult of expectation, of hopes and fears, had been awakened by Lord Beechbrook’s intelligence to Montagu, that, paralyzed by agitation, he had no power to move, even to aid his beloved niece : and now with every faculty, which could be aroused from the amazement of his senses, rivetted on Montagu, he sat, beholding him hang-

ing over the inanimate form of his adored Adelaide with anguish of despair portrayed on every line of his eloquent countenance, and with every thought monopolized by her.

So much time elapsed before Adelaide's suspended faculties evinced any symptom of revivification, that Lord Clyde conceiving some circumstance must have surprised Lord Beechbrook into a premature or precipitate acknowledgment of the discovery made in Lady Emmeline's packet, determined no longer to remain apart from the now made happy individuals, and hastily entering the library, just as Lord De Moreland had resolved to terminate his almost subduing suspense, by going to declare to him the anticipation his heart had imbibed; so that at the door they met, when instantly Lord De Moreland laid his trembling hand on Lord Clyde's shoulder, and looking earnestly in his face, faltered out—

“ Oh ! tell me, my lord ! am I not greatly interested in the intelligence these papers you hold contain ? ”

“ Assuredly you are : but Beechbrook, then, has not disclosed the joyful discovery to you ? ”

“ No,” responded Lord De Moreland, with increasing tremour of voice and frame, but my heart has ;—that whispers to my fond hopes all that is possible ; and from the assumption that inspires, I say you have to tell me, the husband of my Adelaide is my own Montagu Bouverie !—is my deplored as dead child ! my son, my Roscoville !”

Lord Clyde extending his arms with a smile of assent, received the agitated peer within them, as offering him an embrace of congratulation, while in fact he meant it more for a timely support ; since, from his varying countenance, he feared a swoon ; but a stimulus assailed their ears, to recall the fleeting senses of overpowered joy, in the piercing shriek of Lady Leyburn ; who, alarmed by the declaration of Lord Beechbrook, and still more by the interpretation she saw her brother promptly gave it, fixed her whole undeviating attention upon him ; and therefore the confirmation of her agonizing fears, in hearing the obnoxious husband of the hated Adelaide declared the legitimate son of her brother ; the heir apparent, to annihilate all her golden dreams of revelling on any part of

Lord De Moreland's ample stores; that no longer gifted with the policy of self-possession, her infuriated passions burst forth in the most violent effect; when, shrieking with rage, she went off into a most tremendous hysteric paroxysm, which disappointed malice and plotting avarice could inspire; raving forth such dreadful imprecations upon the newly found Lord Roscoville, that her wary confederate Blackthorn fearing she might implicate herself or him in some of their villany, while thus bereaved of reason by her passion, judiciously seized her in his brawny arms; and, under the pretence of her own woman only knowing how to recover her from such indispositions, carried her off to her own chamber, followed by her daughters, for form sake, who would much rather have remained to gratify their curiosity, relative to the discovery made by Lady Emmeline Bouverie.

Montagu, to be distinguished in future as Lord Roscoville, not so fortunate as the celebrated Tom Jenkins*, had no relatives

* See Critic; or, a Tragedy Rehearsed.

present to claim kindred with, but his father and his wife: with the former, his introduction as a child, and entrance upon the filial character, was most affectingly impressive; while to Adelaide he had no character of increased endearing interest to enter upon: and he had, in this scene of unexpected discovery of his real parentage, only to offer his heart-inspired congratulations, upon her having found her husband's rank in life not unworthy of her excellence.

CHAPTER XIX.

AFTER such a discovery, our readers can readily suppose, composure was not soon regained by those most interested in it: but, at length, curiosity asserting its influence, tranquillized the general agitation, that it might be gratified by learning who Lord Roscoville's mother was; and why thus mysteriously his existence had been concealed from his father; when, from the narrative contained in Lady Emmeline Bouverie's packet, united with the communications of Lord De Moreland, Lord and Lady Roscoville, and their anxious friends, learned the following particulars:

The Earl of Clyde, father to the present Lord and Lady Emmeline, his only children, possessing a considerable property in Wiltshire, in right of his wife, resided a great part of every year in that county, where he cemented so firm a friendship with his nearest neighbour, Mr. Bouverie, the grandfather of Theodore, that upon the death of this gentleman, which prematurely occur-

red, his lordship readily undertook the guardianship of his two orphan children, a son and daughter, under ten years old, whom he received beneath his own roof, to have them reared with his own children.

The consequence of this arrangement was, the two boys early forming a strong attachment to their young female companions; which, upon Miss Bouverie's part, proved reciprocal; and she being every thing that was amiable in disposition, Lord Clyde rather promoted, than objected to her for the wife of his son, to whom, in due time, she was happily united.

But not so compliant was his lordship with the wishes of young Bouverie; who, although a very fine spirited young man, and of first-rate abilities, possessed a temper so turbulent, so untractable, that not even his attachment to Lady Emmeline could soften down its violence; a violence that frightened away every tendency to tender regard from the bosom of his lovely enslaver.

But neither Bouverie's love, nor his intractability, would permit him to take the

repeated negatives of Lord Clyde to his addressing Lady Emmeline; whom, by the violence of the passion he professed for her, he at length terrified into a promise of becoming his, as soon as he had completed his studies at the university, to save him from that self-destruction which he menaced her with, if she continued inexorable to his suit.

The same timidity of mind which led poor Lady Emmeline into an engagement her heart sanctioned not, inspired her to conceal it from her father; whose displeasure she feared, as much as she had done Bouverie's threatened *felo de se*; and in the concealment of this entanglement with a man she could only regard as a friend, her health became soon visibly affected.

Lord Clyde, in terror, fearing a pulmonary complaint was fastening on his child, as it had done, to prematurely rob him of his adored wife, flew off with her to the south of France; where, as Bouverie had been forbidden to attend them, her health and spirits soon evinced a renovation that inspired her fond father with every hope

of his child's permanent recovery : but long he was not spared to enjoy that hope, or see it realized ; the gout assailing a vital part, carried him off after a very few hours' illness.

The almost distracted Lady Emmeline, having now no protection near, and trembling at the possible idea of Bouverie appearing, now her parent was torn from her, removed to a convent in the environs of Montpellier, as soon as the remains of her departed father, attended by his chaplain and faithful valet, were embarked on board a vessel to be conveyed to England.

In this convent Lady Emmeline determined to remain, until her brother, after all the necessary arrangements upon taking possession of the family honours and estates, could come to her, to escort her home ; and in this convent she found a fascination to reconcile her to this prolonged absence from her beloved brother, and his little less tenderly regarded wife, in the society of a Spanish girl of the highest descent ; who, having early lost her mother, had been sent to that convent to be educated, as the prioress was related to her family.

This girl, Lady Zamora di Moralina, was just sixteen, highly accomplished, and transcendently beautiful; and with a temper so sweet and playful, a heart so amiable, and manners so engaging, she fascinated all who approached her; and by the magic of her vivacity often beguiled the sorrow-stricken Emmeline into a temporary forgetfulness of her griefs; and by her tender attentions often soothed their poignancy.

Our readers already know, the family of De Moreland and that of Theodore Bouverie were collateral branches of the same root; and the younger branch tenaciously adhering to the elder, kept up, from shoot to shoot, a constant link of friendship; and Henry Bouverie, this Hotspur of the family, was therefore on terms of intimacy with the uncle and father of our heroine; and as Edwin Bouverie was going on the continental tour, his kinsman, Henry, gave him a letter of introduction to Lord Clyde, (whose decease he then knew not of,) and another to be delivered privately to his adored Emmeline, whose engagement to him he took care to confide to this for-

midably handsome and fascinating young man.

Armed by this talismanic confidence, the susceptible heart of Edwin Bouverie was proof against the exquisite charms of Lady Emmeline, when directed from her deceased father's late dwelling to the convent she had retired to; where he visited her day after day, and week after week; speaking only of Montpellier, as if it was now become the seat of his future residence; as if there the power of travelling further had been annihilated.

And so it had been, by the power of love; for the beautiful Zamora, the constant companion of Lady Emmeline in the abbess's parlour, forged chains for his heart, which were promptly rivetted for ever; and soon to the dismayed Emmeline he revealed the secret of his passion;—to Emmeline, who had weakly suffered a most tender one to spring up, unchecked by a recollection of her engagement, in her heart for him: but, although she was weak, she was honourable; and in existence he could not have found a more faithful confidant.

The passion of Edwin and the beautiful Zamora was mutual; but her father, the Duke di Aranda, a bigotted devotee, had destined this his only child for a convent, through the Machiavelian influence of his younger brother, Don Lorenzo, who was next in succession after Lady Zamora: Lord De Moreland too, prejudiced against foreigners, and Lord Roscoville a determined enemy to difference of religion in the connubial state, it was vain to think would assent to their union; and therefore clandestinely the wooing was carried on, and the marriage accomplished: but, although clandestinely, yet, in the true honour of real attachment, Edwin left nothing uneffected to ensure to the issue of this union their legitimate rights.

But scarcely had this inauspicious marriage taken place, when it was betrayed to Don Lorenzo: and while the happy Edwin vainly imagined he had secured his future felicity by effecting the escape of his lovely bride to Savoy, a train was pitilessly laid for the annihilation of his connubial happiness. A band of the Inquisition seized him, in about six weeks after his flight to

Chambery, and dragged him off by hurried posts to Nice, where he was forced on board a vessel bound for England straight; and as he was embarking, was presented with an order from that fear-inspiring Synod, never again to land upon that soil where their power held jurisdiction, or their fell vengeance should be the reward of such temerity.

But, notwithstanding this alarming menace, the moment he landed in England he arranged for a new voyage to the Continent; and, under various disguises, braved every danger from his formidable foes, and flew on in the most distracted state of mind to Chambery, where the dire intelligence that awaited him almost subdued his senses, and destroyed his power of proceeding for many weeks in pursuit of his wife; whom, in bitter agony of heart, he learned had been carried off by a party of the inquisitorial force, to enclose her for life in some monastic dungeon.

The moment convalescence emancipated him from his bed, Edwin proceeded to Madrid, to try if it was not in the power of gold to bribe some one of the Duke di

Aranda's domestics, to discover for him the place of his wife's concealment; but they were Castilians, and invulnerable to bribery; and from that period, for three whole years, Edwin wandered, in all the anguish of despair, from spot to spot upon the Continent, seeking his Zamora, and braving by his darings the menace of the Inquisition, but without effect; since no clew could he discover to the dungeon of his wife, no interview obtain with any of her family; and at length his health, a prey to toil, uncertainty, and the misery of his adoring heart, compelled him to return to England for medical advice; and during this compulsive temporary absence from the Continent, he hoped the Aranda family would be lured into a belief of his having relinquished his researches, and become less vigilant in guarding the secret of Zamora's prison.

But he had not been in England many weeks until a despatch arrived from Don Lorenzo, now, by the decease of his brother, Duke di Aranda, to Edwin, conveying to him intelligence of Zamora's death and burial in the convent of San Antonio

in Navarra, where she had been cut off by an epidemic complaint, which raged in that monastery, in about eight months after her separation from him at Chambery; intelligence, he said, “ which he had found in documents amongst his late brother’s papers;” and after deploring, with strong expressions of feeling, this sad catastrophe he had thus the grief of announcing, the duke concluded his specious epistle, by saying, “ He should be happy to see Edwin at his castle near Madrid, if it could afford him any consolation to see those sad documents he announced; or to visit the spot that contained the remains of their mutually dear Zamora, which he had arranged for having immediately removed to the mausoleum of her ancestors.”

Scarcely had poor Edwin received this dire intelligence, than, almost distracted by his anguished grief, he set out again for Spain, where he was greeted with the most specious kindness by the hypocritical Duke di Aranda, who pretended, by his assumed sympathy, to mitigate the deep affliction of the heart-wrung Edwin, as he perused the sad narrative of Zamora’s death,

sent, as Lorenzo informed him, from the domina of the convent, to the late duke, and after his sad and affecting visit to the superb monument, that told him where all his earthly happiness was interred with his Zamora.

From the period of this sad termination to all poor Edwin's hopes of temporal happiness, he wandered, like an unblessed spirit, from clime to clime, in the vain pursuit of finding a temporary, if not a permanent forgetfulness, of his despairing sorrow; bestowing his thoughts but seldom upon his friends in England, until intelligence of his beloved brother's clandestine marriage reached his ears; when, in sympathetic feeling for him, he determined to set out to England, to use his influence to prevail upon his father to forgive him.

But, not enduring to quit the Continent for even a transient absence, without again visiting the tomb of Zamora, he returned to the Castle of Aranda, where he had not been for nearly three years; and where, on his arrival, he found all was festivity, celebrating the nuptials of the duke, then fast approaching his grand climacteric, with an

extremely beautiful girl of eighteen ; who, although the honey-moon had scarcely commenced, promptly transferred her affections from the allurements of her husband's rank and riches, to the fascinating young Englishman ; and by every means her subtile genius could devise, except by a direct avowal of her passion, she strove to acquaint him with the conquest he had made : but Edwin's heart, still rivetted on Zamora's memory, remained impenetrably insensible to the encouraging smiles of the beautiful duchess ; who, however, still hoping to supersede the image of Zamora in his bosom, invented every thing her fertile imagination could present her with, to detain him from his expedition to England ; until at length finding she could lure his stay no longer, as the very day was fixed for his departure, in the despair of her passion she disclosed her love to him.

Edwin was horror-struck at a confession, however gratifying to his vanity, so unexpected and unwished for by him ; and with honour recoiling from every breach of hospitality, and with heart revolting from

offering injury to any member of the Aranda family, he mildly, though impressively, urged those reasons, with others of strong morality, against the possibility of returning a passion so improper and so misplaced.

The duchess was stung to almost phrensy by this repulse to her passion, so mortifying to her charms; but it was phrensy of the sullen cast:—and now this insult keenly felt, turned the passion he had first awakened to deadly hatred; to arousing diabolical vengeance; and before the shrine of her most homaged saint she swore, that no other woman should possess that heart he had refused to her; and that in all the misery of incertitude his future days should pass.

The adoring duke, unsuspecting the inconstancy, or the profligacy of heart of his beautiful wife, gave her unlimited power over his ample stores; and those she now most largely drew from, to bribe an agent to aid in her vindictive project; and in her father confessor she readily found this requisite demon of revenge:—and promptly all being arranged with the

accommodating Father Felix, that venal tool, affecting to be attacked by a dangerous illness menacing his life, sent for Mr. Bouverie to his darkened cell, in his gloomy convent, to receive the confession of a dying man.

And this confession, formed in concert with the subtile duchess, was composed with all of plausibility that was most likely to deceive; and the more readily, as the wishes of the individual it was meant to delude acted as such powerful auxiliaries in its favour; for it was to announce, as the inspiration of a death-bed impelled avowal, "that the attestation of Lady Zamora's death, in the convent of San Antonio, was the work of his own hand, at the command of the late Duke di Aranda, to secure the salvation of his child, by wresting her from a heretic husband: but although at the period of the late duke's decease he knew the hapless young lady was living, as he had aided in bringing her secretly to receive her father's dying admonitions and benediction, he grieved to say, he could not give him any clew to discover the asylum she had then

been sent to, as by her father's dying hand she had been consigned to the high vicar of the Inquisition, to conceal her existence not only from her heretic husband, but from the world."

And this confession the feeble Felix implored the agitated Bouverie to conceal from every being; but more particularly the Duke and Duchess di Aranda; as the supposed death of Lady Zamora had proved so much to their advantage, that they would of course throw every impediment in his way of discovering her retreat; while, if the Inquisition got scent of his being again awakened to a pursuit of his wife, he might expect some dire mark of their displeasure would be wreaked upon him or his Zamora.

This confession once made, seemed to exonerate the body from disease, as well as the soul from a burden, of Father Felix; since from the time he made it his recovery became most rapid; and when once more in the avowed path of convalescence, he announced himself all anxiety to evince his contrition for the years of affliction he had caused to Mr. Bouverie, and ready to

aid him in every covert attempt he could devise for the discovery of Lady Zamora.

And now, under the guidance of Father Felix, whom he paid most liberally for his cruel deception, Edwin commenced his researches far and wide for his adored Zamora, often accompanied by the deluding agent of revenge, Father Felix, who, like an *ignis fatuus*, led him many and many a league to the fancied goal of certainty, only more ruthlessly to precipitate him into the direful gulf of bitter disappointment.

It was at length, when health and spirits were completely shattered by toil, anxiety, and the cruel pangs of torturing uncertainty, that the heart-riving intelligence of the death of his father and brother reached the sorrow-stricken Edwin at Porto Rico, where Father Felix had confidently sent him to find his wife in a particular convent there.

The sensibility of Edwin, now Lord Roscoville, was too acute not to be deeply wounded by this afflicting intelligence; and having found a sad conviction, that disappointment, as usual, here awaited his

anxious researches, he returned to England, to pay his duty of heart-inspired condolence to his grandfather; and it was upon this visit he first beheld his orphan niece; and he would not at that moment have left his native country, had he not been arbitrarily called to Spain by a new subtle device of the vengeful duchess and her mercenary agent, to torture his feelings by new hopes of finding his Zamora, and new pangs in attendant disappointment.

Time rolled on in this unsuccessful pursuit of a deluding hope, the health of Edwin completely shattered with his happiness; and at length the letter of recall arrived, to summon him to England to take possession of his hereditary honours, when he lost not a moment in evincing that the affection he had borne his brother was not extinguished; and upon this visit to his home his heart imbibed its spontaneous attachment to Montagu.

But very long Lord De Moreland had not been returned to England, when the never slumbering malice of the vindictive Duchess di Aranda caused that letter to be written to him by Father Felix, which

occasioned that subjugation of his faculties which led Adelaide to conceal the letter from the inspection of the curious; and which was a despatch from torture's inventive forge, to announce the holy father having been told by a monk, who had himself seen the Lady Zamora in health and beauty at Paris, as the wife of one of the most distinguished of the French generals; who, upon inquiry from the priest who had confessed her, had learned, that she had been emancipated from a convent's dungeon in Italy by the French arms, and had fallen by lot to the French general, who was then her husband, whom she married under a conviction her first husband was no more; that she lived very happily with this son of Mars, by whom she had a numerous family.

The first shock awakened by such unexpected, such agonizing intelligence, suspended the anguished faculties of Lord De Moreland, to think Zamora was living, but not for him: yet, upon a second perusal of the letter, his lordship imbibed hope of this monk's statement being erroneous; since he felt persuaded the mind of Zamora was

too pure to live happily with the man she was said to be united to, even had proof irrefragable been conveyed to her of his decease : but as such a report had reached him, he thought, for his own comfort, he ought to proceed to Paris, to find conviction of the monk's error ; and it was whilst his mind was in a state of anguished agitation, trembling at the possible horror of finding Zamora the contented wife of another, that Montagu, in sympathetic pity earnestly regarding him, so forcibly portrayed his mother's melting gaze of kindness, that a wild tumult of amazed and oppressive feelings arose in Lord De Moreland's mind, and seemed at once the signal for that dire assault of a dangerous malady, which through the whole day had been hovering over him, menacing an attack.

Our readers already know the unfortunate imprisonment this expedition to France led his lordship to ; but having, prior to his arrest, fully ascertained that Zamora was not the wife of any field officer in the French service, he without reluctance made his way to England, when he effected his escape from massacre and

bondage: but from England his lordship was soon led to Ireland, in quest of a priest whom Baronello, on his return to London, after his escape from prison, accidentally learned from a Spanish merchant, was inquiring for Lord De Moreland, having a particularly important message to deliver to him from a lately deceased person, whom he had confessed in his last moments; and Baronello having also learned from the same source of intelligence, that Father Felix was no more, Lord De Moreland concluding this message was from him, and relative to Zamora, hesitated not to follow this priest to the sister country, where he was gone upon political business.

With some difficulty Lord De Moreland traced the transit of this missionary, on his arrival in Ireland; where he had the mortification of learning, that he had set out on his return to Spain about a fortnight prior to that period: and having obtained the name of this priest, and that of his convent in Madrid, his lordship followed him to that metropolis, where he soon learned his conjectures were just; for the message

was from Father Felix, who, in all the horrors of a guilty conscience at the approach of death, imparts to his confessor, amongst his numerous misdeeds, the cruel deceptions he had so long, under the guidance of the vindictive Duchess di Aranda, practised to torture the feelings of Lord De Moreland; and implored his confessor to seek his lordship out, and tell him, upon the veracity of a man going before that awful tribunal from which there was no appeal, " that his wife had died, as specified by the Domina of San Antonio, in that convent; but not, as stated, by the epidemic complaint that broke out in that monastery, but in consequence of cold after her accouchement; for that she had born a son, whom she had named Montagu, agreeable to an intimated wish of his: but this circumstance the Duke di Aranda had carefully concealed from him, as he long had entertained suspicion the child was living, and meant to obtain possession of him, effectually to preclude his claims to his right of inheritance through his mother; but at length he had lately found

conviction of the child having died before Lady Zamora's decease."

Confirmed in the sad certainty that his Zamora was no more, with hope now wrested from him of ever beholding her in this life, with new griefs for the death of his son, in the moment he first heard he ever had one, Lord De Moreland returned to England; and with doubts and fears added to his other miseries, of the union of his adopted children having proved an auspicious one, his nerves were in that state easily to be irritated by the plausible misrepresentations of Lady Dinwood; and in proportion as he had loved Montagu, and as he had raised his hopes of making him happy, by the wife he had given him, so in anguished contrast he felt his disappointment, and became proportionably incensed against him, whom he experienced no intuitive sympathy impelling him to clemency, now he had wounded him through the bosom of Adelaide: but the moment Lord Beechbrook, with electrifying emphasis, announced him as absolutely a Montagu Bouverie, the most tumultuous

feelings assailed his heart, since Zamora had born a son, and had named him Montagu; and this Montagu had often taught his heart to bound, and pant, by some striking similitude to Zamora; and that heart felt conviction of his being his son, ere Lord Clyde pronounced it was so.

CHAPTER XX.

WHEN separated from her adored husband, the unfortunate Lady Zamora was conveyed, by the ruthless band that seized her, to the already mentioned obscure monastery in Navarra, where she was closely confined by order of her inexorable father ; who, influenced by the designing Lorenzo, had solemnly vowed she should never be reunited to her heretic husband ; and as soon as he had the grief to learn she was likely to perpetuate the race of heretics, he, in his infuriated indignation, made the further vow, to take the child, should one be born, from its apostate mother, and have it enclosed for life in a monastery of Observantines.

But Zamora, more than half converted by Edwin and Lady Emmeline to the Protestant faith, listened with delighted acquiescence to a plan suggested to her for rearing her child in the persuasion of its father, and which would lead herself to a reunion with her Edwin ; and this plan

was the well-digested project of Donna Leanora, a relative and dependant of the Aranda family, who had been placed by Don Lorenzo to guard his niece.

But, not faithful to her employer, Leanora was led, by the vindictive jealousy of a disappointed heart, to become the firm friend of Zamora; for her affections had been early sought and won by Lorenzo, who, an unprincipled libertine, had seduced, and then abandoned her in the fickleness of his roving fancy; when a strong sense of the injury she had sustained, and of the perfidy of her betrayer, changed the once ardent affection of the unfortunate Leanora to the most envenomed hatred, brooding for ever upon the pleasures of revenge, and warily watching for the moment to subvert his projects of ambition; and being an adept in dissimulation, Lorenzo still believed her fondly attached to him, and under that conviction he hesitated not to reveal his plans to her against the happiness of his niece and the life of her expected babe, and to engage her as an agent in them.

Leanora promised all things to favour

the cruelty of the brothers, while intent only upon accomplishing her own views, which had in contemplation, to take possession of the child of Zamora the moment it was born; but neither in compliance with her promise to its bigotted grandsire, to convey it to an Observantine monastery, nor with that to its merciless uncle, to send it to another world; but to provide it a careful nurse, and send it to the protection of its father, with every essential document in proof of its birth, for the accomplishment of her revenge; in making it start up at a future day to annihilate the full expected harvest of Lorenzo's avarice.

But, to win Zamora into a prompt compliance with her plan, she was compelled to confess to her the dangers which menaced her child, should it be detained one moment with her after its birth; and to hold out to her the alluring prospect of effecting her escape soon after, and to join her husband and babe in happy England.

Soothed by this flattering promise, which Leanora faithfully meant to perform, Zamora was lured into parting with her lovely boy in a few hours after his birth, without

one presaging pang to damp her expected joy of shortly again beholding him in the arms of his father; and by this delusive dream of coming happiness, her last days were cheered; while in her exertions for recovery to facilitate her enterprise, she defeated her own aim, she exhausted her strength, caught a fatal cold, and unconscious of her own danger, at the expiration of three weeks after her accouchement, while in the glad anticipation of coming liberty and reunion with her Edwin, she was discoursing with the heart-wrung Leanora upon the subject of their escape, she expired without one warning struggle.

Shortly after the premature decease of the lovely Zamora, a dreadfully contagious distemper broke out in the Convent of San Antonio, which proved fatal to Leanora; when from a fragment of a paper, found in her writin desk after she was no more, the alarmed Lorenzo was led to a suspicion of Leanora's fidelity to him, and that the child of Zamora had been spared; therefore he despatched emissaries to watch over all the movements of Edwin Bouverie, to discover if any child was under his pro-

tection ; and as none could be discovered, the wily Lorenzo addressed his letter to Edwin, giving false information relative to the cause of Zamora's death, and inviting him to his castle ; to arouse him to betray his better knowledge of the malady she died of, had it been revealed to him, and to discover, from his own observations, if he knew aught of the child, should he accept his invitation.

The moment almost immediately succeeding the elopement of Lady Zamora from the convent in Languedoc with Edwin, Lord Clyde arrived there to escort his sister to England ; and as he wished to facilitate his return, in impatience to rejoin his adored wife, poor Lady Emmeline could offer no objection to accompanying her brother, although aware it was to subject herself to the importunities of Henry Bouverie for the immediate ratification of her promise ; a measure now more than ever repugnant to her heart, since the image of another had made a first and deep impression there.

The love-lorn Emmeline augured too truly ; and the solicitations of her brother

and sister, now aiding those of her importunate lover to name an early day for their union, led her, in the despair of her hopeless passion, caring little what might be her fate, since she could not be the wife of Edwin, to comply with their wishes; and shortly after her return to England she became the bride of a man she feared; while all the tenderness of her heart was devoted in secret misery to the husband of another.

The ardently adoring Bouverie too soon discovered the heart of his wife felt no reciprocity of sentiment for him; and promptly awakened to suspicion of every person who approached her, he made her miserable by the impetuous murmurs of his torturing jealousy; so that with joy almost too mighty for concealment, she heard the intelligence, that her husband's maternal uncle had died at the Cape of Good Hope extremely rich, and having left his nephew residuary legatee, it was indispensable his taking a voyage to Africa; and as he could not expect his absence to be less than a year, although in possibility it might be longer, he determined to take his Emmeline with

him ; unless, he said, “ that ere his departure, circumstances should arise to make such an undertaking too hazardous for her.”

Upon the basis of this tenderness of care for her, Lady Emmeline determined to rear her project of obtaining one year’s respite from his oppressive love and tremendous jealousy ; and hastily, and unadvisedly, not thinking of future consequences, only contenting herself, that at leisure she could contrive to annihilate the hopes she raised, she intimated to her husband, “ that she was in the way which ladies wish to be, who love their lords.”

Although the enthusiastic joy which Bouverie experienced on hearing this intelligence was painfully alloyed by the misery of the separation from the object of his adoration ; still he found consolation in the hope, that the birth of his child might awaken the tenderness of its mother for her husband.

At length the separation so dreaded on one part, so wished for on the other, took place ; and from every spot he could transmit a letter to her, the heart-wrung Bou-

verie wrote to his wife, in the ebullitions of his adoring tenderness, such affecting supplications, to preserve herself and their child for him, to bless his return after his anguished absence from her, that the deepest repentance almost immediately sprung up in the bosom of Lady Emmeline, mingled with alarm in her timid mind; for now she began to reflect upon the unwarrantable embarrassment she had thus so reprehensibly involved herself in.

The forgiveness of Lord and Lady Clyde, no more than the pardon of her husband, could she ever hope to obtain, if she confessed to them the untruth she had affirmed; since it would evince too fully that want of affection to her husband which had impelled her to it; and to proceed with her deception, to conduct it to a plausible termination under the eye of Lady Clyde, she believed impossible; and as one deviation from rectitude almost invariably leads to another, so Lady Emmeline now shudderingly beheld herself compelled to a succession of artful deceit, to secure herself from augmented misery with her husband.

The repentant anguish of Lady Emmeline's mind for her ingratitude and dissimulation to so attached a husband, with terrorized apprehensions of detection, gave to her aspect the full semblance of that drooping health she was now compelled to affect, to obtain a plausible pretence for quitting England, to try once more the air of Languedoc.

Lady Clyde being far advanced in the state Lady Emmeline affected to be in, she could not accompany her to France, and Lord Clyde would not leave her, neither would he allow his sister to go even to a convent without a chaperon; and as all this Lady Emmeline foresaw, she was provided with an unexceptionable companion in her own aunt, Lady Margarette Graham, a widow of sixty, of unimpeached correctness, and of celebrated intellectual endowments.

In this aunt, Lady Emmeline had judiciously placed unlimited confidence; and Lady Margarette, tenderly attached to her niece, promised her utmost powers should be exerted to extricate her from so puerile, so distressing an embarrassment; and at

length the two ladies set out for Montpellier, attended by a trusty man-servant of Lady Margaret's, and by the attached Abigail of Lady Emmeline; and as in a convent their male domestic could not be accommodated, the moment he safely conducted them to their place of destination, he returned to England.

When Lady Emmeline first conceived her project of shunning observation for a little time upon the Continent, she determined, as soon as the manœuvre she went abroad for was accomplished, to visit Savoy: but ere the preparatory arrangement for this excursion was effected, the direful news reached her, of the cruelty which had separated Edwin and Zamora; and this heart-riving intelligence almost subdued poor Lady Emmeline, who had hitherto found consolation in her own miseries, in the soothing belief that Edwin was supremely happy.

An apprehension, that if the loss of the expected offspring was too soon proclaimed, Mr. Bouverie would feel offended if she did not proceed to join him at the Cape, impelled Lady Emmeline to implore

her indulgent aunt to delay that necessary measure as long as possibility would admit of it.

But at length Lady Margarette became impatient for this pretended event to be announced, as time pressed for it; and the affliction of Lady Clyde for the death of her new-born infant rendering it not improbable her adoring husband might bring her to Languedoc for change of scene, it was agreed that Lady Margarette should write the necessary letters by the next post: but, alas! Lady Margarette never wrote more; for, ere she could accomplish it, she was seized with spasms in her heart, and suddenly expired in the arms of her almost distracted niece; who now only thinking of the loss she had sustained, filled up her letters to England with this sad calamity which had so direfully befallen her.

Two days only had Lady Margarette been deceased, when the emissary of Donna Leanora, who had, by accidentally perusing an English newspaper, learned Lady Emmeline Bouverie was at Montpellier, arrived with the infant Mon-

tagu, consigned to Lady Emmeline's especial protection, accompanied by all the proper testimonials of his birth.

Her young and lovely charge was most tenderly welcomed to the heart of Lady Emmeline, for he was the child of the man she adored, and the friend whom she loved; and as she was apprised, by her letters, that she might shortly expect to see Zamora, she was making every anxious preparation for the reception of her beloved friend, when the afflicting intelligence reached her, in a letter from Donna Leanora, that she was no more; and in this letter Leanora importuned her, "if she prized the life of the innocent intrusted to her care, sedulously to conceal, and principally from his nurse, whose child he was."

Suspicion once introduced into the mind of Lady Emmeline relative to the nurse of her charge, she promptly sought a pretext for dismissing her, which she effected in the same moment she took her departure from Montpellier; when steering her course towards Lodere, where she meant to take up her residence until her hazardously long-deferred project, relative to her own

situation, was completed, she, as she travelled the first post, where the new nurse for her charge was appointed to meet her, as she held the infant in her arms, tenderly regarding him as the motherless babe of the man she hopelessly adored, a sudden wild thought darted into her romantic imagination; and in trembling agitation she gave that thought utterance to her attached attendant.

“ Oh Jenny !” she almost shriekingly exclaimed, “ cannot I save this angelic babe from every possible peril menacing him from his mother’s bigotted and cruel relations, and secure myself from a world of perplexity, by passing him for my own; just born ere the death of Lady Margerette; and whom my distracting grief prevented my announcing the birth of, in my melancholy despatches?—His father knows nothing of his being in existence; and by the dreadful contagion which so rapidly carried off that poor Donna Leanora, it is not likely she could have had time, or opportunity, to make any confession; when, as her letters to me expressed so much anxiety

to conceal from the Aranda family the report she had spread of his death being untrue, and I can have nothing to apprehend."

Jenny, although an incomparable servant, yet had no capacity for a judicious adviser; her beloved lady's wishes were to her as the laws of her country; and an invincible coward where the impetuous temper of her master came in view; and having imbibed the belief that his disappointment relative to the child he ever wrote in such rapturous expectation of, would, by irritating his temper, make that more terrible than ever upon his return, she therefore thought that plan would be admirable, which might deceive him into gentleness; and it had so hearty an assent from her, that it was determined upon by this silly girl of seventeen, and her sapient attendant, ere they picked up the new nurse; to whom he was introduced as the babe of Lady Emmeline, whom a recent shock in the sudden death of a friend had deprived of the power of yielding nurture to, herself.

This new deception once adopted, Lady Emmeline became most anxious to return

to England, lest her aunt's apprehension of Lord and Lady Clyde visiting France should be realized; when, by choosing to visit the convent where their estimable relative had died, they might be led to discover no accouchement had taken place there, and that the child she called her own, had been sent to her from Navarra: but still it was necessary to delay her return a little, to prevent this child appearing something older than hers could be, from leading to suspicion; and under the pretence of waiting to regain her strength sufficiently to undertake her journey, she lingered a little longer in Languedoc.

This delay in the introduction of the innocent impostor, lulled the fears of Lady Emmeline; and as his countenance had taken the stamp of the beautiful Zamora's, whom they had never seen, all apprehension of Lord and Lady Clyde suspecting him to be the child of Edwin, was removed from her bosom.

So much time necessarily intervened between the period of his uncle's death, and the arrival of Henry Bouverie at the

Cape, that the partner of his deceased uncle had sufficient time allowed him to project and carry into execution the embezzlement of the greater part of his late partner's property, and to abscond with it, to what place of destination the most minute inquiries of the dismayed Bouverie could not trace out : and after being detained in Africa by this vexatious and impenetrable business, until answers came from various Dutch settlements he wrote to, for information relative to the absconded defaulter, he at length returned to Europe, full of inutile repinings at having been separated for two whole years, by this *ignis fatuus* fortune, from his adored wife ; for whom he had collected every token of fond remembrance which came in his way, during his absence, which he thought worthy her acceptance ; although, by this long exile, he had only been enriched five thousand pounds ; and which, on the moment he arrived in England, and ere he sought his fondly coveted home, he bequeathed to his Emmeline ; whom, he trusted, parental

sympathy had awakened to something of reciprocal affection for him.

But this delusive hope he too quickly had the mortification of discovering he was disappointed in; although the tremulous agitation she had evinced on their meeting, when she presented their child to him, led him to believe his hope was realized; but she was sweet, and kind, and gentle; and by appearing more reconciled to the endurance of his society than when they parted, he strove to be contented; but the young Montagu he soon adored, with all the fondness he had been treasuring up for him, with cent per cent interest, for the long delay he had been compelled to, in payment of the principal; and in the grateful boy's reciprocal affection he now found his only unalloyed happiness.

Yet, as increased years had endowed him with the wisdom of feeling conviction, that a violent temper was not a fascination, he strove indefatigably to amend his; and by every hour becoming more amiable, and by every hour

awakening new gratitude in the mind of his wife, her esteem for him was aroused and rapidly augmented, ere in dismay she discovered she was in very truth in the way to become a mother.

This discovery struck direfully upon her heart, and opened in fullest view the folly, the culpability, of her deceptious proceedings. She had set up an idol in her own heart, whom she felt conviction would supersede there every child she might become the parent of.—She had despoiled that idol of all his high hereditary honours and estates; and she had disinherited her own first-born male by her deceptions; yet now to recede, she recoiled from the idea of; since that would be to proclaim herself a deceiver; and draw on her, not only the wrath, but the contempt of her now most amiable husband; lower her in the estimation of the man, who still retained a place, although a retiring one, in her tenderness, and teach his son to withdraw from her the venerating filial affection his young heart glowed with for her; and to save herself from merited scorn, and to preserve the estimation of those she

regarded, she determined, however torturing to her feelings of rectitude, to persevere in the deception; since now she had no one's repentance but her own to fear in betraying her, since Jenny was no more, since even the name of the child had failed in awaking more than a simple inquiry from her husband, of why she had named him Montagu? when her answer, that all the Montagus in the elder branch having turned out such noble characters, had induced her to it, had perfectly satisfied him.

CHAPTER XXI.

BUT, upon Lady Emmeline's first beholding her own offspring, such new feelings possessed her mind, that almost for a full hour her conscience was victorious in its cries for confession; but to be lowered in the estimation of the father of her child, it became agony to her to think of: beside too, she had lately remarked, that aroused to it by some trifling circumstance, a suspicion had been awakened in the mind of her husband, and had betrayed itself to her, that Edwin Bouverie was the being who withheld her affections from him: and now to avow her adoption of his child for hers;—her overlooking every consequence of rectitude and justice to retain his child with her, must give the strength of conviction to those hovering suspicions, and, perhaps, cause her separation, her disgraceful separation, from a man, whom she now felt it would inflict a deadly pang to be torn from.

The result of all this terror in the idea of now being separated from her husband, was, a determination, that the confession which justice to both the children demanded, should be a posthumous one; and accordingly, the moment she was equal to such an undertaking, she wrote a narrative of the deception she had practised; and enclosed with it all the documents which had been committed to her care, of Montagu's authentic birth; and sealing all carefully up, announced on the superscription, its delivery was not to take place until after her decease.

From the time of Theodore's birth, the wedded happiness of Lady Emmeline became most happy; the improvement in her husband's temper, and his unabating tenderness to her, had overcome, at length, her weakly and reprehensibly cherished passion for Edwin, whom she had never seen since his ill-fated marriage.

But, although in reciprocity of affection Lady Emmeline was now happy with Henry Bouverie, yet in other respects she was a miserable woman; the wrongs of Theodore hourly wrung her heart, when sweet, and

lovely, and affectionate, he clung to her in infantine caresses, unconscious that she had placed an innocent rival in his way, who usurped from him hers and his father's tenderest share of love.

The lively, sportive, fascinating Montagu, allured too from Theodore the strongest portion of the affection of Lord and Lady Clyde, who would have given half their possessions to adopt this frolic-loving, yet most intelligent boy, as their own child; but soon they were convinced neither parent would hear of such a sacrifice, and therefore for Theodore they petitioned; but ere that petition was decided upon in the mind of Bouverie, this now most amiable relative was seized with a fatal illness, which in a very few days terminated his existence; but retaining his senses as long as life, and fully aware of his danger, in compliance with his brother and sister's wishes, he left Theodore to their guardianship; while policy induced him to leave him, whom he believed his first-born, to the guardianship of Lord De Moreland; whose titles he thought it not improbable might devolve to him, since

Lord Roscoville and his younger son had just fallen in the service of their country; and Edwin, now Lord Roscoville, he conjectured, from some disappointment in a tender attachment abroad, would never marry; since his union with the beautiful Zamora he knew not of, so faithful had Lady Emmeline proved to her promise to her friends, of never revealing their marriage until they removed the interdict.

The death of her husband was most deeply deplored by Lady Emmeline; and the extreme affection and high estimation he evinced for her in his last moments, taught her now fondly attached heart to rejoice at her not having betrayed to him that dire secret, which must have lessened her in his regard; and so heart-resident was her grief, so painfully mingled with it was remorse, for having deceived such a husband, that too quickly the misery of her mind extended its baneful influence to her constitution, and at length the faculty pronounced her to be in a decided decline; when fully aware of her approaching dissolution, her conscience strongly importuned her to make her confession to her affec-

tionate brother; but the horror of being less estimated in the hour of death by those she loved, the terror of not being lamented by Montagu as a mother, bound her to her original plan; and as Edwin was still abroad, and no expectation of his speedy return to England, she therefore enclosed her long prepared packet in a letter to Lord De Moreland, and commissioned the trusty Lee to deliver it into his lordship's own hand, as soon as possibility would admit of, after her decease; and with a solemn charge never to reveal to any individual his having such a deposite in his possession.

Lee conscientiously obeyed Lady Emmeline. Very shortly after her decease he delivered her packet into Lord De Moreland's hand; and was so scrupulous in secrecy, that he never mentioned the circumstance to even his beloved young master.

As Lady Emmeline, in her letter to Lord De Moreland, stated that she had been tempted to impose Montagu upon her husband as his son, leaving it to Lord Roscoville to announce to his grandfather his real parentage, his lordship promptly sup-

posed the boy was Edwin's, and Lady Emmeline his mother; and having been through life a man of professed gallantry himself, who having had the fame of many a lady resting in his honour's keeping, resolved faithfully to treasure up the secret of the receipt of this packet, until his grandson should return; and therefore with great care he determined to deposit it in the recess in his own chamber, where he knew the prying curiosity of Lady Leyburn could not penetrate, from her total ignorance of the existence of such a recess.

But, ere Lord De Moreland could accomplish his purpose, Lady Leyburn suddenly obtruded upon his privacy; and in his eagerness to secure the packet from her observation, he dropped the letter addressed to himself from Lady Emmeline, which this wary designer instantly perceiving, by an artfully arranged manœuvre possessed herself of it; when, with her villanous coadjutor Blackthorn, she took an authentic copy of it, which they afterwards altered to suit their own projects; when finding the loss of the original had not been dis-

covered, they determined to keep possession of it, and by their erasures and insertions in that, prepared it for a rod to hold Montagu in subjection by, to mould him in future times to their avaricious purposes.

But at length Lord De Moreland's age-inflicted wane of memory, on which they built security, suddenly rallied to a recollection of this letter; and unceremoniously accusing Lady Leyburn of having despoiled him of it, with an accompanying threat of expunging her from his will if she did not restore it, that although she denied the charge, she found herself compelled to the artful management of pretending to find it for him; but with fear and trembling she did so, lest upon a reperusal of it his lordship should discover the alterations it had undergone: but her apprehensions soon were lulled to rest, since he opened it no more; for, after Blackthorn reduced its folding for him, he took an early opportunity of depositing it with the packet, where they were ultimately discovered.

Scarcely was it fully ascertained that Lord De Moreland had breathed his last,

when Lady Leyburn commenced her researches for his lordship's will, in eager anxiety to realize her long-cherished expectations; when to her unutterable dismay she found, except some trifling legacies, and ten thousand pounds to her, every thing bequeathed to his heir apparent; who, with her ladyship, was appointed joint executor to the deceased.

As by this disposition of her grandfather's property all her golden dreams were cruelly annihilated, Lady Leyburn believed, or affected to believe, that there must be a will somewhere more in her favour; and doubting not if there was one, that it was concealed with Lady Emmeline's packet in that secret repository her grandfather in his last moments was constantly alluding to, she commenced the most persevering search for its discovery.

But at length, as her researches had proved successful, and that year after year had rolled on without her brother's betraying any suspicion relative to the birth of Montagu, this Machiavelian woman thought she might venture to produce the copy of Lady Emmeline's letter, to attempt

at least the establishment of her son-in-law as the presumptive heir of her brother: but, upon consulting young Blackthorn upon what measure she could adopt to substantiate the claims of Theodore, he got possession of the secret; and by his aiming to turn it to his own vile views, impelled her to bring the matter forward ere she had sufficiently matured her project, or endeavoured more effectually than Blackthorn had done to make advantageous terms with Theodore, should she succeed for him.

It would prove a difficult attempt to describe the consternation, the wild dismay of Lady Leyburn, when she found her own selfish policy had led to the firm establishment of Montagu as the heir apparent to the De Moreland honours, where she had aimed to destroy his expectations as heir presumptive: nor was that consternation diminished, when she learned, that many documents were found in this recess to prove her fabricated proofs of the ruined state of her grandfather's possessions were forged, to conceal her embezzlement of many large sums; and now fearing more

discoveries, which even the lenity of her brother could not secure her from the cognizance of the law for, she, and the equally dismayed partner of her infamy, set off with all the promptitude their fears inspired, from a private door in the park, in a chaise and four, accompanied by Lady Celestina, and fully determined to make no unnecessary delay in winging their rapid way to Paris, where a daughter of Blackthorn's lived in high style, as mistress to one of the Usurper's principal favourites, and through whose influence they doubted not of finding protection, and an introduction to society in that direfully changed metropolis.

The departure of this trio afforded considerable relief to the feelings of Lord De Moreland, and also to Lady Ambrosia, who felt thoroughly shocked at the disgraceful part her mother had acted in every transaction which had come to light; and for the disappointment of the presumptive heirship, she found some consolation in the knowledge, that her husband would not only come into the immediate possession of all his father's property, but

considerable arrears, as the expenditure of Lord Roscoville, while the whole of Lord Clyde's personal wealth would centre in him.

The almost joy-vanquished Lord De Moreland lost not a moment in proclaiming to the world his Roscoville, the son of his adored and lamented Zamora, by every demonstration of joyful festivity that could make it a circumstance of notoriety; and it would be difficult to say, even in the first ebullitions of his transports, which was dearest to the tenderness of his heart, or to the exulting raptures of his paternal feelings, the son of his fond affection, or the daughter of his heart's election.

For a fortnight, the friends who had collected at Roscoville Abbey to investigate this fortunate *denouement*, remained there to celebrate the discovery; all elated, all happy at it; for even Lord Clyde and Theodore felt no pang from the conduct of Lady Emmeline, since she in her narrative had, through the inspirations of her delicacy, forborne to acknowledge, that love for Edwin was the basis of her deception; so that it appeared as if impelled by

enthusiastic youthful friendship, to shield the life of the child of her friend; and then unwillingly continued, through apprehension of sinking in the estimation of those her affectionate heart clung to: and as upon these apparent motives Lord De Moreland also judged her, he forgave her all the misery he had endured through the concealment of Zamora's death and Montagu's existence.

But at length, when their guests departed to go to their respective homes, Lord De Moreland entreated his now superlatively happy children to remain with him, and for the most part of their future lives to form but one family.

“For in your society, my children,” he added, “I now look for all my temporal happiness. My Adelaide will here, as in every mansion we inhabit together, reign, as she does, over my affection sole queen; and my Roscoville, as sovereign of my heart, will act as my second self: but when at any moment you feel inclined to leave me, remember De Moreland Castle is your own.”

“Where, if you will accompany us, our

ever dear parent, we will often stray to," said the grateful Adelaide; "as there, in the vicinity of my inestimable guardian, his and my dear Rosalind and their children, I should have not one wish of my heart ungratified."

CHAPTER XXII.

MONTAGU, panting to evince his gratitude to all who had shown peculiar kindness to his tenderly adored wife, wrote himself to impart to the Longuivilles the discovery that had been made, which gave him the rapture of placing his inestimable Adelaide in that station she was so eminently calculated to adorn: and after feelingly and ingenuously lamenting his late transgressions, invited them, with their lovely boy, to come and see how even without a *tête-à-tête* imprisonment in a moated castle, if Montagu and Adelaide did not bid fair to be as permanently happy as Sir Charles Longuiville and his Louisa.

Lord Roscoville's grateful thoughts next turned on Dennis and Obearn.

"By my terrible transgressions," he said, "I have put off the long determined hour of your happiness; and now I am anxious to make you all the reparation in my power, by naming an early day for your nuptials: but remember, this wedding is

not to prove the signal for your quitting us; for I am certain neither my Adelaide nor myself could feel completely happy without you: and if in time you should require more house-room than you two can exactly occupy, you shall have it; for your children shall be our children, and their interests as dear to us as that of our own."

The gratitude of Obearn only strayed from its boundaries through her eyes; but that of Dennis ebulliated from his heart to his tongue, and in wild untutored raptures he spoke his joy and thanks.

Every preparation was now rapidly set on foot by Lady Roscoville, for her beloved Norah's wedding, that could do her honour, and evince her affection and gratitude to her faithful nurse, and her as faithful Dennis.

"But all this paraphernalia, my beloved child," said Lord De Moreland to Adelaide, "will be insufficient to prove our esteem and gratitude to this excellent and constant pair. The bride must have a portion, and the bridegroom something to settle upon his progeny: but I will not make

these sums very munificent, lest they might induce them to sigh for a home promising too much comfort; but the provision of their heirs they may look to from us."

When Adelaide conveyed the intelligence to her humble friends, of her uncle's meditated kindness to them, Norah again wept her gratitude; but Dennis, as before, spoke it as well as felt it; and in a transport of suddenly awakened joy he exclaimed—

"Augh! then may be his lordship will be giving the finishing stroke to his goodness, and make me as happy as our dear young lord now is, since it is no longer bewitched himself is."

"I will answer for my father's doing every thing in his power to make you an enviable man, if that power can make you as blessed as I am," said Montagu, who just then entered the room.

"Oh! then faith, my lord, what would be making my humble tenement of a heart, like your own noble one, so lined with the velvet of happiness, as not to leave a speck for the chilling air of an ungratified wish to penetrate, would just be leave to

send the neat half of my fortune (and good luck to the giver !) to be surprising my old father and mother, and a blint grandmother I have, with the sight of the purchase money of a beautiful snug little farm, elegantly stocked with pigs, and a cow, and a car, and a horse, and a potato garden, and a stack of turf, and every living thing that will be making their remnant of days comfortable, and teach them to bless the noble family that got their hearts, from benevolence; and the other half shall go to Norah's parents, if she likes to be setting them up grander than Mr. Bellenden (Heaven speed him !) has done: not that mine have known the shadow of want, let alone its grim substance, ever since the brightest jewel that ever appeared from the mines of charity sent them a big bank-note, with its ditto to Norah's too, every Christmas day, since your lordship's father ordered she should have so many hundreds a year to spend, in hoarding her 'treasures where no thief can break through to steal.'"

The eloquent eyes of Montagu, beaming in tenderness and rapture, told to his Ade-

laide his thoughts upon this anecdote of her benevolence, while he assured the grateful Dennis his dutiful wish should be accomplished.

At length the happy day arrived that gave to Obearn a most affectionate husband, and to Dennis a most exemplary wife; and after a wooing of seventeen years, proved that genuine attachment is no fickle passion, and cannot know decrease.

Five years have now elapsed since the disappointment of the Duke of St. Kilda's fondest hopes was finally sealed by the firm adherence of Adelaide to her marriage vows; yet his unfortunate and weakly cherished passion has found no abatement; for still he nourishes the fatal flame that consumes his happiness, feeding it by the delusive and not guiltless hope, that as the life of man is not immortal, the idol of his bosom may once more be free, and being so, might be led to reward his constancy; yet in the intervening years of disappointment to this cherished delusion, finding honour where he sought its genuine form, (for as a soldier he has acquired

unfading laurels); and by his increasing wish to accumulate glory for his brow in the field, he has learned to beguile the miseries of his love-lorn heart of many a bitter pang.

Lady Leyburn, her two elder daughters, her vile consociate and his son, are still at Paris, following with avidity the career of dissipation there, and adding every hour to the fell record of their iniquities; yet all miserable in transgression: Lady Leyburn and the two Blackthorns in constant terrors of the discovery of any of their serious iniquities, amenable to the penal laws: the two sisters, wretched as wives to two jealous tyrants, (for Lady Celestina married, soon after her arrival at Paris, a French revolutionary mushroom sprung into power), yet uncurbed by even the not unfrequent coercion of their profligate, as despotic husbands, running the race of their own transgressions.

Lady Marian has found that wealth which she obtained by her iniquity brought with it the scorpion stings of bitter punishment. Sir Edward Tankerville acceding to her wishes, gave her his name the

moment she lost her right to continue that of Harley; and as there were no lawyers abroad, where their nuptials took place, to make her marriage settlement binding by the English laws, he, immediately after he became her lord and master, seized the right over the property himself, to spend at the gaming table, and upon a favourite courtesan, whom, the week after he became the husband of a woman he once had sighed for, he brought into the grand castle which Lady Marian's wealth had purchased, and placed her at the head of his table, superseding his wife in power as in favour: and upon the wildly furious expostulations of Lady Marian, he affected to believe that sudden phrensy had assailed her; when procuring proper attendants for such a dire malady, he coolly gave her to their charge, in whose custody she has since compulsively remained; and though at intervals at large, yet it is only to rove with them as her terrific shadows through the castle, to experience new wounds, new insults; and whilst she was consigned to the hard fare and harsh treatment of a denominated incurable luna-

tic, to behold her rival pampered with every indulgence that adoring passion could bestow upon her, and revelling in every gay scene, upon the wealth which she had brought her cruel husband, and had thus been perfidiously despoiled of.

Lady Marian's bosom friends did not long enjoy the spoils and chaplet they aided in driving this profligate woman from society to obtain; since Lady Dinwood, by her passion for notoriety, in travelling *tête-à-tête* with Captain Crosby, to give their recitations in different watering-places, soon lost her own place amongst the correct; and now, no more than Lady Marian Tankerville, would be permitted to take the heroine's part in any dramatic performance amongst amateurs who valued a fair fame: whilst General Harley, in about six months after his divorce, marrying a beautiful portionless girl, who, with her widowed mother and two sisters, whom she made it as a preliminary should live with her, well knew how to manage the general, his house, and fortune; therefore the sycophantic Gayvilles were promptly

banished, not only as inmates, but as favourites too.

Lord and Lady Beechbrook, and Sir Charles and Lady Longuiville, continue amongst the happiest of the deservedly happy.

In about six months after the return of Falkland from —, Mr. Bellenden, completing his mission there, arrived in England, so benefited in health by Falkland's advice, that now like his own son he appeared; and after paying a short visit to his lovely cousin, and the Falklands, he hurried off to the Dowager Lady Longuiville's, to lay himself and fortune at the feet of Miss Longuiville, who had made the serious captivation of his heart in the sick-room of Adelaide, in Sussex; where the tenderness of sympathy, and kindness of pity, she evinced in her care of this suffering young creature, proved resistless spells to his admiration; and dwelling on their recollection whilst he was abroad, he returned in firm conviction, that could he win Miss Longuiville, he must be happy: —he did win her, and has found himself

not deceived in his expectations of connubial happiness with her.

Theodore and Lady Ambrosia live under the auspices of the amiable Lord and Lady Clyde, amicably, if not at all times strictly happy; although both drawn, by their love to their children, to feel as much attachment to each other as such opposite natures will admit of. But while a painful recollection of the misdeeds of the mother who reared his wife, teaches him to place but little confidence in the prudence of that wife, and to dread the discovery of something yet more reprehensible than indiscretion in her, and constantly drawing painful comparisons between her and the woman she lured his heart from, Theodore cannot feel a completely happy man; whilst Lady Ambrosia, upon her part, too capricious to be steadily amiable, often sighs for greatness, often envies her cousin her superior lot; at times hates her for the universal admiration she awakens, again loves her for her super-excellence, and strives to imitate her goodness; sometimes only in temper whilst provided with money to lavish on frivolity; then again

contented, charming, and docile; adoring her husband, and diligent in aiming at every mental improvement, to make herself attractive in his eyes.

The cloud which had so dismally obscured the wedded happiness of the inestimable Falkland, has disappeared for ever; for although the sufferings of Rosalind were severe in her cure, the effect was complete, and permanent; and being so kindly and generously pardoned by her affectionate husband for her dire misdeeds, stamped such indelible gratitude upon her susceptible heart, that the first wish and effort of her life has since been, to subjugate her own caprices and jealous inspirations, and in all things to study and promote his happiness; so that now, in the sweet ease and comfort of reciprocal confidence and affection, the days of the Falklands glide serenely on; fortunate in their lovely offspring, and having their beloved Adelaide so frequently in their neighbourhood to witness her full blossoming virtues and supreme happiness, they feel no wish ungratified.

Neither Lord De Moreland, nor his beloved son, wishing to wound the feelings of these generous and inestimable friends of Adelaide, by not permitting her to be under a heavy obligation to them for the restoration of her jewels; yet not enduring that Falkland should be the being taxed for the transgressions of Montagu Bouverie, they purchased an estate which adjoined the domain of Roscoville in Berkshire; the purchase of which was more than adequate to the redemption of the jewels; and having a borough annexed to it, they made the plea of giving a profound statesman to the senate, with their wish to have them as neighbours at Roscoville, who had taught them at De Moreland Castle how to appreciate their society, as their motives for presenting it to Falkland.

Lord De Moreland, — in the restoration of his son, in beholding his lapse from morality of conduct and conjugal fidelity was sincerely repented of and abhorred, and seeing him blessed beyond the common lot of mortals, — seemed hourly to lose the sad impression made upon his heart,

and on his aspect, by the early clouding of his love horoscope; and to evince to all around him that he was once more a happy, a contented man; yet have not the generous efforts of his tenderly dutiful and attached children to lure his mind to a second marriage, when beholding him so eminently suited for domestic life, and in years still young enough to marry for affection, and to expect its respondent feeling in the heart of his wife, been attended with even the success of procuring for their persuasions a serious or a patient hearing.

But of the long and cruelly interrupted felicity of Montagu and Adelaide, now so complete and permanent, how can we give any adequate idea? Their hearts, their inclinations, their pursuits, are now entwined by the hand of tender affection into the knot of love, so true, so firm, that nothing but the sithe of death can sever. In their lovely offspring they are blessed by the fairest blossoms of promising excellence; and adored for their manners, revered for their virtues, and filling the hearts of all who depend upon them with love and grati-

tude, they are ensuring for themselves, when called from happiness so perfect here, bliss everlasting in the realms above.

Having now completed this our little offering of fancy to our readers, we trust our wish of contributing by our humble efforts to the innocent amusement of a leisure hour, may not meet the chill of disappointment; and that the young and unsophisticated in the vices of the world, who peruse our pages, may hold in remembrance, after they close these volumes, that vice, even in this life, has scorpion stings to wound its votaries; may, in retrospection, trace the miseries which Montagu Bouverie endured, whilst treading the path of transgression; how momentary his delusive happiness; how rapidly satiety and disgust assailed him when the tempter threw off with her own hand the mask that had given her all her fascinations; yet even while abhorring, while panting for emancipation from his heart and conscience-torturing bondage, how difficult he found the spells of art and vice to break from! but when he did achieve the important measure, to

what a different view he turned!—To happiness unalloyed; to every scene burnished by the bright sunbeams of an approving heart; to domestic bliss, under the auspices of piety and virtue, whose “ways are the lovely ways of pleasantness, and all whose paths are peace.”

THE END.

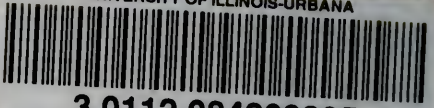








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